Memorials of
Major-General
Sir Herbert B. Edwardes

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Evelyn Pultoney Gurdon in
loving remembrance of the 4th of
June 1887 - From his Mother

MEMORIALS OF THE LIFE OF

MAJOR-GENERAL

SIR HERBERT B. EDWARDES

K.C.B., K.C.S.I.

MEMORIALS OF THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF

MAJOR-GENERAL

SIR HERBERT B. EDWARDES

K.C.B., K.C.S.I.

D.C.L. OF OXFORD; LL.D. OF CAMBRIDGE

By HIS WIFE

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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CHAPTER I.

1857.

PROPOSED ABANDONMENT OF PESHÂWUR AND THE TRANS-INDUS TERRITORY—DEATH OF SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.

"Blest statesman he whose mind's unselfish will
Leaves him at ease among grand thoughts; whose eye
Sees that, apart from magnanimity,
Wisdom exists not; nor the humbler skill
Of prudence, disentangling good and ill
With patient care. What tho' assaults run high,
They daunt not him who holds his ministry
Resolute, at all hazards, to fulfil
Its duties; prompt to move, but firm to wait;
Knowing things rashly sought are rarely found."

WORDSWORTH.

MEMORIALS OF THE LIFE OF

MAJOR-GENERAL

SIR HERBERT B. EDWARDES,

K.C.B., K.C.S.I.

CHAPTER I.

Early in June, 1857, Edwardes writes to his wife—

"Peshâwur, June 10, 1857.

"Nicholson has arrived from camp, looking worn from exposure, and, it seems to me, much greyer than he was; but he says he is well. I am glad to get him for a companion again, if only for a day or two." Nicholson returns from camp.

True in his friendship, as in everything else, Nicholson writes at this time to Edwardes's wife in England; and the letter has the sad interest of being his *last* to her.

"Peshâwur, June 12, 1857.

"My dear Mrs. Edwardes,

"I just write a line to assure you that dear Herbert and I are well, and have made ourselves very strong here. In fact, I believe that at this moment we have the best position in the Bengal Presidency. Do not, therefore, be uneasy about us. We have no fears for the result

ourselves. With God's blessing, we shall emerge from this crisis stronger than we have ever been in India before. . . .

"Yours affectionately,

"JOHN NICHOLSON."

And well it was the two friends were together again; for now there came a startling surprise, and an undoubted danger, which they could best face together—the proposal by Sir John Lawrence to abandon Peshâwur!

The history of this proposal, and of the counter-policy urged and successfully maintained by Edwardes, has been related by a recent biographer with so little accuracy that, instead of being what Dr. Arnold says history should be, "simply a search after truth," it is an actual obscuring of the truth.

History is Truth.

It is indeed often difficult to get at the truth of things at the time they happen—not least because personal feelings are apt to interfere; but as these subside the facts come out, and are recognized for facts. The mists that have from time to time gathered round this matter of the proposal to abandon Peshâwur may be best dispelled by Edwardes's own letters. To his wife—

"Night of June 11, 1857.

"This has been an eventful day. I was awakened in the early morning by a letter from the Chief Commissioner (the iron John Lawrence), proposing '*that we should abandon Peshâwur and the Trans-Indus;* inviting Dost Muhommud Khan down, as a friend, to take Peshâwur, and giving it to him at the end of the war as a reward for his neutrality. The troops then to fall back on Rawul Pindee! The Indus to be our future border!

A startling surprise!

"Unless this had been in his own handwriting, I would not have credited it; so weak, timid, and unreasonable. What added to the surprise was a memorandum on the same subject by James, in which James firmly, clearly, and effectively combated J. Lawrence's proposal, and showed the

necessity, possibility, and propriety of holding Peshâwur and the Trans-Indus!

"The two men seemed to have changed characters all at once! I was directed to consult General Cotton and Nicholson, but no one else. We all three scouted the notion, and concurred with James; and I was deputed to answer the letter, which I did this morning.

"The long and short of the letter was that we thought that, whatever disasters occurred at Delhi, the Punjab could be held till troops came from England by our holding two points in strength—Peshâwur and the Mânjha (about Lahore and Umritsur), and we recommended John Lawrence to stand or fall at those places, dismissing the idea of retreat."

But we will give the letter *in extenso*, and the reply; and the reader will be enabled to form his own opinion on the conflicting arguments.

A very anxious question it was at the time, for the safety of everything in the Punjab hung upon the issue of it. And if of the Punjab, then of India.

From the Chief Commissioner, Sir John Lawrence, to Colonel Herbert Edwardes, Commissioner of Peshâwur.

"June 9, 1857.

Sir John Lawrence's views.

"I think we must look ahead and consider what should be done in the event of disaster at Delhi. My decided opinion is that in that case we must concentrate. All our safety depends on this. If we attempt to hold the whole country, we shall be cut up in detail. The important points in the Punjab are Peshâwur, Mooltân, and Lahore, including Umritsur.

"But I do not think we can hold Peshâwur and the other places also, in the event of disaster. We could easily retire from Peshâwur *early in the day*, but at the eleventh hour it would be difficult, perhaps impossible. Depend on it that,

if this disaffection goes on, it will spread to the irregulars, even of the Punjab force.

"They will see that our European force is small and scattered all over the country.

"The Ameer will also come down and endeavour to join Peshâwur.

"I would make a merit of our necessities. I would invite him down, ask him to take care of Peshâwur, and promise that Government should give it to him if he remained true to us.

"If anything would make him true, this would. He would surely sooner hold Peshâwur as our friend than as our enemy.

"Peshâwur would accomplish his heart's desire, and would do more to make the Afghans friendly to us than anything else which we could do.

"We could then hold Attock in strength, and have the Indus for our barrier. It is a formidable one, if rightly used.*

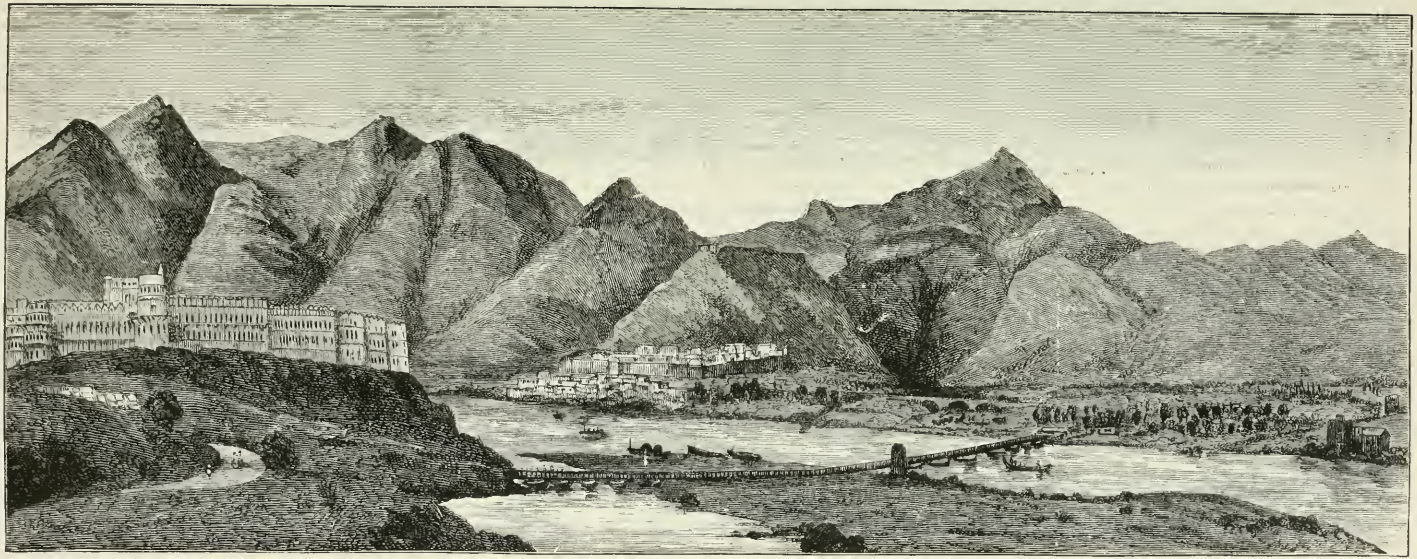
His arguments for his scheme.

"We would then bring the greater part of our European regiments down here, and organize our arrangements.

"Peshâwur is only useful to us in the event of an invasion. In every other respect it is a source of weakness and expense. By giving it up we free ourselves from many complications. And in the event of an invasion we might still, if necessary, cross the river for a time.

"It will be said that, if we give up Peshâwur, we must give up Kohât and the Derajât. I would certainly give up Kohât with Peshâwur. The Derajât I would keep, at any rate for the present. But I confess that I am prepared to give it all up, if necessary.

* In another place he writes, "The river is a mighty bulwark, broad, deep, and rapid." True enough, when the snow melts in the hills and comes down; but, like all Indian rivers, it is very uncertain at other times. And is not a water barrier confessedly the weakest of all barriers? Attock is forty miles from Peshâwur. It is believed that Alexander the Great crossed the Indus at this point. The bridge of boats in the picture is now done away with, and the Northern Punjab Railway crosses the river below the bend, and skirts the hills on the opposite side. [1885.]



THE FORT OF "ATTOCK." AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE PESHÂWUR VALLEY.

"It seems to me madness to endeavour to keep the outskirts of our dominions when it will be a desperate struggle to retain the latter at all. If things go on as they are now doing, it must come to a life-and-death struggle.

"With six or seven thousand Europeans in good health and spirits, and plenty of ammunition and guns, the probability is that we can hold our own and save our magazines.

"Only reflect what will be the condition of our Europeans at Peshâwur in August and September, worn down by the climate and dispirited by our constant misfortunes. They may even fall a prey to the irregular force we are now raising.

"But at Rawul Pindee, with a good climate and a friendly population, we should be prepared to advance in any direction directly the cold weather sets in. And by that time twenty thousand Europeans will have arrived from England.

"It will be urged that a retrograde move will injure our prestige. This seems to me a weak argument. There is much in prestige up to a certain point, beyond that it is a feeble reed on which to lean.

"European troops advancing in good order to an attack well handled and well in hand, are greatly aided by the prestige which attends them. But let them be mismanaged, and receive a check—where is then their prestige?

"The 24th Queen's at Chillianwallah marched to the attack eleven hundred and fifty strong, with the assurance of victory. When they fell back after their repulse, a few Sikh horsemen followed them and cut up many of them.

"I do not think we could hold Peshâwur if we lose the country Cis-Indus, and are cooped up in the fort at Lahore. But even if we did, to what purpose? We could not hope to maintain ourselves there until India was reconquered.

"Pray think of what I have said, and consult Brigadier Sydney Cotton and Nicholson, but no one else. No man will retrace his steps more unwillingly than myself. But there is a point when to hold on savours more of obstinacy than wisdom.

"Yours affectionately,

"(Signed) JOHN LAWRENCE."

Accompanying this from the Chief Commissioner was a memorandum from Captain James, his secretary, giving his views on the same subject.

Memorandum of Captain James on same subject.

"I think we should retain Peshâwur apart from all considerations of prestige, because, if we can maintain our position there and at Lahore and Mooltân, the Punjab is ours. And if we are even defeated at Delhi, or our troops are obliged to concentrate at Agra or elsewhere, to await reinforcements from England, still, with the Punjab in our hands, our communication remains open to the sea, and we have a good base of operations for a campaign in the cold weather.

"If, on the other hand, we give up Peshâwur and Kohât (which would be then necessary), we could not hope to keep the Derajât, and in all probability Upper Sindh would revolt or fall into other hands.

"And again, our retirement from Peshâwur would not be very easy, if things go wrong at Delhi, and in that case only is it contemplated. We could not wait to make a formal transfer of it; the retreat would be made, but not without loss.

"Our next position is at Rawul Pindee. And if the country were not entirely on our side, supplies for a large force would not be obtained without difficulty.

"The Punjab irregulars might not remain loyal with Peshâwur and Kohât abandoned and the Derajât wrested from us. I think it would be more difficult to keep the

country Cis-Indus with a large force at Pindee, than with the Trans-Indus territories in our possession and a small force here.

"If we retire still further, and concentrate at Lahore (which I look upon as the ultimate result of leaving the Trans-Indus), we should have a move through a hostile country with our women and children, and be reduced to holding our own there with a dispirited force and very precarious supplies. And further attempt to move would be tantamount to destruction, and, when reinforcements did arrive, their efforts would be devoted to rescuing Lahore instead of to a general plan of action.

"Peshâwur, with the Punjab troops loyal and our treasury full, will hold its own, and, if we keep the Indus closely watched, we can cut off intelligence from below, which we could not do elsewhere.

"Sickness is there our worst enemy, but not altogether insuperable.

"By September (the sickly season) troops will be at hand, and weakly men could be relieved from this at an early date. Our retention of Peshâwur is our best security for the fidelity of the Punjab irregulars, and it will enable us to calculate more certainly on raising recruits elsewhere.

"None will join a retreating army.

"(Signed) HUGH JAMES."

To this memorandum of his secretary, the Chief Commissioner added the following remarks:—

"Here is James's view of the matter. All seems to depend on the 'if' in the second line. *If we can hold the Punjab,* doubtless we should retain Peshâwur. But *I do not think we could do so.* Troops from England could not be in Calcutta before October, and up here before December or January.

Further opinions.

"A retreating army which has not been beaten can command supplies. The country between Pindee and Lahore is a friendly one, not a hostile one. To recross the Indus will doubtless be a difficult move, but, with Attock in our hands and the troops unshaken by defeat, could be done without loss, I should say.

"One thing appears to me certain, which is that, if disaster occurs at Delhi, all the native regulars and some of the irregulars (perhaps many) will abandon us. We should then take time by the forelock.

"Return this with your reply.

"(Signed) JOHN LAWRENCE."

Here was indeed a startling surprise for Edwardes, to be called upon to give up the frontier he was holding so firmly with such labour and success—to open the flood-gates and invite the waters to rush in!

Some good news.

"At this very moment came news from Delhi that General Barnard had arrived on June 8, and had attacked an outpost of the mutineers at once, taking twenty guns. It is spoken of as a brilliant affair, and will probably soon be crowned with complete success. What a subject of thankfulness to God, the Lord of hosts!

"A very little disaster now at Delhi would have turned the scale against us."

This good news came just in time to keep up the spirits of the men who, in holding Peshâwur, felt that they were securing the *anchor* that held firm the Punjab, and that, if that went, all India would drift into the chaos that was reigning below.

Desperate times had come.

Desperate times had come indeed, if there was to be pressure from within as well as from without!

Earnestly and courteously did Edwardes set to work to clear the case to John Lawrence's mind, and, in order

to give full justice to his opinions, the letter in reply must be given *in extenso* too.

Though written on the same day as that on which John Lawrence's letter was received, the arguments were well considered and the ground steadfastly taken; and the judgment of 1853, that was now in 1857 being *proved* so right, was found to be not mistaken in this instance.

To Sir John Lawrence, at Rawul Pindee.

"Peshâwur, June 11, 1857.

"My dear John,

"Your demi-official of June 9 only reached me this morning, and I hastened to lay both it and James's memorandum before Brigadier-General Cotton and Nicholson. Edwardes's reply.

"We are unanimously of opinion that, with God's help, we *can* and *will* hold Peshâwur, let the worst come to the worst; and that it would be a fatal policy to abandon it and retire beyond the Indus.

"It is the anchor of the Punjab, and if you take it up, the whole ship will drift to sea.

"For keeping the mastery of the Punjab there are only two obligatory points—the Peshâwur Valley and the Mânjha. All the rest are mere dependencies.

"Mooltân is valuable, as the only practicable line of retreat to the sea, but, if we hold on resolutely to Peshâwur and the Mânjha, we shall never need to retreat.

"We think, then, that all the European force in the Punjab should be concentrated at Peshâwur and at the Mânjha.

"At Peshâwur we have Her Majesty's 87th, 70th, and 27th, with a powerful body of European Artillery. Her Majesty's 24th should be kept on the healthy side of the Indus, as our reserve against a time of difficulty from sickness or pressure. This would amount to four European corps, and we consider that enough (with the aid of such native soldiers as we can rely on, viz. the Mooltânees, Horse and Foot) to

maintain Peshâwur against either an insurrection of the people, or incursion of the hill tribes, or invasion by the Afghans; or all put together.

"Turning to the Mânjha, the Sunnum Boorj of Lahore will be our citadel. In it will be our military stores, and to it must all European families be sent, in case of disaster. The Queen's 81st must, therefore, be kept in it, and cannot be considered wasted, while so locked up.

"But her Majesty's 52nd, now with Brigadier-General Chamberlain, would immediately be joined by her Majesty's 80th from Jullundur. (Jullundur is altogether a secondary consideration, and should not be allowed to absorb a European regiment at this crisis; especially as Br'gadier —— seems quite incapable of using it.)

Advice for securing the Ferozepore Magazine.

"Again, you should, we think, at once begin to transfer the contents of the Ferozepore Magazine to that of Lahore (at least, so much of them as are likely to be useful to us in the present struggle), so that in a short time you may be able to hand over the fort of Ferozepore to some chief who can be trusted to hold it for us, such as Nawâb Imâm-úd-dín Khan, or Colonel Soobhân Khan, or General Cortlandt with a levy; thus setting free Her Majesty's 61st Regiment, which should also join General Chamberlain, who would then have three European corps in the field, *en masse*.

"With this as a basis, add too, with all the ways and means at your disposal (Mooltân Horse, friendly contingents, etc.), we have no doubt that the heart of the Sikh country will be firmly held.

Openings to the Sikhs for military service.

"There is dissatisfaction there; and the prospects of military service, in our empty ranks, is opening widely to the Sikhs, whose sympathies must consequently be setting more strongly in our favour day by day.

"Few as our Europeans are, they can contend with and beat the native army, if now massed into safe and compact bodies and well handled—provided the *people* do not rise

also. And we do not think the Punjab likely to rise, if the arrangements we have sketched out be adopted.

"I say the Europeans must be well handled. . . . Chamberlain should be kept in the field, and all three European regiments with him.

Suggestions proposed.

"Indeed, we would go farther, and recommend that the Bombay Regiment of Fusiliers, which is about to reach Mooltân, be also pushed on to Chamberlain, and that, if necessary, the Nawâb of Bhâwulpore be asked to send a brigade to hold Mooltân for us.

"If this be not necessary, some Mooltânee Puthân, like Gholâm Moostapha Khan Khaghwânee, would keep it all square.

"Mooltân, we mean to say, should not be allowed to interfere with your dividing your Punjab-European force into two divisions—at Peshâwur and the Mânjha. Holding those two points, you will hold the whole of the Punjab.

It would be giving up the homes of our friends in the struggle.

"But James has well observed that, if you abandon Peshâwur, you give up the Trans-Indus, and giving up the Trans-Indus you give up the home of the only other troops besides Europeans from whom you expect aid.

"You say, you fear the irregulars going at last, if disasters accumulate. But if anything would force the irregulars against us, it would be the transfer of their homes to the Cabul Government.

"While we hold Peshâwur, the irregulars will in all probability behave well.

"The loyalty of the Mooltânee Puthân border is a source of the greatest comfort to us now; but what a blow to them, if we let the Afghans overrun the Derajât! And as to a friendly transfer of Peshâwur to the Afghans, Dost Muhommud Khan would not be a mortal Afghan, he would be an angel, if he did not assume our day to be gone in India, and follow us as an enemy.

"Golâb Singh's son and heir would descend upon our flank, and retreat would be impossible.

Europeans cannot retreat.

"Europeans cannot retreat. Without rum, without beef, without success, they would soon be without hope and without organization.

"Cabul would come again.

"I do not discuss the comparative merits of the Khyber or the Indus as a frontier, because, although you reconcile yourself to the Indus as a necessity, if we must buy the Afghans with Peshâwur, yet I know you greatly prefer the Khyber Range. But, as a general remark, I believe, when it comes to ceding territory, we abandon our position in India, and shall soon be in the sea.

"We hope earnestly that you will stand or fall at Peshâwur. It must be done somewhere; let us do it in the front, giving up nothing.

"We fully admit the strength of the argument you use about the autumn sickness here; and we propose to mitigate it by moving into camp in August and keeping men's minds alive.

"It is a great evil, but abandoning Peshâwur is a greater.

"The Queen's 24th will be in good health, always ready to come over and give us an impulse.

"I have written this very hastily, and in the middle of it comes a message from Lake, sending good news from Delhi, that General Barnard has carried the outposts and captured twenty guns.

Hold fast the anchor. Stand or fall, but give up nothing.

"Let us hope, then, that complete success will soon follow; but, whatever disasters occur, we think, distinctly and decidedly, that we should only add to them by abandoning the Trans-Indus—the key of the Punjab.

"We believe that at Peshâwur and Lahore we can ride out the gale if it blows big guns, till the cold weather comes and the English people send us a white army in whom (to use the slang of the day) 'implicit confidence' can be placed.

"Yours affectionately,

"(Signed) HERBERT B. EDWARDES.

"P.S.—James's memorandum embodies nearly all that I have said above, and I might have just said that we *entirely concur with him;* but it was necessary to explain our views about the Mânjha column under Chamberlain.

"I return James's memorandum herewith.

"H. B. E."

Sir John kept to his own opinions, and was not convinced by these arguments; but, as in the former case of the Afghan Treaties, the casting vote had to come from Calcutta, so for the present things were safe.

Sir John Lawrence's opinion still maintained.

Sir John Lawrence writes on June 12, on receiving Edwardes's reply—

"You may all be right about Kohât and Peshâwur, and I do not feel that I am likely to be a good judge; but I confess that I do not think with you that we could hold these places if the disaffection spreads.

"We must hold Mooltân; it is our only means of communication with the sea-board and with Bombay. There is no one who could hold it for us."

Again—

"I do not think that the Ameer would follow us across the Indus; even if he had the wish, he would not have the power.

"Yours affectionately,

"J. Lawrence."

This does not appear to be the first time that Edwardes considered the subject of the value or otherwise of the Indus for a boundary, for we find a letter written to Sir Frederick Currie, in 1848, in which he writes—

Rivers *versus* mountains as a

"There is a great difference of opinion as to what our boundary should be on the west. It is too important a question to discuss fully now, but, having lived for two

boundary, discussed in 1848.

years beyond the Indus in charge of districts, I can assure you *that the Indus is no boundary whatever, but the Sulimanee Range is a most complete one.* Nothing short of an ocean can be a more perfect barrier.

"From the Salt Range to the Sutlej there is no intercourse between the people of the Derajât and the people of the mountains.

"Pray lift up your voice against giving up Peshâwur, and trying to make a boundary of a river, which divides parishes in half, merely to reunite them with a ferry-boat.

"Yours, etc.,

"(Signed) HERBERT B. EDWARDES."

This last extract, of course, refers to different times, and is written under different circumstances; but it gives voice to the same opinion, viz. of the comparative value of a river and the Sulimanee Range for a boundary, and ten years had not led Edwardes to alter his opinion.

John Lawrence refers his own opinion alone to Lord Canning, and asks for full powers to act. Again applies, giving the adverse opinions in a passing remark only.

On the following day (June 12) Sir John sent a copy of his own letter to Lord Canning, and did not at the same time send the arguments from Peshâwur, but urged upon Lord Canning "to delegate to him his authority to act on his behalf." Happily, Lord Canning did not do this; and no reply appears to have been returned immediately to this particular request; for, on June 25, Sir John again reverts to it in an official despatch to Lord Canning, and then he adds, "Brigadier Cotton, Colonel Edwardes, and Colonel Nicholson are against this plan."

Again Sir John asks for "full powers from your Lordship, with a view of acting on my own judgment in this and other important matters."

Edwardes writes—

"Peshâwur, June 20, 1857.

"MY DEAR JOHN,

"I find it as impossible to enter into your views about the policy of abandoning Peshâwur as you do to enter into mine.

"Indeed, I don't know that anything in this war has surprised me so much as the judgment you have now formed on this subject.

"It is useless to rediscuss it, but I earnestly hope you will never have cause to propose it to Government; and that, if you do, Government may not consent; for I believe the move would be more damaging than any we could make.

"As to deliberately giving up the Trans-Indus by choice as a boundary, on the score of expense, it surprises me more and more; for you and I have often considered this matter, and I always understood you to be convinced that the Indus is not a practicable boundary, and that to hold it would take an army of twenty thousand men or more between Attock and Mooltân, and never be secure.

"It is a proposal to which my judgment never could agree."

Again (same date)—

"Your reinforcements will not reach Delhi a day too soon; but, on their arrival, I hope the General will assault the place, for there seem symptoms of the Bombay Presidency going wrong.

"The quiet in the Punjab is a great blessing to all India. Humanly speaking, it is the salvation of the Empire; and one great element in the Punjab tranquillity is the enlistment of Punjab races.

"The General tells me there have been repeated hitches in getting off the troops from England for China. Transports nearly wrecked, and put back. Very unfortunate."

Events thicken, anxieties press, Delhi still holds out. Reinforcements are still called for from Delhi, and every struggle is being made to send them.

"*June* 14.—We hope to have six hundred Europeans, a troop of Horse Artillery, two hundred Artillerymen,

Hockin's wing (of 17th Irregular Cavalry), and Coke's Regiment with him in a short time," writes Edwardes.

"Peshâwur, June, 1857.

"John is in the greatest despondency, I see from his letters, and will not give up his project of abandoning Peshâwur and the Trans-Indus! . . .

"We shall evidently have as much as we can do to hold India till succours come from England; but, if we are true to ourselves and act vigorously, with God's help always, we shall do it; and, however anxious and harassed I may be, I never for a moment admit the possibility of ultimate failure.

"Whatever trials we pass through, I feel quite sure we shall triumph.

"But it is a dreadful period to have to go through, July, August, September, before any large reinforcements can reach India. Twenty or thirty thousand men should be sent to India, even if the Militia has to be called out again.

"I hope the Home Government is aware of what a crisis it is."

There was no rest by night or day.

"Then, again, when I had gone to bed came the following:—

Letters to his wife (*continued*).

"'General Reed has asked for Chamberlain to be sent to him, to command the Irregular troops; but the Chief Commissioner does not think he can be spared. He has sent Coke with his regiment, and proposes that Nicholson should come here (Rawul Pindee), and either go to General Reed, or, if Chamberlain is sent, remain with the Movable Column.' And this morning came another (telegram), that

Nicholson called for.

'the Chief Commissioner wishes that Nicholson should start that evening. I will send my buggy to Kala Serai to help him in. Whom shall I send to Peshâwur to replace him?' . . .

"So there goes dear, fine Nicholson—a great loss to me, indeed! but a still greater gain to the State, at Delhi or at the head of a Movable Column at this crisis. God give him health, strength, and wisdom, and make him useful to his country, and crown his labours with honour. A nobler spirit never went forth to fight his country's battles. . . .

"Truly I shall have enough to do. But I am quite sure I am right to send Nicholson away; so it will all end well, depend on it.

"What anxious souls we are! Perhaps the angels see next month, or next winter, or next year quite plainly—with all the emblems of restored peace and smiling prosperity, the cause of England and of Christianity stronger than ever in India. If so, no doubt they pity our short sight, our solicitudes, our alarms, and, above all, the weakness of our good resolves. What long, deep, sober shadows must these vast troubles be throwing over every English mind in India at this moment! Do the angels see them in next year? or, fading month by month away till the public mind is a blaze of thoughtless light again? . . .

Nicholson leaves Peshâwur, June, 1857.

"Nicholson has just brought his little clock to me to take care of; so I have set it on the table where I write to you. How lonely I shall be among my reminiscences! Your dear face silently beholding me, and this clock incessantly chattering about 'friendship! friendship!' in the most monotonous and absurdly vacant voice. At the half-hours I observe it yawns; and when it comes to the hour, it says, 'No! No! No! No!' with a gravity quite human.

"10 *p.m.*—Nicholson has just started. I have asked for James to take his place. . . . I have given Nicholson my Bunnoo silver drinking-cup (that you remember), because I value it."

And so the two friends parted sadly. It would have been sadder still had they known that they would never clasp

each other's hands again on earth. Did their guardian angels see it as they watched them part?

Heavy work.

"The work is terribly heavy. I have not a moment to myself; constant business from morning till night. . . . Nothing but economy of every hour enables me to get on.

Discouraging news.

"The news from the North-West Provinces is very bad indeed. Mutiny in every station, with more or less murder and horror, and disorganization in every district. The army at Delhi making no progress towards taking the place, and waiting for reinforcements from the Punjab, which will all reach by July 1, when I believe a *coup de main* will be tried.

"May God give it success! for the dreadful thing is, that we have no more reinforcements to send; at least not from above Delhi."

John Nicholson urges his arguments upon the C.C.

John Nicholson had taken the opportunity, in passing through on his way to Delhi, to urge upon John Lawrence the arguments for holding the frontier of Peshâwur, which was the anchor of the ship.

Lumsden also, from Candahar, against his idea of abandoning the frontier.

Lumsden writes from Candahar, warning Sir John that "the Afghans are longing to have a slap at us;" but all in vain to turn him from his idea.

It was happy for all that Lord Canning never acceded to Sir John Lawrence's request for "full powers," but kept the reins in his own hands.

For it had become an anxious question with Edwardes and his colleagues what the course of duty would be, if Sir John Lawrence's oft-repeated threat should be carried out, and the *order be sent* from Lahore to Edwardes, to "abandon Peshâwur." *

* Edwardes had made up his mind, and very distinctly told the Chief Commissioner of it, that if the "order" for retreat came from Lahore, his course was clear—to resign his post at once, and request that some one else be sent to carry out the "order." And in sending in his resignation, to inform Lord Canning of his reason for doing so. Being so certain that disaster *must* follow that retreat, he felt that he had no choice of action left him, as he could not disobey an '*order*.'—E. E.

Final demand for the opinion of the Calcutta Government on the question, to give the casting vote.

The brave hearts and strong hands that were holding it so well could never lead a retreat; and, believing that it would be ruin to the Punjab, and knowing by this time from Major James that their views had never yet been forwarded on to the Government, so much at any rate was clear, viz. to *demand* now that this should be done, and to *refuse* to make the move till the deliberate order of Government in Calcutta should arrive. "God rules—that is one comfort, and all will turn out as He chooses," writes Edwardes.

"Meanwhile they were busy all yesterday, fitting out seven hundred Mooltânee Horse and Foot levies to reinforce Nicholson at Jullundur.

"How all the liberality shown to these Mooltânees after the war of 1848–49 is now repaid, in the alacrity with which they rush to our side again to help us! They are now invaluable; and so glad to see me again, it is quite a pleasure, in the midst of this howling wilderness.

"I believe that Chamberlain must have arrived at Delhi before this, and that alone is a reinforcement. Reed will have eight thousand men by July 1."

There was a strong protest made against dangerously denuding the Punjab of troops; but no lack of zeal in sending the strongest reinforcements to Delhi, that could be *safely* spared.

Remonstrance against denuding the Punjab of troops.

"Not that I would say," writes Edwardes to Sir John Lawrence, in a letter dated June 26, 1857, "secure your own province, if the empire required its sacrifice; *but the empire's reconquest depends on the Punjab.*"

The policy imperial, not local.

This letter is a grand testimony to the broad *imperial policy* which Edwardes's views embraced; looking at our position in India as a *whole*, and that *all* was not included in the siege of Delhi. He writes to John Lawrence—

Argument that it is

"It is absurd to engulf *everything* in the Delhi whirl-

necessary for the security of the Empire that the anchor should be fast.

pool. Let us hold the frontier province, at all events, in strength; and that will facilitate the reconquest of Central India by the troops from England. But, if we let go the frontier, all India and the Punjab will have to be reconquered; and perhaps a war with Afghanistan be added to it. . . .

"My belief is, that on the reinforcements now being sent, reaching General Reed, Delhi will be stormed successfully; if not, another thousand will not turn the scale, while their removal will endanger the Punjab. . . . It is not selfish. It is the good *of the empire.* Don't get engulfed in Delhi."

Knowing from Major James (who was now with him in Colonel Nicholson's place) that his letters had never been sent on, Edwardes demanded that his views should *now* be laid fully before Lord Canning, and his Lordship's orders solicited.*

* It may be well at this point to notice (but only in passing) the remarks on these events by the recent biographer of Lord Lawrence, who has thought it fitting, to asperse the memory of a man who is gone; and such a man as Edwardes, who himself was foremost in collecting aid for Delhi; who, as we have seen, was the first originator and prime mover in all the help and the levies that went down to Delhi, and by whose strenuous arguments Sir John Lawrence himself had been at last convinced.

Now it is the old difference again—of holding the Punjab or letting it drift, that is at stake. And Edwardes's argument still holds good: "*The empire's reconquest* depends on the Punjab. . . . Another thousand Europeans will not turn the scale, while their removal will *endanger the Punjab.*"

The question lies in a nutshell for us in reviewing the past; and history will decide whether it would have been better to *retreat,* and invite the Afghans to sweep us out of the Peshâwur Valley and take possession themselves (that is, to give an enemy an open plain to encamp on, for they would soon, with such a temptation, have been found to be an enemy), or to hold our frontier with a firm and vigorous hand, and *keep* it what it was—the anchor of the ship. It is not necessary to discuss what time has settled. But the truth must be told, and then it will be seen which was the "statesman-like view," and the most "imperial policy" of the two; and to which the quotation may *most* aptly

Rumours had crept out. And the very breath of such rumours was injury and weakness, and added to the labour and difficulty of the position. Major Henderson, the Deputy-Commissioner at Kohât, writes to Edwardes— Rumours crept out.

"Kohât, August 11.

". . . The reports current at Teera and all over this district, and brought from the west, are doing a great deal of harm. Dangerous rumours reach Kohât.

". . . has become *seriously alarmed* that we are about to retire and make over the country to the Ameer, for whom alone we are said to be holding it till he come. . . .

"Numbers of people have begun to arrange their parties, etc. . . . All is excitement, and jirgas in Teera; but there is no serious mischief done yet, but a few days may do great harm. May I contradict the report?" Their effect there.

Well may Edwardes write urgently to John Lawrence, and try to hold him back from such a dangerous game!

And only his confidence in God and his readiness to do His will could steady his heart against such odds. That peace of mind which comes from the assurance of God's presence and help, and of His overruling power, was the strength with which he bore the strain. Calm confidence.

Major Henderson, the Deputy-Commissioner, writes from Kohât—

"August 20, 1857.

". . . I fancy this month will show less crime in Peshâwur than ever before, but this is because we are strong, and

refer, that winds up the long argument at p. 164, vol. ii., of the "Biography of Lord Lawrence."

> "Courage, such as moved
> To heights of noblest temper heroes old
> Arming to battle, and instead of rage
> Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved
> With dread of death, *to flight or foul retreat.*"

A calmer and juster historian, Mr. Holmes, has touched the question in his "History of the Mutiny," p. 368.

because you have given attention and time to the frontier tribes, your neighbours.

"Weakness would invite trouble; and rumours of retirement are the worst enemies we have."

Not till August did the answer come from Calcutta that ended arguments and anxiety together. At last the telegraphic message was sent *viâ* Madras and Bombay—

From Lord Canning to Sir John Lawrence.

"August 7, 1857.

A welcome telegram.

"*Hold on to Peshâwur to the last.*"

Good news for Peshâwur! One rock ahead, passed safely by, in the dangerous sea, and the ship sails on!

Well may Sir John write afterwards—

"Lahore, September 18, 1857.

"My dear Edwardes,

"I am much obliged to you for what you say of the results of my labours in the general cause. But I really feel that I deserve little credit.

"Humanly speaking, I think the Punjab has saved the Bengal Presidency. Next to the indomitable valour of the European soldiery, the Punjabees, white and black, have done the deed.

"I, however, look upon myself as only one of them.

"Few men, in a similar position, have had so many good and true supporters around him.

"But for them what could I have done?

"Yours affectionately,

"(Signed) John Lawrence."

Lumsden's testimony from Candahar.

The valuable testimony of an eye-witness sets the seal of confirmation upon the description we have given, of the delicate nature of our position on the frontier in these critical days, and the strain of our relations with Afghanistan.

We will make an extract from the very interesting and

graphic "Report of Major Harry Lumsden of his Mission to Candahar," p. 3:

Afghan excitement.

"As the storm thickened, urged by the preaching of bigoted Mohammedan zealots, pressed on by the secret machinations of his sons, Sirdars Sultân Muhommud Khan, and Pir Muhommud Khan, the Afghan nation called on the Ameer to put himself at the head of the faithful, raise the green standard of Islam, to which thousands would flock, and, pouring down the passes, to sweep the infidel Feringhee from the contaminated soil of Hindostan, and once more establish Mohammedan supremacy throughout Asia.

Critical times in Cabul.

"The excitement throughout the country was intense, and the moment a most critical one; for the better resolution of the aged Ruler seemed for an instant to stagger; and his better judgment was on the point of being swept along with the popular torrent, when his son, Sirdar Muhommud Azim Khan, had the moral courage to come to the rescue, and, exposing himself to the full tide of popular disappointment, he reminded the Sirdars of the power of the British nation, of the many storms which had already burst harmlessly over their heads, and that failure would be, to the Ameer, the certain loss of his kingdom, and openly accused the 'Peshâwury brothers' of getting up the agitation in the hope of ruining his father, for their own aggrandizement.

"The step was a bold one, and caused a momentary estrangement between the Ameer and his son; but the former, on a little reflection, recalled Sirdar Muhommud Azim Khan to his councils, approved of and acted on his advice; and, being materially strengthened by the cool and determined bearing of our frontier authorities in the Peshâwur district, the Ameer weathered the storm, which entirely subsided on the fall of Delhi.

"Throughout that anxious time I was in daily intercourse with the Heir-apparent, who, having had the advantage of seeing the signs of our power during his visit to Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta, was fully convinced of the necessity of controlling the hasty rashness of his countrymen; and frequent 'expresses' passed up, in hot haste, to Cabul, imploring the Ameer to pursue a determined policy adhesive to the British alliance."

This peep into the interior of the country while these scenes were going on, proves to demonstration what would have been the consequences of our retirement, and how the Afghans would have received our invitation.

At the time that Edwardes had to stem the torrent against the proposal to abandon Peshâwur, he had no means of knowing what were the views held by the Government in Calcutta, nor, till the telegram came from Lord Canning, could he tell his opinion.

But in October Sir George Edmonstone, the Governor-General's Foreign Secretary, in writing to Edwardes, says—

Sir George Edmonstone's opinion.

"I hope Sir John will by this time have abandoned his notion of giving up Peshâwur. It would be, in my judgment, *the signal for rebellion throughout the Punjab*, and would deal a blow at our reputation and our power which we should never recover. I *cannot* get the Governor-General to let me send an official answer to the letter in which the matter was broached."

It is fortunate that the Governor-General had a good adviser at his elbow, and that Sir George Edmonstone knew the Punjab in his former service.

We can see a reason for the Governor-General avoiding even the discussion of such a dangerous subject *at the time;* and it is probably to this reticence that is partly due the cloud of mystery that has hung about it, added to Edwardes's own generous and unselfish nature, which kept him always silent about his own deeds.

While things were looking very dark and the news was very disheartening, every effort was being made to send help to Delhi. Edwardes writes to his wife—

"Four thousand more men sent. Except at Peshâwur, there is hardly anything left in the Punjab. Nicholson himself is off to Delhi—the best of all reinforcements. . . .

"I had just written to Nicholson that, though the *means*

were not apparent, yet I was sure God could help us *if He willed*, and *that belief* was a great support, when in came a telegraphic message 'that Sir Patrick Grant, with six European regiments, was at Cawnpore, July 11, and, after sending aid to dear Sir Henry, was marching on to Delhi.' This seems, indeed, like a sky of brass opening, and showering down sweet waters, and heartily did I thank God for it. It looks at last like dawning light; as if the resources of a great but unwieldy empire had at length triumphed over climate and enormous distances.

Hopeful tidings.

"The striking thing in this war is, that the Sepoys accuse Government of trying to take away their religion, when Government has, literally, stayed the progress of Christianity, out of what was called impartiality to the Hindoos and Mohammedans. As Government abstained from making up its religion in books, for the natives to digest; the natives suspect it to be made up seductively in grease! Not a voice has been raised *by the people* against the open-preaching missionaries; *but the carefully neglected* sepoy accuses the Government—most unjustly—of Christianity! What a commentary upon the policy that has been pursued!"

Neutrality policy misunderstood.

He had time and thought, even in such busy times as these, for acts of love and kindness. He says to his wife—

"On the evening of June 19 James and I went over to Colonel Martin's, to present Dr. Pfander with the Communion Service plate which we had all subscribed for. Martin did not like the charge of it any longer in these times. Your being absent, and there being no lady to do it, I was asked to present it; and, after recounting the circumstances under which the subscription was made, I said, 'A more appropriate gift could not well be found for an earnest missionary; for it is the best symbol of the pure

Dr. Pfander at the mission house.

Christian religion left us by Him who said, "*This* do in remembrance of Me."

"'It is very simple and small, but you would not wish it otherwise; for it belongs to a rite of humility, not of pride, which draws the richness of its comfort neither from gold nor silver, but from the impalpable and the unseen.

"'I beg your acceptance of it, Dr. Pfander, in the name of all our friends, and may it long be a fellow-traveller with you; may it be much used and much blessed; and hereafter may it be preserved by your children among the other silent sermons of your life.'

"The good man was much pleased, and told us much about his books—how he had never intended to write them, but been led to do so; how he knew he had no gift of writing whatever, and that the usefulness of the books was God's own altogether."

Edwardes always felt the Mission was a strength, and not a weakness, at Peshâwur; and rejoiced that he had been allowed to plant it there. He believed that God had honoured Peshâwur and blessed the policy there, because His Name had been honoured and upheld there; and he took no credit to himself for his own good measures to ensure success.

On August 9, 1857, he writes to his wife—

Edwardes's letter.

"The saddest of all news has reached us. On August 6 I got this message from John Lawrence by telegraph: 'My brother Henry was wounded on July 2, and died two days afterwards.'"

By letter the same day John Lawrence wrote—

Death of Sir Henry Lawrence.

"You will be truly grieved to hear of poor Henry's death. He died like a good soldier in the discharge of his

duty. I believe he has not left an abler and better soldier behind him. His loss just now will be a national calamity."

There were rumours that gave hope that it was not true; but these all faded away, and Edwardes writes to his wife—

"On the whole, I find no room for doubting that we have really lost our dearest friend, and India her greatest public servant. What a blow it is! . . . What widespread sorrow it will bring! It is like a good King dying. It is wonderful what a number of hearts loved him, at home and here, black as well as white. You know what we of his old staff will feel about it. He was our master, friend, example, all in one; a father to us in the great earnest public life to which he led us forth. His removal from the Punjab had not the smallest effect upon our relations with him. On the contrary, I believe our feeling was ever that of the old Cavaliers, who looked for the day when 'the King shall enjoy his own again!' . . . And this feeling extends to all the native chiefs in the Punjab. There is scarcely one who will not feel that he personally has lost a sure and certain friend; an Englishman of name and power, on whom he could always rely for a hearing and a helping hand, if ever anything went wrong. I find my own Mooltânee officers regard him as one who thoroughly appreciated their value, and to whom they could always look for justice. The look which the few I have here gave, on hearing of his death, was unmistakable. It was not my loss merely—it was their own. And then think of the charities he supported! Think of the knowledge that he had of our army! of his long endeavours to get those evils remedied which have now broken out and well-nigh lost us India! and of his ability to share in the reconstruction of the army and the empire, when all this war is over! Think, in short, of the great military and civil wisdom lost to the Indian Government at such a crisis

as this, as well as the worth lost in private life, and it must be admitted that this war has, as yet, struck home to us no such blow as the death of Henry Lawrence.

"For *him*, dear fellow, we happily have no grief. Trials and mercies, storm and sun, had ripened him for a better world, and poured that drop of the love of Christ into his heart, which hallows the love of our neighbour. Surely if ever there was a humble, trusting, loving Christian, it was Sir Henry as I saw him in April last at Lucknow. There was a marked earnestness and spirituality in him, as if he felt the time to be short.

"I told you at the time how beautifully he prayed, how full he was of the business of forgiving and being forgiven.

"And then as to his public career: what fitter to crown his unselfish life than to give his life to his country in the noble and successful defence of one of the first provinces of the empire? He was physically worn out, dear old fellow; and we must thank God for giving him rest. All we could have wished would be, that he might have come home to his sisters and children once more; and that we might all have been about him again for a little. But Life isn't such a play as that comes to! We can't group all the actors together for the closing scene.

"How thankful I am to have spent a whole week with him so recently, and to have had so much happy talk with him! to have taken those photographs of his dear old face (wretched as they are), and those moral photographs of his life and thoughts which I wrote you at the time! . . .

"It is difficult to realize that we have lost our two friends, Sir Henry and Lady Lawrence.

"I trust, because we have *not* lost them. Their example, indeed, lives vividly, and I believe will long exercise a remarkable influence in many parts of India. No one ever saw any other couple like them, and we cannot hope

ever again to do so. It is a great blessing to have known them."

Happily Edwardes can write in this time of public and private sorrow—

"The frontier is wonderfully quiet, thank God. The Treaty with Cabul has borne ample fruit to us. The Afghans are greatly excited with all these disturbances. They are like vultures smelling the corpses of a battle-field, and their wings are trembling for a swoop. Dost Muhommud restrains them hitherto, and I believe he will do so to the last, unless things take a fatal turn against us. Quiet frontier. Afghans looking on.

"I have a most laborious time of it now, but my health is excellent. . . . Having made up my mind to take two years' rest as soon as the dangers of the empire are passed, I work on cheerfully. . . . We are all looking anxiously for the next mail. . . . As yet we have only a telegram of June 27 from Lord Clarendon, that 'reinforcements will be sent to India at once.'

"India ought to be swamped with English troops for the next three years, till our prestige is restored, with fresh conviction to the chiefs and people.

"God has wonderfully preserved us on this frontier. No later than yesterday the great Khyber tribe of Kookee-Kheyl came in to me to pay the fine of Rs. 3000, which was imposed on them for the murder of Lieutenant Hand when the Ameer's camp was here. They would not pay us then, in the height of our power; but they come in now like lambs, when they might harass us exceedingly. The hand of God is visible in such events; and whether worldly people think so or not, I have no doubt myself but that the Mission here has proved a blessing. Our strength on the frontier.

"Nothing but God's power could restrain these tribes in the way they have been restrained throughout this struggle. . . . I never knew so little crime, or so much good-will

on the frontier, during the four years I have had charge of it."

"Rather a rebuke," he writes to a friend, "this fact, to those who discuss the impropriety of Lord Canning subscribing to Missions. Surely Peshâwur is the most likely place in our empire for a manifestation against missionaries, but not a word has been said here against them.

A Syud "moved on."

"These very Kookee-Kheyls it was who refused to listen to a 'Syud,' who had planted the green flag in the Khyber, and preached a Jehâd, and called on them to follow. It was an anxious moment at Peshâwur, but the Kookee-Kheyls went and pulled up the pickets of his horses and camels, and rolled up his flag, and told him to be off. He cursed them well and frightened them, but his attempt ended in a complete failure."

Sir Henry Lawrence's death was a sorrow shared together by Edwardes and Nicholson; and we may extract from a letter written from Peshâwur, August 20, 1857.

"My dear Nicholson,

Letter to Nicholson on death of Henry Lawrence.

"I was very glad to get your letter of the 12th. Since I last wrote to you, what a loss have we sustained in our ever dear friend, Sir Henry Lawrence! There seem doubts in the Delhi camp about it, but Lord Canning's letter to John Lawrence mentions that General Neill received the news in a *letter from Lucknow;* so I conclude it is quite true. It would be too selfish to wish it otherwise; for what a change for him, after his long battle of life, his restless strife for the benefit of others—the State, the army, the native Princes, the native people, the prisoners in gaol, the children of the English soldiery, and all that were poor and all that were down—to close his flashing eyes for the last time on a scene of honourable struggle for his country, and open them again where there is no more evil to resist, no wrong, all right, and peace, and rest, and patient waiting, with all who have gone

before, till earth's trial comes to an end, and a perfect heaven begin!

". . . And we could not wish to bring him back to the dust and noise and misconstruction of even so great and good a labour as the reorganization of our army and empire in India.

"Fine, brave old fellow! he has fought his fight, and won his victory, and now let him lay his armour down and rest. You cannot think what a comfort I find in the memory of the eight days I spent with him in April last. Seven years ago his dear sister in England asked me whether I thought her brother Henry was merely a philanthropist or *really* a Christian; and I was much hurt and offended at the question. But she was quite right to ask and to have it much at heart; and in this last visit, her question (doubtless her prayer) had been very plainly answered.

"In the days when you and I first knew H. M. Lawrence he was heart and soul a philanthropist; he could not be anything else, and I believe truly that he was much more, and had the love of God as a motive for the love of his neighbour.

"All good and sacred things were precious to him, and he was emphatically a good man, influencing all around him for good also.

"But how much of the *man* there was left in him! How unsubdued he was! How his great purposes, and fiery will, and generous impulses, and strong passions, raged in him, making him the fine genuine character he was, the like of which we never saw, and which gathered such blame from wretched creatures as far below the zero of human nature as he was above it! He had not been tempered, yet as it was meant he should be.

"And just see how it all came about. Cruelly was he removed from the Punjab, which was his public life's stage. And he was equal to the trial: his last act at Lahore was to

kneel down, with his dear wife, and pray for the success of John's administration.

"We who know all that they felt—the passionate fire and earnestness of both their natures; her intense love and admiration of her husband, whose fame was the breath of her nostrils; and his indignation at all wrong, whether to himself or a dog—must see in that action one of the finest and loveliest pictures that our life has ever known. Nothing but Christian feeling could have given them the victory of that prayer.

"What a sweet creature she was! In sickness and sorrow she had disciplined herself more than he had; and, as they walked along their entirely happy way together, she went before, as it were, and carried the lamp.

"So she arrived first at the end of the journey, and dear heartbroken Lawrence was left alone. All of trial must have been concentrated to him in that one stroke; he loved her so thoroughly.

"But again, and for the last time, he had the necessary strength given him; and his character came slowly out of that fire, refined and sweetened to a degree we never saw in him before.

"I do so wish you had been with me; and dear Emma; and, indeed, all our old circle who loved him so;—to see him as I saw him at Lucknow. Grief had made him grey and worn, but it became him like the scars of a battle. He looked like some good old knight in story.

"But the great change was in his spirit. He had done with the world, except working for it while his strength lasted, and he had come to that calm, peaceful estimate of time and eternity, of himself and the judgment, which could only come of wanting, and finding, Christ. Every night as we went to bed he would read a chapter (out of the Bible his dear wife had under her pillow when she died), and then we knelt down by his bedside, and he prayed in the

most earnest manner, dwelling chiefly on his reliance on Christ's atonement, to which he wished to bring all that he had done amiss that day, so as to have nothing left against him, and be always ready; and asking always for grace to subdue all uncharitableness, and to forgive others as he hoped to be forgiven himself.

"The submission, humility, and charity of these prayers was quite affecting, and I cannot say how grateful I feel to have been led, as it were by accident, to see our dear chief in these last and brightest days of his bright and good career. For the same reason, I tell it to you all, because it completes that picture and memory of our lost friend which will ever make him our example. Oh no; we had better not wish the news untrue, but try and follow after him!"

After Peshâwur news—

"You see I have told you all that is going on here, and said nothing about affairs at Delhi. But not the less am I constantly thinking of you there, and wishing you great usefulness and no wounds. Give my love to Chamberlain. I am glad you are both together there, and wish I were with you. I cannot say how weary I am of this wearing, fretting post, in which one has ever to bear, and seldom to strike.

"I hope Coke is doing well.

"Ever am I affectionately yours,

"HERBERT B. EDWARDES."

This letter was written to his dear friend John Nicholson, who received it in camp before Delhi, and replied to it with all the warmth and earnestness of his noble nature, in a beautiful letter, from which we will make a short extract here—

"Camp before Delhi, September 1, 1857.

"MY DEAR EDWARDES,

"I have your kind good letter of August 20 and 23 before me. Nicholson's reply

"I do so wish I could have seen dear Sir Henry under the circumstances you mention.

"If it please Providence that I live through this business, you must get me alongside of you again, and be my guide and help in endeavouring to follow his example; for I am so weak and unstable that I shall never do any good of myself.

"I should like to write you a long letter, but I cannot manage it. . . .

"God be with you, dear Edwardes.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"(Signed) J. NICHOLSON."

What words to come from such a *man of power!*—a man on whom all eyes were fixed as a "tower of strength!" And yet, with such an absence of self-confidence in his highest aspirations. Edwardes writes to his wife—

"I cannot say what happiness I felt just now at receiving dear Nicholson's letter. Knowing the pleasure it will give you, I enclose it with this, in original, as it is something to get an acknowledgment of human weakness in such a fine strong fist. I fear it is little good I could do him personally, but the help he wishes for will surely come from a surer Source."

Friends in council.

Yes; these friends were truly bound together by the strongest bonds. And now they mourned together in the loss of the friend and master of them both, "the father of their public life," as they delighted to call him.*

* Colonel Harry Lumsden, from Candahar, writes, after enumerating other losses he deplores: "If to these long lists we must add poor dear Sir Henry Lawrence, the nation as well as ourselves is indeed bereaved; for he is, as you say, a man only met with once in a century, and to know whom, is the happy accident in a man's life. . . .

"My pen has not the power to show a picture of our greatest friend on earth, and a pattern to all who would aspire to the name of a noble, true soldier and Christian."

It was only too true that Henry Lawrence was gone—gone from the strife and turmoil of battle; gone from the strain and agony of the long-sustained siege of Lucknow; gone to his rest and to his reward!

At first the news was scanty and often contradictory; but the details came at last, and may be gathered up here by quoting from the despatch from Brigadier Inglis, commanding the garrison of Lucknow (after Sir Henry's death).

Perhaps the most complete and at the same time concise account is in a letter from his nephew George Lawrence, who has been before mentioned, a Deputy Commissioner in Oude at the time Sir Henry was sent there. He was with his uncle at the time he was wounded.

Writing to his father, Sir George Lawrence, he says, "On July 2, about eight o'clock, just before breakfast, which was laid out in the next room, when uncle and I were lying on our beds side by side, having just come in from our usual morning's walk and inspection, and while Wilson, the deputy adjutant-general, was standing between our beds, reading some orders to uncle, an 8-inch shell thrown from a howitzer came in at the wall exactly in front of my bed, and at the same instant burst. There was an instant darkness and a kind of red glare, and for a second or two no one spoke. Finding myself uninjured, though covered with bricks from top to toe, I jumped up. At the same time uncle cried out that he was killed. Assistance came, and we found that Sir Henry's left leg had been almost taken off high up by the thigh—a fearful wound.

Details of Sir Henry Lawrence's death.

"We carried him from the Residency to Dr. Fayer's house, amid a shower of bullets, and put him in one of the verandahs. There he seemed to feel that he had received his death-wound; and, calling for the head people, he gave over the Chief Commissionership into the hands of Major Banks, and the charge of the garrison to Colonel Inglis, at the same time giving them his last instructions what to do, among which was—*never to give in.*

"He sent for others, such as G. Harding, of whom he was very fond; told them what he expected from them, and spoke of the future. He also sent for all those whom he thought he had ever, though unintentionally, injured, and

asked their forgiveness, or those to whom he had even spoken harshly.

"His bed was surrounded by old friends, and there were few dry eyes there. His old servants he spoke to. He told me of the contents of his will, and whom he wished to look after his children. And of yourself and mother, he spoke with great affection. He was pleased to say that I had been like a son to him; and lastly gave me his blessing. May it avail much.

"We all received the Communion with him.

"At one time the doctors thought of taking his leg off, but it would have been of no use. To drown the pain, they gave him chloroform constantly; and then he cried out rather incoherently—about home and his mother. He seemed to me at times in great pain, but the doctor said he was not.

"He spoke, of course, of dear Aunt Letty, and a good deal at intervals of his wife, repeating texts she had been fond of. He took part in the prayers read by Mr. Harris, the clergyman, when he thought he was going: but more than once he rallied, though getting weaker and weaker. After the evening of the 2nd he scarcely spoke at all, and the next day I think he was nearly unconscious. Dr. Ogilvie was very kind in watching with me and giving him drink when thirsty. Two ladies also waited on him—poor Mrs. Dashwood, who has since lost her husband and brother; and Mrs. Harris, the clergyman's wife; and I must not forget Mrs. Clarke.

"About eight o'clock he died, quite quietly.

"I scarcely knew when the breath left him, for I was sitting at his feet, having just been wounded.

"Dr. Ogilvie first told me it was all over. A better man never stepped, but we must not grieve for him, but try and follow his example.

"He was buried in the churchyard where all the rest were, but no one save the clergyman could attend, as the place was under fire, and every one had to be at his post.

"GEORGE LAWRENCE."

Extract from Despatch from Brigadier Inglis.

"September 26, 1857.

". . . It is now my very painful duty to relate the calamity which befell us at the commencement of the siege. On July 1 an 8-inch shell burst in the room in the Residency in which Sir Henry Lawrence was sitting. The missile burst between him and Mr. Cooper, close to both, but without injury to either. The whole of his staff implored Sir Henry to take up other quarters, as the Residency had then become the special target for the round shot and shell of the enemy. This, however, he jestingly declined to do, observing that another shell would certainly never be pitched into that small room.

"But Providence had ordained otherwise, for on the very next day he was mortally wounded by the fragment of another shell, which burst into the same room, exactly at the same spot.

"Captain Wilson, Deputy assistant adjutant-general, received a contusion at the same time.

Details of Sir Henry's death.

"The late lamented Sir Henry Lawrence, knowing that his last hour was rapidly approaching, directed me to assume command of the troops, and appointed Major Banks to succeed him in the office of Chief Commissioner. He lingered in great agony till the morning of July 4, when he expired, and the Government was thereby deprived, if I may venture to say so, of the services of a distinguished statesman and a most gallant soldier. Few men have ever possessed, to the same extent, the power which he enjoyed of winning the hearts of all those with whom he came in contact, and thus ensuring the warmest and most zealous devotion for himself and for the Government which he served.

"The successful defence of the position has been, under Providence, solely attributable to the foresight which he evinced in the timely commencement of the necessary operations, and the great skill and untiring personal activity which

he exhibited in carrying them into effect. All ranks possessed such confidence in his judgment and his fertility of resource, that the news of his fall was received throughout the garrison with a feeling of consternation only second to the grief which was inspired in the hearts of all by the loss of a public benefactor and a warm personal friend."

And Lord Canning spoke with warmth and earnestness in his public mention of his loss.

Extract of Despatch of the Right Honourable the Governor-General.

"Fort William, December 8, 1857.

"Amongst those who have nobly perished in this protracted struggle, Sir Henry Lawrence will occupy the first place in the thoughts of his fellow-countrymen. The Governor-General in Council has already given expression to the deep sorrow with which he mourns the loss of this distinguished man. But the name of Sir Henry Lawrence can never rise up without calling forth a tribute of honour and admiration from all who knew him."

And again Lord Canning writes—

"No. 3813, dated September 19, 1857.

Lord Canning's letter on Sir Henry Lawrence and his loss.

"The Right Honourable the Governor-General in Council having appointed a successor to the late Sir Henry Lawrence, K.C.B., in the post of Chief Commissioner of Oude, desires to take the opportunity of testifying publicly in this form, as he has already testified in addressing the Honourable Court of Directors, the deep sorrow with which he laments the loss of that eminent man. In the course of a service extending over thirty-five years, in Burmah, in Afghanistan, in Nepâl, in the Punjab, and in Rajpootâna, Sir Henry Lawrence was distinguished for high ability, devoted zeal, and generous and self-denying exertions for the welfare of those around him. As a soldier, an administrator, and a statesman, he has earned a reputation amongst the foremost.

"Impressed with a sense of his great qualifications, the Governor-General in Council selected him to be Chief Com-

missioner in Oude. In that position, from the first appearance of disaffection amongst the troops quartered in the province, his conduct was marked by foresight, calm judgment, and courage; and if anything could have averted the calamitous outbreak which has been followed by the temporary subversion of authority in Oude, the measures which were taken by Sir Henry Lawrence, and the confidence which all men, high and low, European and native, felt in his energy, his wisdom, and his spirit of justice and kindliness, would have accomplished the end.

"As long as there was any hope of restraining the wavering soldiers by appeals to their sense of duty and honour, he left no becoming means untried to conciliate them.

"When violent and open mutiny called for stern retribution, he did not shrink from the (to him) uncongenial task of inflicting severe punishment. When general disorder and armed rebellion threatened, he was undaunted, and the precautionary preparations, which from the beginning he had had in view, were carried out rapidly and effectually.

"He has been prematurely removed from the scene, but it is due mainly to his exertions, judgment, and skill that the garrison of Lucknow has been able to defy the assaults of its assailants, and still maintains its ground.

"The loss of such a man, in the present circumstances of India, is, indeed, a heavy public calamity. The Governor-General in Council deplores it deeply, and desires to place on record his appreciation of the eminent service, his admiration of the high character, and his affectionate respect for the memory of Sir Henry Lawrence." *

* In his will Sir Henry commended the "Lawrence Asylums" to the care of the Government he had served so well, and called them his elder daughter. He left one daughter and two sons. The Government have accepted the trust, and the Hill Asylums for Soldiers' Children are no longer dependent upon private generosity for support.

In 1858 it was a gratification to all his friends that the Queen made his eldest son, Alick, a baronet, with a pension of £1000 a year. His life was suddenly terminated by an accident, a fall with his horse in the Himalayan Mountains in 1864, and, having held it so short a time, the pension was extended to his son, then only six months old, who is the present Sir Henry Lawrence.

Thus was fulfilled for Sir Henry the hope that he so faithfully expressed, "that if he took care of other people's children, God would take care of *his!*"

Both publicly and privately his loss was deeply felt, and none mourned him more truly than those men who, with Edwardes and Nicholson, had been brought into the Punjab by Sir Henry, and had shared with him in all the labours of its early government, and were thus bound together by a tie that was never broken since the days when they were brother-Assistants in the Old Residency at Lahore.

They could hardly tell which was the deeper grief—for the *private* or the *public* loss; for both they mourned him now, cut off, as Edwardes writes—

"in the very middle of the defence which his foresight had organized, without living to see its success, to reap its honour, and spared not for the task for which his great experience, wisdom, and love of India so peculiarly fitted him—the binding-up and reconstruction of our Empire.

"Such seems the law of all things here. Incompleteness belongs to this world, and Perfection to the next!"

CHAPTER II.

1857.

CROWNING DEEDS AND DEATH OF JOHN NICHOLSON.

"And doubtless unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of Heaven."

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

CHAPTER II.

Up to this time Edwardes had been able to write, "I have a most laborious time of it now, but my health is excellent." But September comes, and that sickly time at Peshâwur, when the rain begins and the heated ground gives out miasma, must needs affect him, with the burden of sorrow, too, to bear; and we find that fever lays its hand upon him now. He struggles against it, and, with a little care, he rallies again, to face the troubles that are still before him.

Health begins to fail.

The tribes in the Murree and the Hazâra Hills threatened mischief, but it was stayed, and Edwardes writes, September 9—

"I hope the turmoil is subsiding. But the Punjab is so exhausted of troops that we can do little or nothing against any rising of the people. It is most important that Delhi should fall soon and we get back some of our troops.

Anxiety from hill tribes.

"The siege-guns arrived at Delhi on the 4th, and it was expected that they would open on the city on the 6th or 7th.

"It would be a curious coincidence if Delhi were to be taken again by the English on September 11. Last time in 1803—fifty-four years ago."

Nicholson had joined the British camp at Delhi, clearing station after station of revolters as he advanced at the head of his movable column. His was a strong reinforcement, for, beyond the force that accompanied him, was the power of the man himself.

Nujjufgurh. He had led his column to intercept the mutineers, and had utterly routed a large band of them in a pitched battle at Nujjufgurh; and Daly, of the Guides, says, "There wasn't another man in camp, except perhaps Chamberlain, who would have taken that column to Nujjufgurh. They went through a perfect morass." An Artillery officer told him "that at one time the water was over his horses' backs, and he thought they could not possibly get out of their difficulties; but he looked ahead, and saw Nicholson's great form riding steadily on, as if nothing was the matter, and so he felt sure all was right."

And this strong arm has now reached Delhi. He writes to Edwardes—

"Delhi, August 12, 1857.

Nicholson arrives at Delhi. Letters to Edwardes. "... I came into Wilson's camp ahead of my own column (which I rejoined yesterday at Sursowlee) by mail-cart from Umballa, and spent three days there, looking over our position, and hearing the news."

"Our position," he says, in another letter, "is a perfectly *providential* one. We could not have found one better suited to our requirements. Had the ground been of an ordinary character, we must have abandoned it long ago, but the Ridge, with the strong buildings on it in front, and the river and canal protecting our flanks and rear, has saved us.

"I think Wilson has hitherto had considerable cause for anxiety. Had the enemy had the enterprise to detach a strong force in his rear, we could not have sent more than five or six hundred men against it. It is too late for them to try that game now, and they know it, and are at their wit's end to devise some new plan of action. . . . When the second siege-train from Ferozepore arrives, I believe we shall be able to go in."

We are not going to follow the course of the oft-told tale, except so far as belongs to our narrative.

Nicholson had arrived. He had come crashing down the country. He had stemmed the tide of mutiny wherever he found it: he had destroyed the Sealkôte mutineers, and captured their guns; and he was a terror to the evil-doers, and an honour to the British name wherever he came.

There is a genial "general order" of his, thanking his men for their services, which may be quoted here.

Movable Column Order, by Brigadier-General Nicholson.

"Camp, Goordaspore, July 17, 1857.

"The last remaining portion of the Sealkôte mutineers was yesterday morning destroyed and its gun captured.

"The object of the forced march of the column from Umritsur to this place having been thus successfully accomplished, the Brigadier-General desires to return his sincere thanks to Officers and men of all arms and grades for the cordial and valuable assistance he has received from them throughout these operations.

"The Brigadier-General considers the column has reason to be proud of the services it has rendered the State within the last few days. By a forced march of unusual length, performed at a very trying season of the year, it has been able to preserve many stations and districts from pillage and plunder, to save more than one regiment from the danger of too close a contact with the mutineers, and the mutineer force, itself eleven hundred strong, notwithstanding the very desperate nature of the resistance offered by it, has been utterly destroyed or dispersed.

"It will be the pleasing duty of the Brigadier-General to bring prominently to the notice of Government the services rendered by officers and men on this occasion, and he entertains no doubt that their services will be appreciated and acknowledged as they deserve to be."

Nicholson, with his "Movable Column," was received with delight at Delhi. The brave commandant of the Guide Corps, Captain Daly,* says, "He was a grand fellow. He

Daly's account of Nicholson.

* Now Sir Henry Daly.

had a genius for war. He did not know his own powers, but he was beginning to find them out. His merits were recognized throughout the camp. Between the 6th and 7th he rose higher and higher in the minds of all, and when General Wilson's arrangements for the attack were read out, and the post of honour was given to Nicholson, not a man present thought that *he* was superseded."

"The post of honour" was, to lead the storming party to scale the wall of Delhi, under the protection of our breaching batteries, and nobly Nicholson led them, sword in hand, and carried the assault when the day came.

The last letter from his friend John Nicholson that Edwardes received was from "the Camp before Delhi, September 1, 1857."

It is full of affectionate feeling for him and his wife. We have already quoted a passage from it in the last chapter. Then Nicholson goes on to say—

Nicholson's last letter.

"The siege-train will probably be here in four or five days, and I trust we shall then go in without delay. I doubt if we shall attempt a breach or anything more than the demolition of the parapet, and silencing the fire of such guns as bear on this front; we shall then try to blow in the gateway, and escalade at one or two other points. I wish Chamberlain, Coke, Showers, Daly, and many other good men were not *hors de combat* from wounds."

Edwardes writes to his wife—

"This morning, September 14, comes the telegram: 'Delhi assaulted, and fighting still going on! The attack successful.' We rejoice with fear and trembling. There cannot have been less than twenty thousand mutineers in the city, and such a mass of armed and disciplined soldiers are not conquered without desperate loss. Who knows how many of our brave soldiers are now lying dead or wounded? Who knows if John Nicholson be safe?"

Then followed further telegrams—

"September 15. Yesterday at 7 p.m. we had from the Cashmere to the Cabul Gate. Fighting inside still very severe. Many officers killed and wounded. Both the Nicholsons severely. The latter * has lost an arm."

Edwardes writes—

"Then, indeed, our dear John Nicholson is wounded!"

And on the 16th the message says—

"'John Nicholson is *badly* wounded.' What a time of suspense it is till more news can reach Peshâwur!"

Then comes a telegraphic message from the friend who loved and watched him (Neville Chamberlain), to Edwardes—

"Delhi, September 23.

"Poor John Nicholson is worse, and there is little or no hope now. He has directed a few kind words to be sent to you. I fear a letter from Peshâwur may not reach in time. Send me any message you wish given to him. He talks MUCH of you BOTH." Last messages.

Terror-stricken with this message, Edwardes could only commend him to the One who is mighty to help. He despatched the message back—

"Give John Nicholson our love in time and eternity, and read him Acts xvi. 31 and Rom. x. 9.† God ever bless him. I do not cease to hope and pray for him as a dear brother."

* By "the latter" is meant his brother, Charles Nicholson.

† "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;"—and "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved," were the words of comfort sent to him.

Then came—

"Night of September 24.

"All is over! This evening I got the following message from Chamberlain, dated 23rd:—

"'Our dear friend left us. He passed away half an hour ago. I don't write to-day. I will try and do so to-morrow.'"

Who, indeed, *can* write of it, even now, except with pain? Edwardes writes—

Edwardes on John Nicholson.

"Doubtless God knows what is best, so His will be done! But the blow is very great to us all—to his poor mother, to his brother Charles, to his friends, to the army at large, to his country. For my own part, I feel as if all happiness had gone out of my public career!

"Henry Lawrence was as the father, and John Nicholson the brother, of my public life, and both have been swallowed up in this devouring war—this hateful, unnatural, diabolical revolt. How is one ever to work again for the good of natives? And never, never again can I hope for such a friend! How grand, how glorious a piece of handiwork he was! It was a pleasure to behold him even. And then his nature so fully equal to his form! So undaunted, so noble, so tender to good, so stern to evil, so single-minded, so generous, so heroic, and yet so modest. I never saw another like him, and never expect to do so. And to have had him for almost a brother, and now to have lost him in the prime of life,—it is an inexpressible, an irreparable grief. I long to get Chamberlain's account of his last days, and to know whether our dear friend was blest at last by the grace of God to see things free from doubt, and to be happy in resting on his Saviour.

"What a precious letter that last one is which I sent to you, in which he seemed to have so much on his mind! God knows all he felt, though dear John Nicholson had not

time to write it all to me, and God looks to the heart only. Nicholson was the soul of truth. If he doubted, it was sincerely. If he melted at the last, it was sincerely. And I think it most of all probable that his dear mother's prayers were not permitted to be unanswered, nor his own. It did not please God to keep so noble a character to be an honour to Him on earth through a long life; but let us fondly hope that it has pleased Him to accept his service for all eternity.

"How you will be stricken by this news! What an awful year this 1857 has been! Some great era must surely be involved in it. A whole continent is steeped in blood; and the loss of our best and noblest; and atrocities unheard of in the worst of former times, attract the notice of the world to the consideration of the crisis. May England and India and each of us read it aright!"

It is little wonder that next day Edwardes is down with fever again. He writes—

"A telegraphic message arrives September 23.

"'*The Adjutant-General of the Army, to the Chief Commissioner, Colonel Edwardes, and others on the line of telegraph.*

"'Brigadier-General Nicholson expired at half-past ten o'clock a.m. this day, of the wound received in the morning of the Assault.

"'In him the Bengal army has deeply to deplore the loss of one of its noblest and bravest soldiers.

"'NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.'

General Sydney Cotton's "order" on Nicholson's death.

"General Cotton has published the following genuine tribute, in the Peshâwur Division orders of the 25th instant:—

"'With heartfelt and unaffected sorrow, Brigadier-General Cotton announces the death, at Delhi, on the 23rd instant, of Brigadier-General John Nicholson.

"'Bold, resolute, and determined, this daring soldier and inestimable man fell, mortally wounded, when gallantly leading a column of attack at the assault of Delhi, on the 14th instant.

"'England has lost one of her most noble sons; the army, one of its brightest ornaments; and a large circle of acquaintance, a friend, warm-hearted, generous, and true.

"'All will now bewail his irreparable loss.'"

This public tribute was genuine and universal. The victory this day was turned into mourning—it was a *nation's loss.* But closer and deeper grew the sorrow round the hearts of friends who loved him—and to know him well was to love him. Lieutenant Lind writes from camp, September 24, to Edwardes—

Letter by Lieutenant Lind.

"I am very sorry to inform you of the death of our gallant and truly loved friend Nicholson. He had suffered much from his wound, but latterly was not in much pain. It pleased God to take him from us yesterday morning. Poor Nicholson turned once on his side, and died without a sigh. He was buried this morning in the compound opposite Ludlow Castle, and near the breach he had so gallantly taken. I went to the funeral with Nôwrung Khan and Atta Mahommud; the latter wept with me, and we felt that we had lost one of our dearest friends on earth.

"'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord!' May we be able to say so sincerely; but it is indeed hard to bear. His active mind was never quiet, and his constant inquiries were—what steps were taken to pursue?"

And Colonel Macpherson, Military Secretary to the Chief Commissioner, writes to Edwardes—

Colonel Macpherson.

"Deeply do I sympathize in the grief you in particular must feel for the loss we have all sustained in John Nicholson.

'Tis hard to think that he should have been cut off just as a fair field was opening out for the exercise of the great talent and sagacity he possessed, and from which so much might have been gained to the cause of his country. We have none like him left; and, notwithstanding the incalculable advantage of the fall of Delhi, one is almost inclined to say it has been too dearly purchased with the loss of such a man, and at such a crisis as the present. His poor brother is *much, much* to be felt for. He has lost his right arm close up to the shoulder; but when seen by Probyn a day or two after the assault, he talked of nothing but his brother John and his anxiety for him, giving but little heed to the pain he himself had to endure, or the helpless state to which he was reduced."

Lieutenant Charles J. Nicholson.

This allusion is to his younger brother Charles, who, although his regimental rank was that of lieutenant in the 31st Bengal Infantry, was wounded while in temporary command of the 21st Punjab Infantry regiment, on September 14.

He was worthy of the name he bore, for he had much of his brother in him, as others would be more ready to acknowledge than himself.*

Nicholson's mother.

He was the last of five sons who had been left to a mother widowed† at the early age of twenty-seven. She was a grand and noble woman; with a Spartan heroism about her, that showed the root of much that sprang up so gloriously in John Nicholson's nobility of soul. Two sons had fallen in India before; and now she had to give up her grandest and her noblest in the very flush of victory, and receive back to her heart of love her youngest and her last brave son, with his right sleeve hanging empty at his side.

* Charles Nicholson no longer lives. He came home, married, and shortly after fell into consumption, (the effect of his loss of limb), and died in India, where he had gone out, in 1863, to take up the appointment of Commandant of the Ghoorka Regiment, which had been given to him by Sir Hugh Rose (Lord Strathnairn). He died before he reached the regiment at a Dâk bungalow, when on his way up from Calcutta. His wife died six months after him, having taken from him the same fatal disease.

† She was a sister of Sir James Weir Hogg.

Verily it took a mother's love, and more than Spartan heroism, even the *strength* of her confidence in God, to bear this crushing blow!

But she had been nurtured, in the storms and struggles and disappointments of her early widowhood, for nothing *less* than this; and it was a touching sight to see her raise her tearful eyes to heaven (with that grand lifting of the head which all who knew John Nicholson can remember well in him), and know that she had gathered from the storehouse of God's love in former sorrows, the needed strength for *even this*.

It cannot be out of place, nor beyond interest, to quote a letter of this heroic woman, at the time, to Edwardes's wife; because it bears upon the subject so closely.

Letter from Mrs. Nicholson.

"I took the liberty of copying from your letter the paragraph in which John tells your husband he must get him alongside of him again to be his guide and friend, etc. This paragraph expresses the very same sentiment with which John closed his *first* letter from London to *me*, when he left home to go to India in 1839, and showed the earnest longing to be the child of God which, I believe, pervaded the inmost recesses of his immortal soul. Obscured though it might be at times, through the force of circumstances, and the evil example of a world that lives in forgetfulness of its great and glorious Creator and Redeemer, God's people are a *little flock*, and my child loved and chose them always for his associates as his love for Sir Henry Lawrence and yourselves proves.

"While I live, you and your husband will be next to my children, in the heart of

"Your loving and grateful

"CLARA NICHOLSON."

Charles writes to the same—

Charles Nicholson.

. . . "I know that the feeling between you three, was one which is not often found in this careless, heartless world. Few are capable of entertaining such feelings, and more seldom still do they find others who can appreciate and reciprocate them. . . ."

"How the two brothers loved each other!" writes one of the noble and true men who were their friends at Delhi.

"The great one used to come down to see me when I was wounded, and the younger one found out the hour and used to drop in, as if quite by accident, and say, 'Hilloa, John! are *you* there?' And John would say, 'Ah, Charles! Come in!' And then they'd look at each other! They were shy of giving way to any expression of it; but you saw it in their behaviour to one another. . . .

"Charles is broken-hearted at his loss."

Some extracts from most interesting letters to Edwardes, from General Neville Chamberlain, tell the details of the sad story, and show us something of the last days of this great, and noble, and beloved man.

"Palace, Delhi, October 25, 1857.

"My dear Edwardes,

Nicholson at Delhi, described by Sir Neville Chamberlain.

"Knowing what an affectionate interest you take in all that concerns dear John Nicholson, I will commence my letter by giving you an outline of how his time was passed from his joining the camp before Delhi to the day before the storm. Of all the superior officers in the force, not one took the pains he did, to study our position and provide for its safety. Hardly a day passed but he visited *every* battery, breastwork, and post; and frequently at night, though not on duty, would ride round the outer line of sentries, to see that the men were on the alert, and to bring to notice any point he considered unduly provided for.

"When the arrival of a siege-train and reinforcements enabled us to assume the offensive, John Nicholson was the only officer, not being an Engineer, who took the trouble to study the ground which was to become of so much importance to us; and had it not been for his going down that night, I believe that we might have had to capture, at considerable loss of life, the positions which he was certainly the main cause of our occupying without resistance. From the day of the trenches being opened to the day of the

assault, he was constantly on the move from one battery to another; and when he returned to camp, he was constantly riding backwards and forwards to the Chief Engineer, endeavouring to remove any difficulties. Indeed, one might well have supposed that he was the responsible head. . . .

"This is the character of our dear friend as a soldier, and as he was known to all. But I must now describe him, when at leisure and as a friend.

"When he first arrived in camp, I was on my back and unable to move, and only commenced to sit up in bed on the siege-train arriving. Under these circumstances I was, of course, only able to associate with him when he was at leisure; but, out of kindness to my condition, he never failed to pass a portion of the day with me, and frequently, though I would beg of him to go and take a canter, he would refuse, and lose the evening air.

"My recovery, after once being able to sit up, was rapid, and, by the time our first battery opened, I was able to go in a dhoolie on to the ridge and watch the practice.

"He would frequently insist upon escorting me, and no woman could have shown more consideration;—finding out good places from which to obtain the best view, and going ahead to see that I did not incur undue risks; for he used to say, no wounded man had any business to go under fire.

"On September 12, or two days before the storm, all the principal officers in camp were summoned to meet at the General's tent at 11 a.m., to hear the plan of the assault read out, and receive their instructions.

"Nicholson was not present—the cause of his absence being that he had gone down to see the opening salvoes of the great breaching battery, within a hundred and sixty yards of the water-bastion, and the Engineers had been behind their promised time.

"After dinner he read out the plan of the assault for

the morning of the 14th, and some of the notes then made by him I afterwards found amongst his papers.

"The 13th was, of course, a busy day for everybody, but I saw a good deal of him, as he rode over to my tent two or three times, to get me to exert my influence with General Wilson in favour of certain measures considered expedient.

"I found him in the head-quarters camp, whither he had come, to urge upon the General the importance of not delaying the assault if the breach should be reported practicable. We sat talking together for some time, and I begged him to stay and dine with me, but he said he could not, for he must be back in his camp, to see his officers and arrange all details. This was about 8 p.m. or later, and we did not meet again until the evening of the 14th, when he, poor fellow, was lying stretched on a charpoy, helpless as an infant, breathing with difficulty, and only able to jerk out his words in syllables, at long intervals, and with pain. Oh, my dear Edwardes, never can I forget this meeting; but painful as it would have been to you, I wish you could have been there, for, next to his mother, his thoughts turned towards you! He asked me to tell him exactly what the surgeons said of his case, and after I had told him,* he wished to know how much of the town we had in our possession, and what we proposed doing.

"Talking was, of course, bad for him, and prohibited;

* His wound was a very serious one. He was shot through the back as he was cheering on the men (who had faltered, and were falling back) to silence a gun that swept through a street they had entered—*inside Delhi.*

"The ball had penetrated and broken a rib—the fractured rib wounding the pleura and opening the cavity of the chest."

While cheering on the men, he was reckless of himself (or it seems hardly right that, as a general, he should have been so exposed). But when the Europeans tried to lift him after he was wounded, he said, "The men that would not follow me shall not lift me from the ground;" and he called to his native "orderlies" to carry him into camp.

and the morphia, which was given to him in large doses to annul pain and secure rest, soon produced a state of stupor. That night I had to return to Hindoo Raos, as I held the command on the right, Before returning, I, however, again saw him (about 11 p.m.). He was much the same, but feeling his skin to be chilled (I suppose from the loss of blood, and two hand-punkahs going), I got him to consent to my covering him with a light Rampoor blanket.

"The next evening I again returned to camp and saw him. He breathed more easily, and seemed altogether easier. Indeed, his face had changed so much for the better that I began to make myself believe that it was not God's purpose to cut him off in the prime of manhood, but that he was going to be spared to become a great man, and to be the instrument of great deeds.

"On this evening, as the previous, his thoughts centred in the struggle then being fought out inside Delhi. . . .

"That night I slept in camp, and the next morning, before going to join General Wilson inside Delhi, I had the poor fellow removed into one of the sergeants' bungalows—a portion of which had not been destroyed by the mutineers when the cantonment was fired on May 13—as he complained of the heat.

"The distance was not great, and the change was effected without putting him to much pain. He was thankful for the change, and said that he was very comfortable.

"Before quitting him, I wrote down, at his dictation, the following message for you:—

John Nicholson's message from his dying-bed.

"'Tell him I should have been a better man if I had continued to live with him, and our heavy public duties had not prevented my seeing more of him privately. I was always the better for a residence, however short, with him and his wife. Give my love to them both.'

"What purer gratification could there be in this world than to receive such words from a dying man? I can

imagine no higher reward; and long, my dear Edwardes, may you and your wife be spared to each other and to the world, to teach others the lesson you imprinted so forcibly on John Nicholson's true and noble heart!

"Up to this time there was still a hope for him, though the two surgeons attending him were anything but sanguine.

"He himself said he felt better, but the doctors said his pulse indicated no improvement, and, notwithstanding the great loss of blood from internal hemorrhage, they again thought it necessary to bleed him. I always felt more inclined to be guided by what he himself felt than by the doctors, and therefore left him, full of hope.

"One of the surgeons attending him used to come daily to the town to dress my arm, and from him I always received a trustworthy bulletin. From the 17th to the 22nd he was sometimes better and sometimes worse, but he gradually became weaker, and on the afternoon of the latter date, Dr. Mactier came to tell me that there was little or no hope.

"On reaching him I found him much altered for the worse in appearance, and very much weaker. Indeed, so weak that, if left to himself, he fell off into a state of drowsiness, out of which nothing aroused him but the application of smelling-salts and stimulants. Once aroused, he became quite himself; and on that afternoon he conversed with me for half an hour or more on several subjects as clearly as ever. He, however, knew and felt that he was dying, and said that 'this world had now no more interest to him.' His not having made a will, as he had purposed doing the day before the storm, was the source of some regret to him, and it was his wish not to delay doing so any longer; but as he said he then felt too fatigued from having talked so much, and was too weak to keep his senses collected any longer, he begged me to leave him to himself until the evening, and then arouse him for the purpose.

"On this afternoon he told me to send you this message—

Nicholson's message to Edwardes.

"'Say that if at this moment a good fairy were to give me a wish, my wish would be to have him here next to my mother.'

"Shortly after writing down the above to his dictation, he said—

"'Tell my mother that I do not think we shall be unhappy in the next world. God has visited her with a great affliction, but tell her she must not give way to grief.'

"Late in the evening, when asked if he could dictate his will, he said he felt too weak to do so, and begged that it might be deferred until the following morning, when he hoped to be stronger. But Death had now come to claim him. Every hour he became weaker and weaker, and the following morning his soul passed away to another and a better world.

"Throughout those nine days of suffering he bore himself nobly—not a lament or a sigh ever passed his lips; and he conversed as calmly and clearly as if he were talking of some other person's condition, and not his own. Painful as it would have been to you, I wish you could have seen him, poor fellow, as he lay in his coffin. He looked so peaceful, and there was a resignation in the expression of his manly face that made one feel that he had bowed submissively to God's will, and closed his eyes upon the world, full of hope. After he was dead, I cut off several locks of hair, for his family and friends; and there is one for your wife, and one for yourself.

"It is a great comfort to think that he had the most skilful attendance, and was waited upon as carefully as possible. Nothing was left undone that could be done, but God willed that he was not to live to see the result of a work he had taken so prominent a part in bringing about.

"His remains rest in the new burial-ground in front of the Cashmere Gate, and near Ludlow Castle. It is near the scene of his glory; and within a few yards of his resting-place stands one of the breaching batteries which helped to

make the breach by which he led his column into the town.

"Ludlow Castle was the building used by us, on that day, as a Field-Hospital; and here the two brothers met, having shaken hands and parted near the same spot, both full of life and health and hope a few short hours previously; the one now mortally wounded, the other with his arm dangling at his side by a shred.

"I think you will agree with me that the spot where our dear friend sleeps his last sleep cannot be marked too plainly and unostentatiously; and I am, therefore, going to erect a monument of the most simple description. I wish you would kindly write a suitable inscription.

"This is the end of my account of our poor friend's last days; and I deeply regret that my duties did not permit of my being more with him. My only solace is that he knew and appreciated the cause; and when, the afternoon before his death, I said to him, he must have thought me very neglectful, his reply was, 'No, I knew that your duty to the service required your being at head-quarters, and I was glad to think that you were there, to give your counsel.'

"Hereafter, if it is ordained that we are to meet, I shall have much to tell and talk to you about that I have not been able to include in a letter; and if it were only on this account, the sooner we meet the better; for I know how dear to you is everything connected with the memory of John Nicholson. . . .

"Very many thanks for your last letter. I am so glad a will has been found. When I neglect you, you heap coals of fire upon my head, and make me feel my unkindness doubly. I wish I could be with you for a few days to tell you much that I cannot write.

"God bless you, dear Edwardes.

"Yours affectionately,

"(Signed) NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN."

Again, from the same to the same—

From Sir Neville Chamberlain to Edwardes.

"Your letter to dear John Nicholson, giving an account of your days at Lucknow and of your last impressions of Sir Henry Lawrence, is among his papers. He gave me the letter to read (he had not heart to read it aloud to me) the day it arrived, and he promised to give me a copy of it.

"On the 13th I reminded him that he had not fulfilled that promise, when he said he would do it *that night*; but I begged of him not to allow anything of the kind to encroach upon his few hours' rest."

And there is the testimony of another of his friends whom we have quoted before.

"He was much affected by your letter about Sir Henry. He showed it to me. . . .

"He was indignant against wrong or injury, against *untruth* of any kind, and knowing well the brave part that Alex. Taylor* took in the engineering difficulties and triumphs of the siege, and the assault that was victorious at last, he was indignant at the thought that he had not justice done to him, and he said, 'Well, if I live through this, I will let the world know *who took Delhi—that Alex. Taylor did it.*'"

We have another picture of dear John Nicholson—"great, grand fellow," writes John Becher from Hazâra, "lying mortally wounded, composed and beautiful in his glorious death." It is from the pen of Dr. Buckle, one of the army surgeons with the Punjab force, at Delhi. He writes—

"I saw Nicholson after he was wounded. I had just been assisting in taking off his brother's arm. I spoke to him, telling him that when he was with the Edwardeses at Abbottabad, we had met, and that I would be at hand if he wanted anything done, or if I could in any way be useful to him.

* Now Sir Alexander Taylor, Principal of Cooper's Hill College.

He recognized me, and said, 'Nothing now;' wanted a little lemonade, which was sent for. He was then quite quiet and as collected and composed as usual, but very low, almost pulseless. What struck me was his face. It was always one of power; but then, in its calm, pale state, it was quite beautiful. His brother, when a little recovered from the operation, was brought in his dhoolie, and the two stayed together thus for some little time, but were then sent on into camp. I never saw Nicholson after that time, nor did he send for me."

John Becher writes to Edwardes—

John Becher's letter.

"I have just heard from Chamberlain at Delhi, dated December 5, and as he tells me he omitted to give you an account of the visit of the Mooltânee Puthâns to the last sad remains of dear John Nicholson, I transcribe his account. It is a very grand picture—a death-bed very proudly honoured.

"'The Sirdars of the Mooltânee Horse, and some other natives, were admitted to see him after death, and their honest praise could hardly find utterance, for the tears they shed as they looked on their late master.

"'The servants and orderlies also, who were in attendance on him, when the fact flashed across their minds that he had left this world for ever, broke out into lamentations; and, much as all natives feared to displease him, there can be no question but that he commanded their respect, to an extent almost equal to love.'"

These narratives are intensely interesting, and call up grandly the image of our lost friend, doing and dying like a warrior for his country. Could an historical painter find a finer subject of inspiration than the two wounded brothers brought together to see each other after the battle? But higher than all this, and far beyond it, is the thought that his calm, grand quietness, was the spirit communing with its God;—the

preparation (in heavenly communion) for entering into that Presence "where the wicked cease from troubling."

Stored up in the treasury of God's love are many prayers of holy mother and steadfast friends, and his own noble aspirations and longings from a child; gathered up where nothing good is lost, and given back again with full interest in the hour of greatest need, in the mysterious way we know so well He dealeth oftentimes!

A friend in camp remarks, "He did not say much, I believe, about his religious feelings on his death-bed. The fact is he was in great pain, and could only speak in a whisper."

But "much" need not be "said" by *such* a man!

As we have said before, he was the soul of truth, of purity, of generosity, of love of God, of hatred of evil, of tenderness and gentleness in his private life, of sincere and entire humility; trusting in nothing in himself, full of confidence and trust in God.

From whence come such qualities, except from the Spirit of God Himself?

"For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." * And we who are left behind may thank God that our beloved John Nicholson is among the redeemed.

It remains for us to close this sad tale. The same friend who had watched so tenderly and so nobly over him undertook the sad task of making arrangements for the grave; and Neville Chamberlain writes again—

"Palace, Delhi, November 20, 1857.

"My dear Edwardes,

Nicholson's grave at Delhi.

"I send you a sketch of the tomb in the course of erection over the remains of our departed friend. It will be simple and chaste and solid, and such, I hope, as his relations and friends would desire.

"The top is a solid slab of marble, resting upon a basement of two perfectly plain steps of grey, or stone-coloured,

* 2 Peter i. 5–11. See passage in full.

limestone. The inscription is to be *yours*, and is sure to be appropriate."

Again—

"I think we should confine ourselves to as few words as possible, and have these engraved in large, deeply cut letters, so that they may not become obliterated for very many years to come.

"I enclose the pith of your epitaph condensed into a few words, and if even these could be further curtailed, I should like it the better. Our hero needs but to have his name engraved on his tomb for it to be respected by all ranks. The tomb is finished, and I am well satisfied with it, and every one who sees it approves of it. . . .

"By all means let us do as you suggest in regard to the slabs in the Mean Meer Church."

At Bunnoo there was a tablet put in the church to Nicholson's memory, with this inscription by Edwardes—

"In affectionate memory
of Brigadier-General
John Nicholson, C.B.,
once Deputy-Commissioner of this district,
who, at the great siege of Delhi, led the storm,
fell mortally wounded in the hour of victory,
and died September 23, 1857, aged only 34.
Gifted in mind and body,
he was as brilliant in government as in arms.
The snows of Ghuznee attest his youthful fortitude;
the songs of the Punjab, his manly deeds;
the peace of this frontier, his strong rule.
The enemies of his country know
how terrible he was in battle;
and we his friends
love to recall how gentle, generous, and true he was."

"We must lose no time in erecting a tablet in the parish church attended by the family; for, after all, that is the place where the record will be most valued and be longest remembered.

"NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN."

Monument at Lisburn, Ireland.

But in the end the sorrowing mother at home raised a monument to her noble son in the parish church at Lisburn, County Antrim, Ireland, where she had lived for years—ever since she was a widow.

It was a beautiful work of sculpture, by Foley, R.A., in pure white marble, representing the assault, and John Nicholson triumphantly leading the party to scale the wall.

The following inscription, written by Edwardes, was put on it:—

"This Monument is in memory
of
JOHN NICHOLSON,
bravest of the brave;
who entered the Army of the H.E.I.C.
in 1839,
and served in four great Wars:
Afghanistan, 1841–42,
Sutlej, 1845–46,
Punjab, 1848–49,
Hindostan, 1857.
In the first he was an Ensign;
in the last a Brigadier-General
and Companion of the Bath;
in all a hero.
Rare gifts
marked him for great things
in peace and war.

"He had an iron mind and frame, a terrible courage, an indomitable will. Yet was he gentle exceedingly, most

loving, most kind; in all he thought and did unselfish, earnest, plain, and true. Indeed, a most noble man! In public affairs he was the pupil

of

the Good Sir Henry Lawrence;

and worthy of his master.

"Few took a greater share in either the conquest or government of the Punjab. Perhaps none so great in both. To the last, he was in that province a tower of strength. His form seemed made for an army to behold; his heart, to meet the crisis of an empire. Soldier and civilian, he was the type of the conquering race.

Most fitly

he led the first column of attack

in the great siege of Delhi,

and carried the main breach;

dealing the death-blow to the greatest danger

that ever threatened British India.

Most mournfully,

most gloriously,

in the moment of victory

he fell,

mortally wounded;

and died on September 23, 1857,

aged only 34."

We find a "paper" recounting Nicholson's services written out by Edwardes's hand, which will fittingly close this sad chapter.

Condensed career of John Nicholson, by H. B. E.

"Of Brigadier-General John Nicholson, C.B., his career was this.

"In 1839 he entered the army of the Honourable East India Company. In 1841–42, with the garrison of Ghuznee, he fell into the hands of the Afghans. In the first Sikh War (1845–46) he was adjutant of his corps, which fought at

Ferozeshar. At the conclusion of peace he was sent on a military mission to the Court of Cashmere, and in 1847 became Assistant to the Resident at Lahore, the good Sir Henry Lawrence. In the second Sikh War (1847–48) he raised levies, and harassed the gathering Sikh armies till Lord Gough could take the field. He fought at Sadoollapoor, Chillianwalla, and Goojerât, and pursued the Afghan auxiliaries to the Indus. On the Punjab being annexed to British India, he joined in its Civil Administration.

"He pacified Bunnoo, and till 1857 stood, a tower of strength, upon the frontier. In the great crisis of 1857 he was made brigadier-general to command the movable column of the Punjab, destroyed the mutineers of Scalkôte, upon the Râvee, disarmed many regiments, and marched to aid General Wilson in the siege of Delhi. Near that city he gained a brilliant victory over the rebels at Nujjufgurh, and captured thirteen guns. Finally, on September 14, 1857, was done that great deed of arms, the assault of Delhi by an inferior force. To the brave John Nicholson was conceded the first Column and the main breach.

"He led the storm, was the first man in Delhi, and, after sweeping the ramparts of the place, from the Cashmere to the Cabul Gates, occupying the Bastion and defences, capturing the guns, and driving the enemy before him, he fell mortally wounded in advance of the whole Army, and died on September 23, 1857, aged only thirty-four.

"Thus for eighteen years he served his country with equal Civil and Military ability; as brilliant in government as in arms, in both doing his duty with all his might. God had richly endowed him. His mental and physical powers were alike remarkable.

"The snows of Ghuznee attest his fortitude; the peasants of the Punjab, his daring deeds; the frontier, his

prowess; Government, his labours. Soldiers know how terrible was his courage. His friends, how soft and gentle was his heart, how noble, how true, how generous, how good he was.

"He had seemed endowed for a long career of rare usefulness and honour, but eighteen years spent earnestly in war and government strengthened him to strike the death-blow to the greatest danger that had yet overtaken British India. He was, indeed, a very noble man."

"How can we estimate the loss of such a man? Surely it is a great privilege," says Edwardes to his wife, "to have such a band of noble friends! Sitting aloof among such spirits does one constant good. They live in an upper air. But what *limbs* they are to lose! In one sense they are never lost, even on earth! Their forms are stamped upon our eyes and are always seen. Their smile is always ready and sympathizing. Their voices go on vibrating and discussing things that happened since their death. Their high example is enduring, and pledges us to act well too, or be a disgrace and disappointment to them."

But as we look at *him*, and see him lying calm and noble after victory, it seems as if, weary of the struggle with incompetence and sin, he scorned the praises and the honours of this lower world that were awaiting him (and would have fallen with no niggard hand upon him from his Queen and from his country); his soul seemed weary, as if he turned aside from these, to the Eternal One, and said—

"Lead me to Thy great future,
To my appointed place
In Thine accomplished purpose
Of glory and of grace!"

"And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown."

As Nicholson's mother wished to take upon herself the

monument in Lisburn Church, it remained for his friends to place something in India to perpetuate his memory; and it was agreed upon that the Margulla Pass was a suitable place. There the monument has been erected, and stands in a conspicuous spot at the head of the pass. Colonel Edwardes brought it forward in the following address:—

To the Friends, Public and Private, of the late Brigadier-General John Nicholson, C.B.

"Abbottabad, Hazâra, August 9, 1858.

"Dear Gentlemen,

"At a meeting of friends of the lamented General John Nicholson, at Rawul Pindee, in May last, to consider what would be the best public tribute to his memory, a letter from his brother, Lieutenant Charles Nicholson, was read, from which it seemed to be the wish of the family to take upon themselves the care of erecting the proposed monument at home, in the cathedral at Lisburn, in Ireland, leaving to us the monument in India.

"It was, therefore, decided (after considering many plans) to erect, on the crest of the Margulla Pass, a plain stone obelisk, bearing an inscription, with a stone tank for water in the pass below.

"The Margulla Pass is a striking and remarkable spot. A range of rocky limestone here stands across the direct line of communication from Peshâwur to Lahore, as if the warder of the Punjab. The Mohammedan invaders of India paved a winding causeway over its lowest point. The Sikhs built a tower on the crest to command the causeway. The English have run a broad military and commercial road, straight as an arrow, through the heart of the solid hill; and the ruined tower and disused causeway (once regarded as a wonder of skill and labour) remain emblems of the dynasties we have subdued. In the whole Punjab there is no more obligatory or suggestive point than

this.* In peace or war, the stream of communication must flow through the Margulla Pass, and no traveller passing through the defile can fail to have his attention fixed on the Mohammedan causeway, the Sikh tower, and the English road.

"When, then, it was remembered that the pass stood midway in the district of Rawul Pindee (General Nicholson's first charge in the Punjab, and associated with some of his happiest days as a public servant); and that no exploit of his is recalled with more honest admiration by the people of the country round than his desperate assault with a few followers on this very Margulla Tower, in the war of 1848–49,—nothing seemed so good as to crown the pass with a monument to his memory, high, strong, and simple, like himself. And as there is no water near the pass for miles, a tank below the monument might be a blessing to many a weary traveller, in the name of a dear friend, and long keep kindly memories fresh and green around it.

"To carry out this design, a Committee was chosen from friends in all branches of the service; and I was asked to make it public, and invite all who wish to join. Regretting sincerely that I have not been able to perform this duty sooner, I will only add that Captain Cracroft, Deputy-Commissioner of Rawul Pindee, has most kindly undertaken to build the monument; and that subscriptions may, therefore, be most conveniently sent to him.

"I am, dear gentlemen,

"Yours sincerely,

"Herbert B. Edwardes,

"Lieutenant-Colonel.

* This monument is still seen from the railway.

COMMITTEE.

Secretary and Treasurer: Captain Cracroft.
President: Sir John Lawrence, G.C.B.

Members.

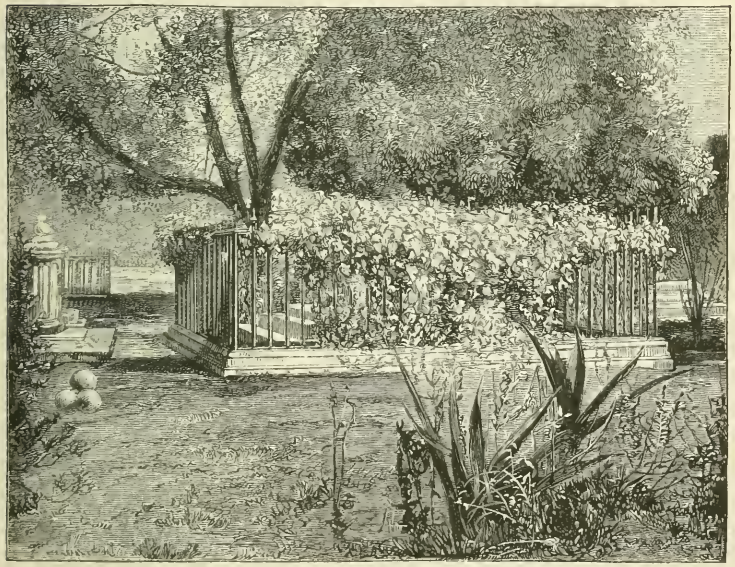
Major-General Sir Sydney Cotton, K.C.B.
D. F. McLeod, Esq., C.S.
Lieutenant-Colonel John Coke.
Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Reid.
Major J. R. Becher.
Major Daly, C.B.
C. Saunders, Esq., C.S.
Brigadier-General Neville Chamberlain, C.B.
A. Roberts, Esq., C.S.
Lieutenant-Colonel H. B. Edwardes, C.B.
Lieutenant-Colonel Green.
Major A. Taylor.
Major Bourchier.
Dr. Delpratt.

"N.B.—Lieutenant-Colonel Green joins in the present plan, and withdraws the proposal which he recently published, not knowing the arrangements which had been already made.—H. B. E."

"Nicholson fell a youth in years, a veteran in the wisdom of his counsels, in the multitude of his campaigns, in the splendour of his achievements. He fell as a soldier would wish to fall, at the head of his gallant troops, with the shout of victory in his ears; but long after he fell mortally wounded he resisted being carried to the rear, and remained heedless of the agonies of his wounds, heedless of the shadows of death closing around him, to animate his troops, checked but only for a while in their advance by the loss of such a leader.

"Was not such a death worthy of such a life? And will not the Cabul Gate, where he fell, as his gallant comrades have told us with so much feeling, live in future British history as live those heights of Abraham on which there fell, a century ago, another youthful hero, the immortal Wolfe, like him in the number of his years, like him in his noble fortitude and aptitude for command, like him in the love and

confidence he inspired in all around him, and like him in the wail of sorrow with which his death marred the joy of the nation in the hour of victory?"—From the *Friend of India*, February 11, 1858 (Extract of Speech by Mr. Ritchie, Member of Council in Calcutta, called to open a subscription to erect a suitable monument there to the memory of General Nicholson, Havelock, and Neill).



THE GRAVE OF JOHN NICHOLSON AT DELHI.

From a photograph taken in 1885.

CHAPTER III.

1857—1858.

RE-CONSTRUCTION AND ELIMINATION.

"Who ponders national events shall find
An awful balancing of loss and gain,
Joy based on sorrow, good with ill combined,
And proud deliverance issuing out of pain
And direful throes; as if the All-ruling Mind,
With whose perfection it consists to ordain
Volcanic burst, earthquake, and hurricane,
Dealt in like sort with feeble human kind
By laws immutable."

WORDSWORTH.

CHAPTER III.

In the last chapter we read, "The Punjab is so exhausted of troops that we can do little or nothing against any rising of the people." And these were Edwardes's words: "It is most important that Delhi should fall soon." Yes, indeed; for the strain was great, and from end to end the Empire reeled beneath the heavy load and tension.

In the wide-spread anarchy many heroes had fallen, and many great deeds were done, that our space will not allow us to chronicle here.

But the one great hero with whom our thoughts have been engaged in the last chapter seemed the man sent to lead the victory. Did Lord Canning, when he heard of it, bethink him of the words that Edwardes spoke to him in Calcutta, only a few months before?

"If your Lordship ever has a thing of real difficulty to be done, I would answer for it John Nicholson is the man to do it."

And Lord Canning smiled as he replied—

"I will remember what you say, and I will take you for Major Nicholson's godfather."

Great ends gained by great loss.

Little did either of them think or know of the great deed that then was foreshadowed. So great the deed; for all India waited for the fall of Delhi! So great the loss; for Nicholson's "death would dim a victory!" *

England, too, was watching for the fall, to know that

* See Lord Canning's "General Order" announcing his death.

Delhi was wrested from the rebels and was once more in our hands. The Persian War was over, and the results of that war were great.

We will resume the extracts from Edwardes's letters to his wife.

Some results of the Persian War.

"The Persians have, by that war, been forced even to give up Herat, which they had captured, and transfer it to the Afghan nation, thus bringing it out of Russian influence into our own. Among the results of that war, which, in fact, was all part of the policy of strengthening the Afghans, has been this astounding fact, that Dost Mahommed Khan has remained true to such good friends throughout this dreadful crisis.

Speculations.

"It is certain that had he come down against us, as he once before did, in the war of 1846–49, we could not have held Peshâwur, and the abandonment of it would have been the signal for Hazâra and the Murree Hills to rise, and bit by bit the Punjab would have been in insurrection. We could not then have sent a soldier to Delhi, and in all human probability we should have been driven down by Mooltân and Sindh to the sea, which few would ever have reached.

John Lawrence still depreciates the value of the Afghan Treaties!

"John Lawrence has greatly surprised me within the last few days by still adhering to his depreciation of the treaties with the Ameer. On what ground do you suppose? Not that the *result* has not been advantageous (because *that* he *admits*), but because we did not, when we made the treaties, foresee this Mutiny of our own army. In reply, I told him that we certainly did not foresee this Mutiny, but that all treaties were made for the sake of gaining friends against a day of difficulty, without reference to what that difficulty might be; and that our not anticipating this shape of trouble which has come upon us and made us dependent on the Ameer's friendship, is no more a detraction from the wisdom of the policy than a man's inability to tell, while putting a fence round his flower-garden, whether it will be his own donkey or his

neighbour's that will first break loose and try to scamper over the *parterres*. . . . Strange his not acknowledging the obligations which the Punjab, and indeed all India, has been under to our Cabul policy in this crisis; but there is no changing an opinion he has once taken up. John Lawrence in his letter to-day shows that he is sensible enough of the genial influence of approbation when expressed of his own acts. I congratulated him warmly on the fall of Delhi, and the success thus reaped by his bold and patriotic policy in throwing the whole resources of the Punjab on the mutineers in the North-West Provinces, thus preserving his own province and half of another also."

His reply was genial. We have had occasion to quote from it already. It ends—

"'Few men, in a similar position, have had so many true and good supporters around him. But for them what could I have done?' . . .

"How true and simple and generous this is! But we may wait till his public reports come out, and it will be a pleasant surprise if he bestows any praise there upon his colleagues in any but a general way. It was not his forte. He used to say 'it put wind into their heads.'"

Henry and John Lawrence as leaders.

In this was one of the strong contrasts between the two brothers, Henry and John Lawrence. We may note it as, to some extent, an explanation of the different sort of influence the two men acquired as leaders. John Lawrence's own greatness was freely acknowledged, and he had no truer friend nor stauncher defender than Edwardes, nor one who more truly estimated him. He writes—

"February, 1859.

Great qualities of John Lawrence.

"Sir John really goes home at the end of this month. We shall all be sorry to lose him, growl as we may at him occasionally. He is a fine, noble public servant and great

man, and the world's stage has few such actors of their part upon it.

"His long and varied experience; his administrative ability; his strong common sense, and wisdom, and great determination, and habits of rapid despatch of business; his real *military* genius; and his knowledge of the public men in India, all make him stand alone at this time in fitness to seize the helm and bring the wretched crew to order."

And now we must go back to Peshâwur, and see how the blow that was struck at the heart of the country thrills to its extremities. Edwardes writes—

Effect of the fall of Delhi at Peshâwur.

"You cannot think what a change the fall of Delhi has worked among the natives. Everybody comes up to the house to congratulate me, as if the victory was his own. The city 'Punch' * have been up to-day, apologizing for their reluctance to advance the 'loan' of five lakhs, which I demanded from the city. A week ago the loan-paper was selling openly in the town at a discount of *twenty-five per cent.*; now it is rapidly rising. Hollow friends all these!

"What cause we have for thankfulness that the native troops here have not been able to rise successfully! The Peshâwur Valley would indeed have been a pandemonium."

Again—

Effect of the fall of Delhi.

"The fall of Delhi has pacified wonderfully. . . .

"A memorable year certainly will 1857 ever remain. India has become revolutionized. A world of old systems, old traditions, and old credulities, has passed away, and a new era lies before the Anglo-Indians.

"In the gap between the two lie thousands of English men, English women, and English children, and a hundred thousand once faithful native soldiers.

* This word "Punch" may need explanation to an English ear. It would represent a "Town Council."

"No doubt an overruling God has some vast good in store that all this bloodshed is to usher in. Thankfully, however, do I feel peace, sweet peace, settling down day by day upon the troubled country. It is a great relief, after the long-endured tension of one's faculties through four months of the contest for the ancient seat of empire.

"At Peshâwur nearly all interest in the struggle seems to have dropped among the people. Their whole energies are now thrown into illuminating their own city in honour of the English victory.

"All last night, from *sunset to sunrise*, Peshâwur was a blaze of brilliant lamps and fireworks; and the same thing has begun again to-night.

"The General and many officers went to the Gorkhûtra Serai to see the fireworks, and they speak in astonishment of the brilliance of the illumination.

Its effect on the natives.

"In England, a great house lights up here and there. Here, every single house, large or small, in every street and lane was a mass of lamps. And the respectful and polite welcoming of the Europeans by the citizens seems to have attracted general attention by its markedness. This is indeed God's mercy. It corresponds with what I hear now from every native's tongue. 'Well, we have read of revolutions, and empires, but we admit that never yet was such a spectacle seen, as so small a handful of foreigners maintaining such an empire against its own army and not yielding a foot of territory to any one. Nor Hindoos nor Mohammedans ever did the same—or ever will!'

Native opinions in conversations on events.

"Even that bitter old fellow Urbâb Mahômmed Khân, who never had a civil word to say for an Englishman, proclaimed these very words to-day before all the people in my room. And high and low use the same language. They are confounded. They don't know what to attribute it to. They say it is our unanimity, our extraordinary resolution, our individual devotion to the public service, our good

destiny, and so on; and I then wind up by saying, 'Yes, it is all these no doubt. But who gave these virtues to *us* rather than to *you?* Why God! And those who counted the English as *few* at the beginning of this war forgot to ask on which side God was to be counted.' Their own habitual piety (which is very great and sincere *after its own fashion*), in referring all the results of life to the immediate operation of Providence, carries this deduction of mine home to them at once. There is no getting over it, and I believe the moral effect of this extraordinary victory of ours over the whole native army will be quite a death-blow to fanaticism in India. God is great indeed!"

"*October* 15, 1857.—Agra has been relieved. The pursuing column which went after the mutineers on the fall of Delhi, under Colonel Greathead, had a complete victory over eight thousand mutineers at Agra, on October 12, taking their twelve guns, and killing five hundred of them. Thus, by God's mercy, Delhi, Agra, and Lucknow are recovered, and it only remains to settle the country."

The crisis did indeed seem past, and the tone of everything was changed by the fall of Delhi. Delhi was the capital of Mohammedan India, and its name meant *empire* to every Mussulman who heard that we had lost it.

Now that the city was again in our hands, the great blow of the war was struck, God be thanked who had given us the victory! and the rout and dispersion of the mutineers on all hands followed. It was as if the violence of the storm had ceased; but there was much to do to right the ship, before it could be trusted into boisterous waves again.

The very success of the measures at Peshâwur served to conceal their importance.

Bravely and steadfastly was the helm held at Peshâwur; but the very *success* of the measures naturally served to conceal much of the dangerous position from those at a distance, and it is not to be wondered at if, in England, it was scarcely understood, being first lost sight of in the horrible accounts of frequent massacres that came pouring in by every mail.

It is a fine conceit of the poets that "fame goeth upon

the ground, and yet hideth her head in the clouds." And there was a hand at the helm at Peshâwur that had its strength in God.

He gave success, and Edwardes was satisfied, although no word ever came from England to show him that the danger had been understood, or his services appreciated. Men in India understood it; and H. B. Lumsden, who knew the frontier so well, and whose position in Afghanistan gave him such an insight into the danger, writes from Candahar, January, 1859—

"The honours have begun to come out; but where is So-and-so? etc.

"Where would Peshâwur, or even the Punjab, have been at this moment had it not been for a timely remonstrance, etc. . . . when the storm was at its highest, and the old ship creaking and cracking at every timber? Will England never learn to recognize the right men?

"Taylor took Delhi;—and some people we know saved the Punjab."

But we may turn to Edwardes's own words and recall the poet's metaphor. He says—

"I am conscious of not having sought for any word of praise throughout the war, and of having done my duty with more singleness of heart than at any previous period of my life. And even now that I see little remembrance shown of the services rendered here during the crisis, I feel very calmly and moderately about it, and reflect that I have had enough honour for any one man's life, and am so happy in my home that no sweet voices out of doors affect me any longer."

But there were deeper considerations in his and all earnest minds just now to consider what these things meant. From what causes had sprung this terrible blow that had been struck upon the heart of the nation?—for there was scarcely

a home in England into which death or sorrow had not entered. Strong and earnest and noble men, like Neville Chamberlain, who were in the fore-front of the battle, felt and acknowledged—

"How thankful we had to be for God's assistance *from first to last*, and more especially during our last struggle for supremacy! But for God's assistance, truth (Christianity) and civilization would have succumbed to the devil and barbarism. . . . What events have passed! what sufferings and humility to our race! But all, I believe, to bring about a regeneration."

From the same (Neville Chamberlain), writing to Edwardes—

"India had to be regenerated before it could be hoped to bring about any great change; and God, in His great wisdom, has now again placed the country into our hands in a condition fit to be moulded, by wise counsels, into a state of civilization, the fruit of which must be Christianity.

"I have always thought and said that we are only now beginning to comprehend what India really is, and unless we Englishmen are found unequal to the task, and doomed to descend in the scale of nations, India in the next five and twenty years will be Europeanized."

India given back again to England. Consequent duties.

Pondering on such thoughts, it seemed clear to Edwardes, too, that India was now being given back again to England as a new trust from God, and that both the army and the Government needed to be wisely reorganized, and that it became the duty of Government servants to look well into the causes of such a fearful visitation, and see if there were any shortcomings that could be amended.

"Memorandum on the elimination of all unchristian principle from the

For this purpose he drew up a Memorandum on the elimination of all unchristian principle from the administration of British India; and with the view of eliciting the opinions of the heads of the Punjab Government on this important subject, he wrote to both the Judicial Commissioner,

Mr. (now Sir Robert) Montgomery, and the Financial Commissioner, Mr. (afterwards Sir Donald) McLeod, and told them that he "forwarded to them a *copy* of a memorandum he had drawn up, *not for Government, but for parties at home*, interested in the question." The *original* he sent home to Lord Shaftesbury to make any use of that he thought proper. Government of India."

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, etc.

"Peshâwur, January 23, 1858.

"My Lord,

"It seems clear that Indian affairs will be fully discussed in this session of Parliament, and that there is a more earnest desire to find out what has been wrong in their administration, and put it right, than ever there was before in England. The English Residents in India quite share the feeling, and there is a perceptible change of opinion in the public mind as to our accepting our right position in this country, and governing it in the way that it may be supposed we were *meant* to govern it. . . . Letter to Lord Shaftesbury.

"It is very desirable to have the question sifted and discussed by those on the spot, who are, at all events, inclined to do what they can, and who have no leaning to wrong systems, and who will candidly say what they think Christian duty requires.

"In this view I have officially sent copies of the memorandum to the heads of the Judicial and Financial Departments of the Punjab Government (Mr. Montgomery and Mr. McLeod), who are immediately next to Sir John Lawrence. They are thoroughly good Christians as well as great administrators, and their opinions will necessarily be much riper and better than mine; but I willingly venture my own for the sake of eliciting theirs and Sir John's, and forcing a public deliberation of the question in this unequivocal shape, and so ultimately bringing it before the supreme Government. . . .

"I feel sure they will throw the fullest available light

on points that your Lordship has at heart to deal with in this session. That the legislature of our country may be shown plainly what is the lesson of this last sad, sad year, and may practise it boldly, and not be dissuaded by the least wise class of Indian statesmen, who cannot dare because they cannot trust, is the earnest wish and prayer of

"Your Lordship's very faithfully,

"(Signed) HERBERT B. EDWARDES."

The key-note of the Christian policy of the Punjab.

This "Memorandum" struck the keynote, and was the foundation-stone of the Christian policy of the Punjab.

By eliciting the opinions of other men, a flood of light was thrown upon these difficult questions.

This paper was of great value at this particular time, as enabling men to bring their thoughts into a focus and give them expression, and thus to enable those who would soon have to enter into the discussions in Parliament to know the *practical* points in which Indian Christian statesmen found the Government at fault.

Eliciting other opinions.

Edwardes felt perfectly free from any desire to push himself forward. The thought came into his mind, and he just carried it out earnestly, as he did everything he undertook, with the simple desire to do his duty, in a most important period of India's progress. Never did any man set a lower estimate on himself, and at the same time be more ready to esteem others more highly. He writes—

"March 7, 1858.

Donald McLeod.

". . . McLeod has sent me a copy of the letter he addressed to John Lawrence on my 'Elimination' paper. It is very sweet, truly; well weighed, and just, and mild, and lowly; and out-spoken in a gentle voice. It is a perfect picture of himself, and I rejoice to have fulfilled the office of a pump, and drawn so much sweet water to the surface. It does not go quite so far as mine in some respects, but goes a great way, and has some valuable new propositions, and is altogether a beautiful expression of Christian sentiments.

"The angelic tone of it contrasts very favourably with the vehement and often ironic tone of mine."

This is how he estimates himself.

The Judicial Commissioner, Mr. Robert Montgomery, writing to a mutual friend, says of it, "What a splendid article Edwardes has written on Christian Government! What a sensation it will create at home!"

But vials of wrath, more than praise, were what he looked for as most likely to fall on him from some who would differ. His thought, however, was not of individuals, but of England at large; "for it is England, not the East India Company, that has really been responsible for the Government of India."

We will give Edwardes's paper *in extenso,* and let it simply speak for itself.

Memorandum on the Elimination of all Unchristian Principle from the Government of British India.

The extent of the suffering shows a national chastisement.

"The extent of the suffering caused by the late crisis, coming home as it has done to every hearth in England, Scotland, and Ireland; (of the Sovereign, by losing such pillars of her State as Generals Sir Henry Lawrence, John Nicholson, Neill, and Sir Henry Havelock; of the upper and middle classes, by the violent deaths, or wounding, or ruin of hundreds of officers in the civil and military services; of the lower classes, by the large losses of European soldiers and their wives and children; and of the whole British people, by the flagrant insults heaped upon Christianity in the persons of every white man, woman, or child, who fell into the hands of the native soldiery, by the temporary exultation of hostile or jealous nations abroad, and by the burden of war taxes at home to recover the Indian empire), proves that it was intended as a *national* chastisement. This is further proved by the unbroken and, perhaps, unprecedented unanimity with which the British nation has risen as one man to meet the danger.

The seat of the calamity.

"The *seat* of the calamity indicates, I conceive, that the national sin which drew down this chastisement was committed by us in India.

"It becomes of vital National importance to read the lesson rightly, to discover the sin and remove it, so that the same or still worse calamities may not be inflicted in future. The victory given to us at Delhi by the inferior and, in a military sense, inadequate force capturing a fortified place from a greatly superior enemy, contrary to all rules of war, before a single reinforcement had come from England, when no more reinforcements could possibly have been furnished from the Punjab, when human aid was exhausted, and yet when victory was so indispensable that the most loyal provinces could not have stood the strain of another month's suspense as to the issue, amounts to this, that we were allowed to fall as low as we could go without losing India, and then received the empire back again from the hand of God Himself. From which it follows that our Administration of India is *now put upon its trial.*

The victory was given to us in our extremity.

India given back to us again.

Conclusion.

"The simplest way of discovering our own offence in the past Government of India is to put the original question, For what purpose was that empire entrusted to us? The narrowest view would be, 'for the benefit of England;' the broadest, 'for the benefit, *primarily*, of India, and, secondarily, of England,' which most minds will at once adopt, if only on benevolent and statistical grounds.

For what purpose is India given to us?

"And so, when the term 'benefit' has to be defined, I would accept it in its *broadest sense of all benefits*, both physical and moral, material and spiritual, temporal and eternal, leaving any one to take a narrower definition who chooses, though I believe it cannot be done without defining man as matter only.

"We then come to the inquiry as to how the duty thus imposed upon us has been performed. What benefits has England conferred on India? What benefits has she with-

How has the duty been performed?

held? Whatever faults may be justly found with the Government of the East India Company (and what Government in the world is free from faults?), I believe no one acquainted with the subject, no one who has fair information of the past history and present condition of Hindostan, doubts that the English have conferred material and social blessings on the people of India, of which no dynasty of their own was ever capable.

What has English rule done for India?

"English rule first brought peace; English rule gave the first real value to property; English rule put an end to religious persecution; English rule enfranchised all slaves; English rule recognized the right of woman to the protection of the law, and abolished the right of husbands to kill wives, either in the zenãna or on the funeral pile.

Material prosperity had raised the civilization above the moral condition of the people.

"The very rudimental character of such charters is the severest condemnation of the Indian Emperors; and if England had done no more than lay these foundations of civilization, liberty, and order, she must still have been pronounced by history, if not by party, the benefactor of two hundred millions of the human race. On these foundations, however, she has gone on, slowly and slothfully as it appears to Europeans, (with revolutionary haste as it appears to Asiatics,) raising a superstructure of material prosperity and good government; and, at the commencement of 1857, the vast impetus (indeed the disproportionate impetus) given by the pressure of English opinion, to public works and roads, mere secular education, the telegraph, and the native press, had raised, and was continuing to raise, the *civilizing* character of our Indian administration to a height far above the level of the *moral* condition of the people. India remained India underneath, but it was being rapidly veneered with European civilization. This, therefore, was not the moment at which England might expect to be punished for neglecting the *material* improvement of India.

Shortcomings.

"Her shortcomings will be found in her moral empire.

She has been ready to impart the light she had herself on every subject *except the highest*—religious truth. *That* she has, as a *government* and a *nation*, denied to India.

Source of England's greatness.

"To the Bible and Christianity, England owes the soundness of her social heart, the God-fearing manliness of her sons, the excelling purity of her daughters, the happiness of her homes, the loyal yet unenslavable character of her people, and that progressive prosperity which marks the nation that, as a rule, honours and is honoured by God. Yet this same England has forbidden her own religion to be taught in the Government schools of India, and withheld the Bible.

"This alone would be a heavy charge against a Christian nation; but it becomes a more serious matter when we consider, 'Why this has been done?'

Why is it withheld from India?

"Because the religions of India were false, and to teach Christianity would offend the 'religious prejudices of the natives.' Because to teach the Bible would be to condemn the Shastras and the Korân, and might irritate the tremendous majority; might bring two hundred millions of heathens to rise upon a handful of Christians; might, in short, imperil England by exposing her God to a conflict with the devil.

The result.

"The insurrection we feared has come upon us, but not in the path of duty. The conflict we endeavoured to avoid has taken place, and we must look with as much humiliation as thankfulness at the palm of victory that is descending into our hands.

Hope in the future.

"It is a most hopeful sign for England; it says much for the soundness of the nation's core, that the public voice at home has instinctively proclaimed the conviction, of which the grounds are above stated; and it seems probable that, in the Parliament now sitting, the duty of ruling India on Christian principles will be, for the first time and for ever, admitted. But it must rest very much with those

who are practically acquainted with the machinery of the Indian administration to drag, one by one, into the light, those details of unchristian practice which it is the resolve of England to reform.

Calls for reforms.

"The aim of this Memorandum is to enumerate such instances as have occurred to myself and others in considering the matter.

First, exclusion of the Bible from the schools.

"Firstly, comes the strict exclusion of the Bible as a class-book, and Christian teaching of any kind, from all Government schools and colleges. This is, perhaps, our capital offence, because it is one of deliberate commission.

"There has been no oversight or mere negligence in it. An unchristian and purely secular scheme of native education has, from the first, been adopted by the Indian Government and rigidly maintained in all the presidencies, and the principle, so far from yielding to time, received the final sanction no later that July 19, 1852, in a most important and elaborate despatch from the Court of Directors to the Governor-General of India, on which the whole system of native education in India is at present based.

Despatch of the Court of Directors in 1852.

"Para. 7 of that despatch says, 'Before proceeding further, we must emphatically declare that the education which we desire to see extended in India is that which has for its object the diffusion of the improved arts, sciences, philosophy, and literature of Europe; in short, of European knowledge.'

"Here the Bible is simply ignored as having any part or lot in wisdom or knowledge. The despatch then proceeds to sketch the constitution of Universities for the three presidencies which, by the advice of the Council of Education, were to be formed after the model of the London University; and occasion is taken to introduce the following analogy between the cases:—

"'Para. 28. The examination for degrees will not include any subjects connected with religious belief, and the

affiliated institutions will be under the management of persons of every variety of religious persuasions. As in England, various Institutions in immediate connection with the Church of England, the Presbyterian College at Caermarthen, the Roman Catholic College at Ascot, the Wesleyan College at Sheffield, the Baptist College at Bristol, and the Countess of Huntingdon's College at Cheshunt, are among the institutions from which the London University is empowered to receive certificates for degrees; so, in India, Institutions conducted by all denominations of Christians, Hindoos, Mohammedans, Parsees, Sikhs, Buddhists, Jains, or any other religious persuasion, may be affiliated to the universities,' etc.

"But the analogy is pervaded by this serious and dangerous fallacy, that whereas all the educational foundations affiliated to the London University did possess a common ground and standard of religious belief and moral practice, viz. the Bible and Christianity, the Institutions in India which were to be affiliated to the Universities at the presidencies had none, one with another, and consequently their union, as a scheme of education for moral beings, must ever remain destitute of foundation, a mere mirage in the desert.

"The falseness of the position seems indeed to have been indistinctly felt, for further on, in para. 32, an effort is made to find a footing by ignoring all religions alike.

"The professors in the new Universities are to be informed that 'there will be an ample field for their labours, unconnected with any instructions, in the tenets of the Hindoo or Mohammedan religions;' for 'we should refuse to sanction any such teaching.' Why? Because it would be false or sinful for a court of Christian governors? No; but 'as directly opposed to the principle of *religious neutrality*, to which we have always adhered!'

Religious neutrality.

"Again, in para. 53, 'The system of grants in aid, which

we propose to establish in India, will be based on an entire abstinence from interference with the religious instructions conveyed in the schools assisted.'

"Again, in para. 56, the inspectors are told that 'in their periodical inspections *no notice whatever* should be taken by them of the religious doctrines which may be taught in any school;' and lest these disclaimers of Christian feeling should not reach the people of India, para. 57 directs 'that Government notifications should be drawn up and promulgated in the different vernacular languages,' in which 'it may be advisable distinctly to assert the principle of perfect religious neutrality on which the grants will be awarded.'

Indian Government measures.

"Towards the close of the despatch, para. 84, which appears to be addressed to the English rather than to the Indian public, thus defends the unchristian nature of all previous educational measures of the Indian Government. 'Considerable misapprehension appears to exist as to our views with respect to religious instruction in the Government institutions. Those institutions were founded for the benefit of the whole population of India, and in order to effect their object, it was and is indispensable that the education conveyed in them should be exclusively secular. The Bible is, we understand, placed in the libraries of the colleges and schools, and the pupils are able freely to consult it. This is as it should be; and, moreover, we have no desire to prevent or discourage any explanations which the pupils may of their own free will ask from the masters upon the subject of the Christian religion, provided that such information be given out of school hours. Such instruction being entirely voluntary on both sides, it is necessary, in order to prevent the slightest suspicion of an intention on our part to make use of the influence of Government for the purpose of proselytism, that no notice shall be taken of it by the Inspectors in their periodical visits.'

Educational despatch of 1852 continued.

Those who are in India know that the Bible thus 'placed in the libraries of colleges and schools' will there remain, and be 'freely consulted' only by cockroaches and white ants. If it were not for the name of the thing, Government might just as well not have allowed even a single copy of the Scriptures to be upon the shelf. It seems wonderful now, in 1858, to look back and remember that a scheme of public education, based on such principles as those propounded in the above extracts, was actually welcomed as a boon in 1854; but so it was. By the expedient of placing the Bible 'in the libraries,' and instruction in it 'out of school hours' in all Government institutions, and by a systematic discouragement of Christian missions, the practical effect has been, not so much neutrality as a toleration of every religious teaching except our own; for there was, perhaps, not a Government school in which the Hindoo and Mohammedan holy books were not 'freely consulted' and taught in open school as class-books. It was therefore a great promotion for the Christian religion, in 1854, to be placed on the same footing in the Government schools as idolatry and Mohammedanism.

Practically the effect was to tolerate every false religion and exclude our own.

In 1854 an advance.

"It was a great step also to obtain from Government a recognition of Mission schools, and to have the same grants in aid given to them that were now tendered to mosques and dhurumsallahs. So far, therefore, the cause of Christian Education was a gainer by the neutrality which was conceded to it in 1854. But now, in 1857, after a wild and hideous outburst of the principles of Hindooism and Mohammedanism, which has made all hearts sick, is it not lamentable that the Christian English nation should have yet got no farther than declaring its entire neutrality between Juggernauth, Mohammed, and our Saviour?

No safe system of education without

"Is it either morally right, or practically possible, or politically safe? The voice of Englishmen, both in India and the mother-country, will, I believe, pronounce that it

is not. As there is no man without a soul, so there can be no real education without morals; and as there can be no sound morality without religious truth, there can be no safe System of Education without Christianity for its base. Christianity for its base.

"In future, therefore, let the Bible, in English and the vernacular respectively, be a class-book in every college or school with which the British-Indian Government has any connection.

"It will be at once said by the advocates of neutrality that the declaration of such principles would empty the schools of pupils. I believe this to be a great exaggeration. Exaggerated fears.

"Conversion by school-teaching is not an indigenous idea at all. The sword was the great proselytizer of the Eastern World, and had we from the first introduced the Bible into our schools as a matter of course, no sort of apprehension would have been felt. We created the dread for ourselves.

"We have, doubtless, now succeeded in making the people suppose that there is something very terrible in our Book, and the sudden taking of it down from the library shelf may alarm the classes; but they will soon get over it. If a transition state of empty schoolrooms must be endured, the sooner it is begun the better. It is our plain duty to make the Bible the basis of native education, and we may be quite certain that the performance of that duty will not prove a failure, but be a blessing both to the British Government and its native subjects.

"In confirmation of what I have said above as to the exaggerated fears entertained of losing scholars if we make the Bible a class-book, I would appeal to the experience of civil officers generally, as to which school is most highly esteemed and frequented, the Mission or the Government school in any native town where both have been established? The reason why the Mission schools are usually preferred is certainly not *because* the Bible is there taught, but simply because the standard of education is better, in consequence Reasons why the Mission schools are generally preferred by natives.

of the teachers or superintendents being highly educated Europeans, whose learning, piety, social humility, and benevolence win respect and confidence day by day.

"The cities of Benares and Peshâwur may be fairly taken as the *strongholds* of Hindoo and Mohammedan bigotry respectively. In the former, the most popular school is one founded and endowed by Rajah Jaie Narâyan, a Hindoo. The Bible is a class-book in it. In the latter city there is only one school of any importance, and that is conducted by the missionaries of the mission to the Afghans; and I need not say that the study of the Bible is a *sine quâ non* in every class.

The village school-cess.

"There is one practical detail which I would notice in order not to be misunderstood. I mean the village school-cess. This has been lately introduced into the North-West Provinces and the Punjab. It is a cess of one per cent. in excess of the Government revenue, and goes towards the expense of the Government educational measures. It partakes both of the nature of a tax and of a trust, and I would say that the amount should be returned to any community which rejected the Bible schools. The amount is unimportant, but the principle may not be deemed so; and the result would, I feel confident, be the ultimate voluntary establishment of both the cess and the schools.

"To political alarmists and expediency men of all kinds, who may threaten us, not with empty schoolrooms, but with insurrection against Government, I would simply reply, that 'you have had your day, India has been ruled for a century on your principles, and the result is, that the empire has been shaken to its base by the Native Army, the only class of natives from whom you succeeded in entirely excluding private missionary effort. Now let the other system have a trial, if only for the sake of expediency. Let us, as a selfish experiment, see whether

there is not something in the Bible which makes better men and gathers better subjects round the Throne.'

"The second unchristian practice in the Government of India is, the Endowment, directly or indirectly, of idolatry and Mohammedanism.

Second, Endowment of idolatry and Mohammedanism.

"I do not place this *first* because it is a sin of omission rather than commission. On taking countries, we found certain religious institutions, or persons, in possession of certain grants and immunities, being, in fact, alienations of the revenue of the Crown.* Many of these were grants in perpetuity † given out of religious zeal by former Hindoo or Mohammedan kings; others have been for terms of lives. The principle of both was the same, that they were given out of the public purse by the Rulers of the day. Our revenue officers found these grants existing, and reported them duly for the orders of Government, province by province, and grant by grant. As a general rule, I believe I may say, the orders have been for the maintenance of the grants, on the ground that they were made by sufficient authority, and must be considered valid. And this ground, though not actually prescribed by justice in countries which we acquired by conquest, was yet politic and creditable in the case of all secular grants in which

* This point of its being Crown revenue, must be borne in mind, for it is on this that rests the culpability of a Christian Government in allowing it to maintain idolatry and falsehood. The point is admitted, and expressly set forth in the preambles of Regulation XIX. and XXXVII. of A.D. 1793.

† So tender and conciliatory indeed was the Indian Government, that in Regulation XIX. of 1793, made for the purpose of registering all endowments and resuming all unauthorized ones, made subsequent to the Company's accession to the Dewanny, on August 12, 1765, it is stated that their lenity induced them to adopt it as a principle that grants of this description, made previous to the date of the Dewanny, should be held valid to the extent of the intentions of the grantor (not the *Crown*, be it observed, though the *money* belonged to the Crown; but some powerful officer, or landholder, or baron in the provinces), provided the grantees had obtained possession. Thus, validity was given to invalid endowments for the benefit of Paganism.

nothing was involved but a loss to ourselves of revenue; but, now that we are aroused to look at it, it surely was not required by justice that a Christian Government should be bound by a former heathen king, (whether his country fell to us by conquest or by lapse,) much less by any subject of some former king, to go on giving the public Revenue to maintain the worship of his false gods and prophets. In this matter our consciences have been compromised, as it seems to me, by a failure to discriminate between Secular and Religious grants.

"Much has been said, and justly, as to the sin of our public officers actually becoming, in many cases, the administrators of such funds; but I apprehend it came to this point, step by step, as a consequence of the original error of upholding such vicious endowments. When once a heathen grant was confirmed by Government, it became a matter of mere public administration that the terms should be fulfilled. And hence such scandalous results as British officers inquiring whether prescribed heathen rites were duly performed or not, and nominating successors to the foundation.*

"In every province of India, old or new, all remaining grants of public funds from any source, to Hindoo and Mohammedan religious institutions, or religious persons (as religious persons), should be now formally resumed, and the real Christian reason given for it. It might be well even, for the sake of disclaiming mere financial motives, and

* It would surely startle the English people to read, by the light of recent events, the following grave preamble to Regulation XIX., A.D. 1810: "Whereas considerable endowments have been granted in land, by the preceding Government of this country and by individuals, for the support of mosques, Hindo temples, colleges, *and for other pious and beneficial purposes;* and whereas there are grounds to suppose that the produce of such lands is, in many instances, appropriated contrary to the intention of the donors, etc.; and whereas it is *an important duty of every Government to provide that all such endowments be applied according to the real intent and will* of the grantor, etc., the following rules have been enacted."

Amongst the rules are some for the nomination of proper incumbents.

avoiding the scandals which justly attached to the mode in which Henry VIII. suppressed the monasteries in England, to devote all such resumptions to the public funds for Christian education; but this is merely a suggestion; the resumption seems a duty.

"It is quite certain that such withdrawal of endowments will be viewed with dissatisfaction by both creeds, and it is possible, though I do not think it probable, that in some places where the priests are strong disturbances may arise about it; but such opposition must be momentary, and our duty must be done.

"Thirdly, in practical religious importance I would name our recognition of caste. Thirdly, our recognition of caste.

"This has been chiefly in the army, in courts of justice, and in gaols.

"It is well known that the Bengal Army was the very ark and asylum of this abominable tyranny. In the cities, towns, and villages of British India, caste had lost much of its punctilio and severity; but in the Bengal regiments it was rigidly kept up. It was the pride of both European officers and men. While Brahmins were eagerly sought after, and low-caste men, however stalwart, were little prized, a Christian native was totally inadmissible to the ranks. In the Army.

"At the close of the Crimean War, the united influence of England and France obtained from the Sultan of Turkey the concession of a Hatti-Shurreef, by which in future Christians could enlist in the Turkish army. This was justly considered by Europe a great triumph for the cause of religious toleration. But Europe could not have been aware that England had demanded of the Turk, (the head of the Mohammedan religion,) a liberty which she herself denied to the members of her own creed in the largest portion of her Indian empire.

"In courts of justice the same singular surrender of English and Christian notions to Indian prejudices was In our courts of justice.

observed, and I quite plead guilty to it myself, looking back to it with amazement at the power which custom possesses to set the judgment to sleep. During the eight or nine years that I have exercised magisterial and judicial functions, I can never remember a witness of the Sweeper caste being allowed to cross the threshold of the Court to give his evidence. Such witnesses were invariably stopped at the door by the native officials, and their deposition there received. This, like torture and many other pollutions of Indian administration, was indigenous; and the Europeans are no further blamable for the custom than that they have failed to contend earnestly enough against it. Indeed, it must be admitted that the abolition of caste is no easy matter. Torture may be more easily eliminated than caste. The force of European example in courts of justice and in the army, or even if it should extend its conquest over prejudice to the families of private individuals, will be but as the twinkling of a star in a dark night. The whole Hindoo people has been subjugated to it, and the Mohammedans of India have been half Hindooized by its social influence. The gradual rising of the light of truth can alone dispel it. Happily, we are not responsible for dispelling it. We are only called on to testify against it ourselves as far as we are able.

Its abolition not easy.

We are not responsible for it; but our duty is to testify against it.

"For the future, then, no distinctions of caste should be recognized by the Indian Government. In the army, the most able-bodied recruits should be enlisted, whatever their caste may be. I do not even agree with those violent reactionists, who would exclude Brahmins from the army on account of their evil influence. The proscription of one class is as bad in principle as the proscription of another; and in practice it is desirable to rule the Brahmin and the Sweeper as much as possible together.

"A happy illustration of the result of this is furnished by the Indian railway carriages, in which, from the first,

Example of railway carriage.

caste has been ignored. All classes and castes of nations go into the same carriages, usually many more than can find seats; for the Asiatic is a born slave, and does not stand upon his rights till some Englishman puts him up to it, and the result is that one caste may be seen sitting in another caste's lap, very much delighted to go so far for so little money. In courts of justice the same perfect equality should be shown.

"In gaols alone do I hesitate to say that caste should be utterly ignored. In the ranks of a regiment, in the offices of a judicial court, all native servants of Government are free. If they feel themselves contaminated by the company they have there to keep, they can at any time resign, and depart and live for conscience' sake with 'earth, air, water, and a lettuce.' But the inmate of a gaol is not a free man; and though his crimes have brought him there, it does not seem Christian to force him, while within those walls, to violate his conscience or be starved. I think, therefore, that it is right to continue in gaols the present practice of selecting Brahmin prisoners to cook the food of the rest of their Hindoo comrades. Such a course offends neither the high nor the low caste. They all get food which it is lawful for them to eat. In gaols.

"Under the head of caste, it is of course assumed that no civil or legal disability of any kind shall attach to converts from Hindooism or Mohammedanism to Christianity. This I mention only as a precaution, for, much to the honour of the Government, I believe the process of eliminating unchristian principles has, in this particular, been completed. In A.D. 1793, in sec. xv. of Regulation IV., we began by upholding the Mohammedan and Hindoo laws of inheritance and caste. In A.D. 1832, by sec. ix. of Regulation VII., a loophole was made for all converts, not only to Christianity but to Mohammedanism, by declaring that the native laws would only be enforced for the pro-

tection, not for the privation, of rights. And in A.D. 1850, Act XXI. extended the last-named Bengal regulation to the whole of the Company's territories, and that too in good intelligible Saxon. The principle of the liberty thus established has been carefully preserved also in the civil code of the Punjab.

Government employ open to native Christians.

"It is also assumed that every branch of Government employ, civil or military, shall be as freely open to the native Christian as to the Eurasian or low-caste Hindoo. This principle has already been adopted and announced by Mr. Montgomery, the Judicial Commissioner of the Punjab, and will soon work its way into the system. It is one of the greatest steps in the right direction that has been taken.

Native holy days.

"Fourthly, I would point to the easy way in which we have, officially, fallen in with the holy days of the Hindoos and Mohammedan creeds. Mercantile men have long cried out against them as interruptions of business; but it does not seem to have struck against the Christian sense of either Government or the community. In future, let the English usage of Christmas, Easter, and midsummer holidays, and the birthday of the sovereign, be officially observed, and no others. No native official would have any right to complain, as it is quite optional with him to take our service. It is not a point, however, on which much difficulty would be felt.

Native code of laws.

"Fifthly, may be instanced our general administration of Mohammedan criminal law and Hindoo and Mohammedan civil law up to the present day.

"Our facility of adapting ourselves to the 'prejudices of the natives' (a phrase and a compliance which, it is to be hoped, the full disclosure of those prejudices in the crisis of 1857 will at last have made disgusting to Englishmen), has stood out in strange contrast to the earnest fanaticism of our Mohammedan predecessors, from which, if there is

much to be discarded, there is something to be learnt. The Mohammedan conquerors had a faith in their own god and their own law, and they put all Hindoo law at once out of court as a thing of nought. The Hindoos entirely submitted to be judged in all criminal matters by the law of Mohammed; and there can be no doubt that both Hindoos and Mohammedans, when they passed under one yoke, would have submitted with the same Asiatic instinct to any code which emanated from the ruling power.

"The Court of Directors, however, claimed no such prerogative; it prohibited any interference with the Mahommedan law-officers, and it was a hard matter for Lord Cornwallis to prove the right and propriety of introducing a modicum of Christian principle and Saxon sense into the statutes.* To this day, however, the criminal law of India is based on Mohammedan law, and in many provinces Mohammedan law-officers guide the decisions of English judges. Can this be right, now that we are aroused to a review of our position in India?

"Again, we profess to administer the indigenous civil law of Hindoos and Mohammedans and the compromise of the *lac loci*, so far as may be consistent with morality; but those systems are inseparably pervaded by child-marriage and polygamy, and in some places polyandry, against none of which do our decisions protest.

"Is this morality? Is it consistent in any way with Christianity? If not, let us reform it.

* The successive struggles of Indian legislators to eliminate the Mohammedan criminal law are strongly marked in the statute-book, as may be seen by a comparison of Regulation IX. of 1793 with following:—

Regulations IV. and XIV. of 1797; VIII. and XIV. of 1799; VIII. and XIV. of 1801; LIII. and XIV. of 1803; L. and XIV. of 1810; VI. and XIV. of 1832; Act XXX. and XIV. of 1836; XXIV. and XIV. of 1843.

But I suppose no other conqueror in the world would have gone on for a century without a code of their own. The influence of a code upon a people can scarcely be overrated.

"It would be out of place to enter here farther into detail as to the practical bearing of these and similar questions.

"This Memorandum professes only to suggest a train of thought on the subject of past and future legislation for India, and I will only add that, as far as I can see, there is no reason why all the practices above-mentioned should not be prospectively made illegal, in the same way that all legal obstacles to the remarriage of Hindoo widows were abolished by Act XV. of 1856. In doing so, however, the right ground of their unchristian and immoral character should be stated.

"In Act V. of 1840, heathen and Mohammedan oaths on Ganges water and the Korân, etc., were abrogated, and a solemn affirmation in the presence of Almighty God was very properly substituted; but the preamble of the Act explained that this was done because the compelling of persons of the Hindoo and Mohammedan persuasion to swear by those forms was sometimes found to be repugnant to their consciences or feelings, 'thereby causing obstruction to justice and other inconveniences,' so that the Anglo-Indian public were clearly warned not to suppose that this reform was a Christian one, unless, indeed, the unchristian nature of appeals to idols and false prophets be included among the 'other inconveniences.'

Heathen processions.

"Sixthly, heathenish or Mohammedan processions should be restricted to the respective quarters of native cities, instead of being allowed, as hitherto, to parade through the public streets, protected by our police and military from the attacks of rival sects (who, unlike us, felt themselves challenged and aggrieved by such displays). And under this head I would draw attention to the incompleteness of Act I. of 1856, which, after setting forth in its preamble that the practice of offering for sale or exposing to the public view obscene books and pictures 'encourages immorality,' and providing for the general suppression

thereof, admits the following clause, by which an immunity of indecency is allowed to false religions: Clause VII., 'Nothing contained in this Act shall apply to any representations, sculptured, engraved, or painted on or in any temple, or on any car used for the conveyance of idols.'

"The zealous iconoclasm of the Mohammedans contrasts very favourably with such feeble and faithless Christian legislation.

"Seventhly, it is a common thing in native cities, particularly in the Punjab, for the principal streets to be chiefly occupied by prostitutes. This was encouraged by Maharajah Runjeet Singh, who himself often rode about Lahore with one of these women sitting with him on his elephant. The King of Oude is said to have gone farther, and to have danced himself before his Court in the dress of a courtezan. It is no wonder that such rulers debauched public morals and produced such capitals as Lahore and Lucknow. The subject does not seem hitherto to have attracted notice, but it only requires a simple police order to banish this species of vice from the public market of our cities.

"Eighthly, I would fearlessly draw the attention of all who have a voice in the government of the country to a branch of the same evil existing in our European army in India. Under the existing rules of the Indian army, only twelve per cent. of the European private soldiers are allowed barrack accommodation for their wives; and no soldier who marries without his Commanding-officer's sanction is allowed accommodation for his wife in barracks, or subsistence money for her, or permission to sleep out of barracks himself. The immoralities to which this restriction leads, among both Europeans and natives, are a crying evil, though mitigated, so far as some abominable regulations were concerned, by Sir William Gomm only a few years ago. There have been Indian Governors, like Sir George Arthur, who have exerted

The European army in India.

themselves sedulously to apply the obvious remedy of facilitating marriage among the European soldiers; but such individual efforts have all ended in twelve soldiers out of one hundred being allowed to have wives.

"There are two or three different reasons assigned for this restriction. One is the opinion held by some military authorities that soldiers are better soldiers without wives than with them, to which may be opposed at least as many opinions on the other side. General Sydney Cotton, than whom there is, perhaps, no better judge of the qualification of a British soldier in her Majesty's army, has assured me, as the result of his own long experience, that the married soldiers are invariably the steadiest and best men in the regiment, and that he believed all Commanding-officers would admit it. A second objection is, that the wives and children are an incumbrance to a regiment. I cannot see any force in this. When a regiment goes on active service in the field, the women remain at the depôt, and are therefore no incumbrance at the only period when their presence could impede military operations. In quarters, the soldiers' families certainly require barrack-room; but this is simply a financial question.

"There is another situation in which the married families are said to be a burden on a corps in India, and that is on a march from one cantonment to another. The Government allowances for married families are insufficient to meet the expense of a move, and it is usual for Commanding-officers to give pecuniary assistance to the married soldiers on these occasions out of the canteen fund. This is a fund formed from the difference between the wholesale and retail price of liquors, and there is a feeling among some unmarried soldiers that what is saved out of their pockets ought not to be given to married men's families. But when it is considered that if any of those single men got married they would be very glad to get the same

The canteen fund.

assistance; that the canteen is devoted by Government to all miscellaneous regimental purposes, such as the men's amusements, the relief of widows, the regimental library, mess necessaries, etc.; and, lastly, that if ever the fund rises above three thousand rupees the surplus is appropriated by Government;—when these points are considered, the objection to helping married families out of this fund seems not very well founded.

"But this brings me back to the point that the Government allowances to married families are insufficient to meet the expenses of the march. And the more this subject is looked into, the more clearly it will be seen that the question at issue is one entirely of expenditure, and that the obstacles thrown in the way of soldiers marrying, and the indecent accommodation too often furnished for the women in barracks, are merely for the sake of economy. But it cannot be a rightful public economy which fosters private immorality. It is as much against nature to throw obstacles in the way of marriage as it is against morality to degrade it; and the soldier has, at least, as much right to a wife and children and a decent hearth as any other citizen. Certain I am that this is one of those points in which the Indian Government has left room for desiring a higher tone of administration.

"Ninthly, I would name the connection of the Indian Government with the opium trade. This connection is fenced round with arguments nominally drawn from political economy, such as that the monopoly causes increase of price to the vicious consumer, and obtains the largest returns with the smallest outlay of capital. But no theories can get rid of the following serious facts: that India grows opium for China; that opium is ruining the Chinese people; that wherever grown in India, Government is an interested party in it; that in Bengal it is actually grown for Government and for no one else; that Government advances

The opium trade.

immense sums of money yearly to enable the cultivators to grow it, and maintains a large staff of officials to collect the produce; that Government sells it to those who import it into China; that the vice of opium-smoking is so fatal to the vital and moral powers of individuals, and therefore to the prosperity of a nation, and has spread such heart-rending misery in China, that the Chinese laws forbid its importation; that English merchants, nevertheless, force and smuggle it into China, and are not prevented from so doing by the Government of England, which has formally engaged by treaty to prevent it; that all this is known to the Indian Government while growing opium or organizing its cultivation, and selling it to merchants who cannot legally get rid of it; that the very Chinese people, maddened with their own vice and misery and inability to force us by arms to observe their laws and our own treaties, curse us openly for bringing this destroying poison to their shores; and, lastly, that exactly in proportion as opium-ruin spreads in China, so the opium-revenue of the Indian Government is increased.

"An honest, manly conscience cannot get over these facts. It will not be misled by a phrase chipped off from the only sound Political Economy, the common benefit of the human race, no matter in what country scattered. It will fasten instinctively on the truth, that with the Indian Government this is a question of *Revenue;* and, in presence of the calamities of 1857, it will conclude that Revenue such as this does not come to much good in the end. It will remember all the plausible excuses that were made for negro slavery, and it will urge the nation which abolished man-selling in the West Indies to abolish man-poisoning in the East, let the cost be what it will.

The excise laws.

"Lastly, there is a milder form of the same evil in our Indian excise laws. Their theory has been again and again declared to be the discouragement of the consumption

of intoxicating liquors; but my own observation and experience as a civil officer convinces me, that, practically, they tend to its increase. The sanction and licence of Government has made respectable what once was a shameful vice among the natives. This is, doubtless, a large subject, and is not more Indian than English, but it cannot honestly be excluded from a catalogue of Indian administrative evils.

"Instead of deriving revenue from drunkenness and ruin, would it not be wise and just to take the present opportunity of bringing under permanent taxation those favoured capitalists who are absorbing at once the expenditure of Government and the industry of the rest of the native population? Our rule hitherto would seem to have been devised by a member of their order. They are the only class who contribute nothing, directly, to the maintenance of the Government, the only Government of India under which their lives were not endangered by their property.

"(Signed) HERBERT B. EDWARDES."

When Sir John Lawrence received Edwardes's memorandum from Mr. McLeod, he wrote his comments upon it, forwarding it on to Calcutta in a despatch to Lord Canning; and this embodies also, in a general way, Mr. McLeod's views.

This despatch afterwards found its way to England in due course. The despatch is long and elaborate, too long for reproduction here. Edwardes says on receiving it—

Sir John Lawrence's despatch commenting on Edwardes's paper.

"It is a noble expression of the duty of the Indian Government to do whatever Christianity requires, at whatever cost; and it only differs from mine as to what Christianity *does* demand of us, and what it does *not*.

"It stops a long way short of my proposals. Still, on the whole, it is a fine manifesto, and I rejoice to have elicited it.

"Such opinions as his and McLeod's would never have seen the light had not I written mine and challenged theirs. Therefore, I am sure I did right. John thinks I have been hard on the Directors; but, in truth, I never thought of being so. My blows were aimed at England and Englishman generally, without respect to one body or another. England, through her Parliament, is blamable for the cowardly legislation of the Indian Government."

And the wise and kindly sentiments of the third member of the governing triumvirate of Lahore, Mr. (now Sir Robert) Montgomery, must not be omitted here.

Although there is not found a public paper of this date, a private letter of interest gives his wise and valuable remarks on passing events.

From the Judicial Commissioner of the Punjab.

"Lahore, October 23, 1857.

"My dear Edwardes,

Mr. Robert Montgomery's opinion of Nicholson and Sir Henry Lawrence.

"My dear friend, what has befallen India since we parted? Omitting the fearful massacres, and worse than them, *your* two best friends have fallen, the *two great men*, Sir Henry and Nicholson. They had not, take them all in all, their equals in India. I know how bitterly you must have felt, and still do feel, their loss; and your wife will deeply feel it. Had Nicholson lived, he would, as a commander, have risen to the highest post. He had every quality necessary for a successful commander—energy, forethought, decision, good judgment, and courage of the highest order. No difficulties would have deterred him, and danger would have but calmed him. I saw a good deal of him here, and the more I did, the more I liked him.

"I am glad you saw Sir Henry Lawrence when you did, and you will always look back with pleasure to the time.

"We have all been mercifully spared; and I have often

heard of you, and seen your letters, during the crisis. Your services have been great on that frontier, and your presence there a tower of strength.

"May God bless and preserve you long. India wants men like you and those who have left us.

"The great burst of the storm is past, but the old ship is left a wreck; and good and able, and young and strong men are required to refit and almost reconstruct her. I hope you may be one of the head superintendents.

"Our affectionate love to your wife when you next write,

"And believe me,

"Yours affectionately,

"(Signed) ROBERT MONTGOMERY."

The unanimity of feeling, and the high and earnest aims of the men who held the chief posts in the Government of the country, were the strength of the Punjab. The free interchange of thought was a mutual support; and if they differed in opinions, as would naturally be the case sometimes, there was a pleasure in the frankness and openness with which they could discuss them together, which it is refreshing to look back upon.

CHAPTER IV.

1858.

REPORT OF AFFAIRS ON THE PESHÂWUR FRONTIER DURING THE MUTINY OF 1857.

" War seem'd a civil game
To this uproar ; horrid confusion heap'd
Upon confusion rose. And now all Heaven
Had gone to wrack, with ruin o'erspread,
Had not the Almighty Father, where He sits
Shrined in His Sanctuary of Heaven, secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all advised;
That His great purposes He might so fulfil,
To honour His anointed Son avenged
Upon His enemies."

MILTON.

CHAPTER IV.

We have passed hastily through the events of the year 1857, in which Peshâwur played so important a part. These events shall now be related in fuller detail, and in an unbroken narrative from Edwardes's own pen.

Report on the Peshawur Frontier during the Crisis of 1857.

From the Commissioner and Superintendent, Peshâwur Division, Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert B. Edwardes, C.B., to the Judicial Commissioner for the Punjab, Mr. Robert Montgomery.

"Peshâwur, March 2, 1858.

". . . I now proceed to report on the Peshâwur district in detail, and to remark generally on events in the whole Division.

"In the beginning of May, 1857, perfect peace reigned in the districts of Hazâra and Kohât, and upon their mountain borders.

"Their irritable and bigoted, but simple and manly races, had been tamed by easy revenue and kindly rule into that chronic contentment which is the nearest approach to loyalty that new conquerors can expect. In the rich Valley of Peshâwur the same ease and prosperity prevailed. But, for one crime or another, almost every powerful tribe beyond the border was under a blockade.*

* This consists in forbidding an offending tribe to trade with Peshâwur, and imprisoning any member of it caught in the Valley till the tribe submits.

The Mullickdeen Afreedees.

"The Mullickdeen-Kheyl Afreedees had basely assassinated a police officer of ours, (a clansman of their own,) while visiting at his home, and were blockaded till they should pay a fine of Rs. 3000 and do justice to the heirs of the murdered man.

The Zukka-Kheyl Afreedees.

"The Zukka-Kheyl Afreedees were under blockade for innumerable highway robberies.

The Khookee-Kheyl Afreedees.

"The Khookee-Kheyl Afreedees were under blockade for murdering Lieutenant Hand, as that officer, thoughtlessly and against orders, was venturing into the mouth of the Khyber Pass.

The Mohmunds.

"The Michnee and Pindiâlee Mohmunds were excluded for a long course of robberies and raids.

"Totye had become the asylum of Ajoon Khan and Mokurrum Khan, two noted outlaws, round whom gathered every villain who escaped from our police. So the people of Totye were under ban.

Mokûrrub Khan.

"Mokûrrub Khan, the chief of Punjtâr, though not under actual blockade, was known to be meditating mischief, because we had refused to aid him with troops in oppressing his own clan; and he had just called into Punjtar, as auxiliaries, a detachment of Hindostanee fanatics, from the Colony of Ghâzees (or Martyrs), who have for years been settled at Sitâna on the Indus, supported by secret supplies of money from disaffected Indian princes.

Position of Peshâwur at the opening of 1857.

"The Valley of Peshâwur then, at the beginning of the eventful month of May, stood in a ring of repressed hostilities.

"Beyond this mountain ring lay the kingdom of Cabul, over the disastrous memories of which some treaties of friendship had freshly drawn a veil. Three British officers, Major Harry Lumsden, Lieutenant Peter Lumsden, and Dr. H. W. Bellew, were on a political mission at Candahar; envoys to-day, but possible hostages to-morrow.

"On the western frontier of Candahar hovered the

skirmishers of the Persian army, which had captured Herat in breach of treaties with the English.

"To face these elements of danger, what forces garrisoned the Peshâwur Valley? About two thousand eight hundred Europeans, and eight thousand native soldiers, Horse and Foot, with eighteen field guns and a mountain battery; and in numbers and high discipline a goodly Army, deemed on May 10, 1857, equal and ready to meet the shock of Central Asia.

"On the night of May 11, the telegraph announced that Sepoys from Meerut had arrived at Delhi that morning, and were burning the houses and killing the Europeans. The message, apparently, was not official, or addressed to any one in particular. In it the officer in charge of the Delhi telegraph was expressly said to have been killed; and one of his assistants, probably a mere lad, had thus nobly done his duty in flashing this warning up to the frontier before seeking his own safety in flight. If the lad be alive, he deserves well of the State. It required no ordinary nerve to manipulate such a message in the midst of a Mutiny.

"Nor can too much public gratitude be shown to Sir R. O'Shaughnessy, by whose personal energy the electric wire had, in an incredibly short space of time, been laid down from one end of India to the other, before this Mutiny broke out. The ignorant Sepoys rising against English civilization were slow to appreciate its most imperial triumph, and the wire was not cut till it had done its work and electrified the Empire.

"On the morning of May 12, a second message, dated midnight of the 10th, was received from Major Waterfield, Deputy Adjutant-General at Meerut, and explained the Delhi news.

"The native troops were in open mutiny, and 'the European troops under arms defending barracks!' This last sentence was read at Peshâwur with indignation. It

described with fatal fidelity the Meerut policy. There was but one place in India at which a General could have crushed the Mutiny in the bud, and at that place General Hewitt stood on the defensive.

"It is well to learn all we can from experience, so I will here mention how forcibly it recurred to our minds, that General Hewitt had been withdrawn two years previously from the Peshâwur frontier, for the emergencies of which he was physically unfit. (During the time he commanded the Peshâwur Division, it is believed he never once visited the outposts; and he used to inspect his Troops in a buggy!) Yet he was appointed to another large division at Meerut; no doubt a quieter place. But wherever it is necessary to keep troops, it is surely necessary to keep a commander who can head them in the field. It is not a question of age, but of efficiency. There are Radetzkys, though not many.

"On receipt of this intelligence from Meerut, Colonel John Nicholson (a man of how different a mould!), who was then Deputy-Commissioner of Peshâwur, proposed to me the formation of a movable column of picked troops, to put down Mutiny in the Punjab; and we went together, and proposed it to Brigadier Sydney Cotton, who was then commanding the Peshâwur Brigade. He entirely agreed, and obtained the concurrence of Major-General Reed, who commanded the division, so that orders were issued that afternoon (May 12) for the 55th Regiment Native Infantry to march from Nowshera and relieve the Guide corps, in charge of the Fort of Murdan; and for the Guides, on being relieved, to join her Majesty's 27th Foot, at Nowshera, in anticipation of Sir John Lawrence's approval of the movable column, for which I had telegraphed to him at Rawul Pindee.

"There was one corps in the Peshâwur Cantonment (the 64th National Infantry) of such mutinous notoriety that we ordered it out to three of the outposts, as if to meet a

expected raid of the Mohmunds; and it marched off on the morning of the 13th. Thus it was broken up into detachments and much crippled for intrigue, whether in its own ranks or with other Regiments.

"Orders were also issued on this day (May 12) for the rigid examination of all Sepoy correspondence in the post-office.

"Another measure taken on May 12 was to invite Brigadier Neville Chamberlain, who fortunately happened to be at Kohât, to come over to Peshâwur and join us in a Council of War. (This was with the full concurrence of General Reed and Brigadier Sydney Cotton; and I may here remark that perfect unanimity and good feeling has prevailed from first to last between the military and civil authorities here, each striving, only to aid the other, in meeting the common danger. It is hence difficult to assign the respective shares in every successful measure.)

"Early on May 13, Brigadier Chamberlain arrived at Peshâwur.

"At half-past ten a.m., I received from the Chief Commissioner telegraphic intelligence that the native Troops at Lahore had that morning been disarmed; and that he approved of the movable column, and had applied for the sanction of the Commander-in-chief.

Peshâwur Council of War.

"At eleven a.m. the Council of War met at General Reed's house, and consisted of General Reed, Brigadier Sydney Cotton, Brigadier Neville Chamberlain, Colonel John Nicholson, and myself.

"The measures resolved on were briefly these:—

"1. The concentration of all military and civil power in the Punjab, by General Reed (the senior officer) assuming chief command and joining the head-quarters of the Chief Commissioner, leaving Brigadier Sydney Cotton in command at Peshâwur.

"2. The organization of a movable column of thoroughly

reliable troops to assemble at Jhelum, and thence take the field and put down Mutiny wherever it might appear in the Punjab.

"3. The removal of a doubtful Sepoy garrison from the fort at Attock and the substitution of a reliable one in that important post.

"4. The levy of a hundred Puthâns under Futteh Khan Khuttuck, a tried soldier, to hold the Attock Ferry, a vital point in our communications with the Punjab.

"5. The deputation of Brigadier Chamberlain to consult further with the Chief Commissioner.

"6. The deputation of Colonel John Nicholson as political officer with the movable column (but this was objected to by the Chief Commissioner).

"An abstract of these measures of the Council of War was telegraphed at once, not only to the Chief Commissioner, but to the officers commanding every station in the Punjab, with a view to inspire public confidence.

First suggestion of raising levies.

"And in reporting these proceedings more fully by letter to Sir John Lawrence, I suggested authorizing some of the best of the Commandants of the Punjab Irregular force to enlist recruits from the Punjab and British frontier, with the double object of absorbing the floating military material of the country and of filling the gaps made by the Mutiny.

"At the same time I recommended that each of the Ressaldars of Mooltânee Horse in the Derajât be authorized to double the number of his men from the same reliable races.

Characteristics of the Guides.

"The Guide corps marched from its cantonment at Murdan this day (May 13) six hours after it got the order, and was at Attock (thirty miles off) next morning, fully equipped for service—a worthy beginning of one of the most rapid marches ever made by soldiers; for, it being necessary to give General Anson every available man to attempt the recovery of Delhi, the Guides were not kept

for the Movable Column, but were pushed on to Delhi, a distance of five hundred and eighty miles, or fifty regular marches, which they accomplished in twenty-one marches, with only three intervening halts, and those made by order. After thus marching twenty-seven miles a day for three weeks, the Guides reached Delhi on June 9, and three hours afterwards, engaged the enemy hand to hand, every single officer being more or less wounded. Amongst them fell Lieutenant Quentin Battye, with a bright career of chivalry in his heart, ended (poor lad!) in his first fight.

"And here I may be excused if I call attention to the characteristic features of this distinguished frontier corps, its mixed races, and its nominal uniform. These do not strike us nowadays. In 1858 we have got well accustomed to them. But in 1846, to set Poorbeah Sepoys aside and raise a corps of Shikârees of all nations, and say they should neither be strapped down nor braced up, nor button-strangled, but wear their own loose, dusky shirts and wide pijamahs and sun-proof, sword-proof turbans, and as few accoutrements as possible, was an invention, a stroke of real genius. And who conceived it? One who was as great a soldier as statesman; to whom such simple truths came by intuition; one who had served all his life with native soldiers, yet remained an Englishman, neither Hindooized nor Moslemized; one who knew and loved the Native Army well, yet had for years been lifting his voice to proclaim that it was a moribund body which must have new life infused into it or die; and who ended a life spent for others, in nobly meeting the storm which he had foreseen. And now that fifty thousand mixed Irregulars have risen by acclamation out of the ruins of a pipe-clay Hindostanee Army, it is only just to remember that the Guide corps, on which they have been modelled, was the thought of Sir Henry Lawrence.

"May the new Native Army long remain a monument of his presence and wisdom.

"On May 16 General Reed and Brigadier Chamberlain joined Sir John Lawrence at Rawul Pindee, and that evening I was also directed by telegraph to repair there for consultation, and I started at once.

"This day's post carried with it from Peshâwur to many stations of the army a lithographic circular, drawn up by Captain Bartlett, the Cantonment magistrate of Peshâwur. It was in the common character of Sepoy correspondence, and contained an appeal to every loyal feeling and personal interest of the Native soldiery, couched in their own provincial dialect, and admirably calculated to come home to their understandings. It was one of the many genuine and kindly efforts made by the English officers to save their men from ruin, with how little effect we all know.

"Dark news kept coming up now to Peshâwur, and a rapid change was observed in the native regiments. Precautions began; Colonel Nicholson promptly removed the treasure, (about twenty-four lakhs,) from the centre of cantonments to the fort outside, where the magazine was, and Brigadier Cotton placed a European garrison in it at once.

"At Colonel Nicholson's request, the Brigadier removed from the outskirts of the Cantonment and established his head-quarters at the Old Residency, which was central for all military orders, and was close to the civil officers for mutual consultation. The Residency is a strong, double-storied building, capable of defence; and it was named as a rendezvous for all ladies and children on the occurrence of any alarm, by day or night. Full oft was it crowded during the eventful months that followed.

"The troops in garrison were divided into two brigades, under the Colonels of the two European regiments, with guns attached to each, ready for immediate action, at either end of the Cantonment.

"European guards were placed in the Artillery lines. A watch was set on every ferry of the Indus.

"I think it must have been on May 16 that Sir John Lawrence consented to my raising one thousand Mooltânee Horse; for before leaving Peshâwur for Pindee that evening, I left the orders with Colonel Nicholson, to be issued in our joint names (for the Khans in the Derajât were as much his friends as mine). On May 18, however, permission was given to raise two thousand. Raising of levies.

"Matters were growing worse each day, and it was now clearly understood by us in the Council assembled at Pindee, that whatever gave rise to the Mutiny, it had settled down into a struggle for Empire under Mohammedan guidance, with the Moghul capital as its centre. From that moment it was felt that, at any cost, Delhi must be regained.

"On May 18 the Commanding-officer of 10th Irregular Cavalry at Nowshera reported to Brigadier Cotton that the 55th Native Infantry at both Nowshera and Murdan were in a state of discontent. And next day Colonel Nicholson telegraphed to us at Pindee, that the detachment of 10th Irregular Cavalry at Murdan showed signs of disaffection.

"A wing of her Majesty's 24th was immediately ordered to march from Rawul Pindee and garrison Attock.

"On May 19 the native newspaper at Peshâwur published a false and incendiary report that the Khilât-i-Ghilzee regiment had murdered its officers at the outposts. Colonel Nicholson immediately put the editor in prison. He was a Mohammedan and a native of Persia.

"The Commander-in-chief most wisely telegraphed for Brigadier Chamberlain to command the Punjab Movable Column, and declared that Brigadier Cotton, (who had been proposed,) could not be spared from Peshâwur. And certainly all at Peshâwur have reason to be thankful for this order.

"Major Becher now contributed to the movable column one of the two Irregular regiments of Infantry stationed in Hazâra. Captain Henderson, at Kohât, had from the first

offered similar succours. Perfect confidence was felt by both those officers, and fully shared by me, in their ability to keep their districts quiet. None of us knew then, however, what we should have to go through.

"On May 20 I took leave of the Chief Commissioner at Pindee, and reached Peshâwur again at noon on the 21st. The aspect of things was gloomy to a degree. The Military and Civil authorities were not deceived as to the temper of the native garrison. The most rancorous and seditious letters had been intercepted from Mohammedan bigots in Patna and Thanâsur to Naick Kurreem-oollah and other soldiers of the 64th Native Infantry, revelling in the atrocities that had been committed in Hindostan 'on the men, women, and children of the Nazarenes,' and sending them messages from their own mothers that they should emulate these deeds; and if they fell in the attempt, they would at least go to heaven, and their deaths in such a case would be pleasant news at home.*

"These letters alluded to a long series of correspondence that has been going on through these men of the 64th Native Infantry with the Hindostanee fanatics in Swât and Sitana. . . .

"The conduct of the 64th Native Infantry as a regiment (while containing these desperate traitors in its rank) was at this juncture very peculiar. On May 18 the 51st Native Infantry at Peshâwur despatched by the hand of a Brahmin to the 64th Native Infantry and Khilât-i-Ghilzie regiment at Shubkudder the following letter: 'This letter is sent from the Peshâwur Cantonment to the whole Heriot regiment. May it reach the Subahdar Bahadoor.' The letter then opens with some Hindoo apostrophes, and proceeds, 'For the rest this letter is written to convey from the whole camp at Peshâwur obeisance (*to* Brahmins) and benediction (*from* Brahmins), and salutation and service from Mussul-

* Kurreem-oollah was ultimately tried by a commission, and hanged.

man to Mussulman, to the whole regiment of Heriot and Khilât-i-Ghilzie. Further, the state of affairs here is this, that on the 22nd day of the month the cartridges will be given to the Doobârun regiment. So do whatever seems to you proper. Again' (it is repeated) 'the cartridges will have to be bitten on the 22nd inst. Of this you are hereby informed. On reading this letter, whatever your opinion is, so reply; for, considering you as our own, we have let you know beforehand. Therefore, do as you think right. This is addressed to you by the whole regiment. O brothers! the religion of Hindoos and Mohammedans is all over. Therefore, all your soldiers should know this. Here all the Sepoys are at the bidding of the jemadar, subahdar-major, and havildar-major. All are discontent with the business, whether small or great. What more need be written? Do as you think best. High and low send their obeisance, benediction, and service.' (Postscript by another hand.) 'The above is the state of affairs here. In whatever way you can manage it, come into Peshâwur on the 21st inst. Thoroughly understand that point! In fact, eat *there* and drink here.' *

"This letter reached the fort of Shubkudder about sunset on May 18, and was given by the messenger to a Sepoy of the 64th Native Infantry.

"The previous history of the regiment, the existence in its ranks of such men as the Naick Kurreem-oollah, carrying on treasonable correspondence, and the very confidence with which the 51st Native Infantry addressed this letter to the 64th, leave little doubt that the corps was in a disaffected state, and it would have been natural to expect that the men of the corps should deliberate on this letter and, if not act on it, at all events keep it secret. But they gave it up to their officers, and thus furnished to Brigadier Cotton invaluable proof of what was going on.

* This is a proverb for letting no delay intervene.

"Why did they do this? I wish I could suppose it was because they were innocent. But I can only conclude that, being broken up into three detachments at a distance from Peshâwur, and it thus being impossible to collect and act together without the co-operation of the Khilât-i-Ghilzie regiment, which was similarly placed in the same outposts, and having ascertained that the Khilâtees were not prepared to co-operate, they made the only use of the letter that was left, and gave it up to gain a name of loyalty for themselves.

"This letter is a most valuable historic document, for it shows the genuine confidence of one Sepoy regiment to another on the question of the Mutiny. It proves beyond a doubt that, whatever moved the Mohammedans, the Hindoos were moved by the cartridges;* and it is lamentably characteristic of the conservative barbarism of India, that a common piece of civilization, an improved rifle, has convulsed the Empire, and called up a hundred and fifty thousand Asiatics to affirm, by force of arms, that spirit can be defiled by matter and religion converted—in the stomach.

"On the following morning (May 19) Mr. Wakefield, extra Assistant Commissioner at Peshâwur, seeing a fakeer sitting under a tree near his house, arrested him, searched him, and found nothing but a bag with forty-six new rupees in it, which the fakeer said he had just got by begging in the lines of the 24th Native Infantry. A strong suspicion had, however, possessed Mr. Wakefield's mind, and he searched the man a second time, when a small bag, or 'housewife,' was detected in the hollow of his armpit, of which the ostensible purpose was to carry antimony for the eyes; but on careful examination it was found to contain

* This is farther confirmed by Mohammedan correspondence; for a rabid letter from a Khuleefa Nuthoo, at Thanâsur, to friends in Swât, through a naick of the 64th Native Infantry, says, "On all four sides there is disturbance, and on account of the cartridges the whole of the native army, as far as Lahore, have become disaffected."

a small Persian note, of which the following is a translation: 'My beloved Moollah Salâm! Salutation to you! After salutation and good wishes, this is the point, that instantly on receiving this, on the second day of the festival of the Eed, you must—yes, must—come here, and, if it be easy, bring a few pounds of fruit with you. Now is the time! Admit no fear into your heart! Such an opportunity will not again occur. Set out, I enjoin you!

"'(Signed) FAKEER MOOLLAH NAICEM.'

"The names of the writer and of the addresses were probably false names, adopted for secret correspondence.

"The fakeer declared that the paper was an old one which he had picked up accidentally a long while ago, and kept to wrap up snuff. But there was no sign of either age or snuff in it; and the festival of the Eed alluded to was to fall on the 25th and 26th inst., and already the rumour was abroad that on that religious occasion the Mohammedans of the city and the valley were to rise and to help the Sepoys. The fakeer admitted that he was a frequenter of the Sepoy lines, and though Sepoys do give cowries and pice freely enough, they do not give away forty-six bright new rupees for nothing. Neither do fakeers * conceal to the last under their armpit a housewife, with nothing in it but antimony and snuff. There was no doubt, therefore, in Colonel Nicholson's mind that this letter was addressed to Mohammedan conspirators in the garrison and to Mohammedan conspirators at the outposts, inviting them to come in with a few English officers' heads, and join in a rising on May 26.

Failure in enlisting levies through news of Delhi being lost.

"Warned by these discoveries, and by secret information from both the city and Cantonment, Colonel Nicholson had endeavoured to raise levies through the most promising of

* This man, on whom the letter was found, was subsequently tried by a commission and hanged.

the Chiefs of the district, to help the European soldiers in the struggle that was coming. But the time had passed. A great danger impended over the Cantonment. A profound sensation had been made by the startling fact that we had lost Delhi. Men remembered Cabul.* Not a hundred could be found to join such a desperate cause as ours.

"Finding things in this state, I wrote 'express' to Captain Henderson at Kohât for any trusty levies he could send from thence; but to be of any use, they must come next morning. He at once despatched about one hundred men under Bahadoor Sher Khan, the head of the Bungush tribe, who travelled all night, and gathered about fifty Afreedee volunteers as he came through the Kohât Pass—a strange resource, truly!

"The train of Mutiny, however, had been already fired. Early on the morning of May 21, Futteh Khan Kuttuck (who, with a hasty levy, had been posted at the Attock Ferry) gave information to Major Vaughan, in the Attock Fort, that a detachment of the 55th Native Infantry, which was on duty at the ferry, was in a highly mutinous state, and ought to be disarmed. They were, indeed, soon observed to be in motion, leaving their post. Lieutenant Lind, second in command of the 5th Punjab Infantry, (Major Vaughan's corps,) quickly went across the river with a small party of his own men, halted them, and advanced alone, to recall the subahdar of the 55th Native Infantry to his duty. The subahdar warned him off, called on his men

* The ex-Vizier of Shah Soojah is a pensioner at Peshâwur, and a man of considerable ability. When Colonel Nicholson consulted him, he said plainly, "This is a crisis in which you will have to rely upon yourselves." It was true, almost prophetic, but it was not encouraging. Happily, Colonel Nicholson was one of those men who require to be alarmed; for he never met dangers half-way.

† This subahdar's name was Sewdeen Dooby, and it has been ascertained that he was in close correspondence with Jewra Khan Dooby, a ringleader of the 3rd Cavalry at Meerut, from whom he had no doubt heard of the events at Meerut and Delhi, and had, in consequence,

to load if they had not yet done so, and the men fixed bayonets and prepared to charge. Lieutenant Lind then called to his own men to come up, and the 55th detachment marched away towards Nowshera. As they went they were joined by another detachment of the 24th Native Infantry, which was escorting commissariat stores to Peshâwur, and, leaving the stores to take care of themselves, the two bands of mutineers, between forty and fifty in number, pushed on together for the Cantonment of Nowshera.

"Lieutenant Lind pursued them for several miles, but only succeeded in capturing one straggler. He therefore, with great forethought, got a horseman to ride across country and inform the Commanding-officer at Nowshera of the approach of the mutineers. Major Verner at once went out on the Attock road with a small party of 10th Irregular Cavalry, met the mutineers at the entrance of the Cantonment, and disarmed them.

"No sooner, however, did some companies of the 55th Native Infantry, who were in Nowshera, see their comrades brought in as prisoners, than they broke out, and fired on the Sowars, who forthwith dispersed.

Open mutiny of the 55th Native Infantry at Nowshera.

"The mutineers, now largely reinforced, proceeded to break open the regimental magazine, and, having supplied themselves with ammunition, rushed to the Bridge of Boats, to cross the Cabul river and join the main body of the 55th Native Infantry at Murdan, twelve miles north of Nowshera. The bridge had, however, already been broken up by that energetic and able Engineer officer Alec Taylor, who had also dispersed the boatmen, so that the boats might be useless. The Sepoys, about two hundred in number, endeavoured for some time to repair the bridge; and,

arranged to light a corresponding flame in the Peshâwur garrison. The 55th Native Infantry and 3rd Cavalry had been stationed together at Meerut from 1845 to 1846, and at Nowgong from 1850 to 1852, so that the men of the two regiments were intimately acquainted.

failing in that, flung themselves into the boats and pushed off into the stream.

"Some were drowned, but the majority got safe to the bank. The Sowars of the 10th Irregular Cavalry did not join the mutineers; but they did not act against them.

Council at Peshâwur.

"Colonel Nicholson was living with me at Peshâwur, and we had laid down to sleep in our clothes, but with a conviction that the night would not pass over quietly. At midnight the news of what had occurred at Nowshera reached us,* and a most anxious council did we hold on it. It was probable that the 55th Native Infantry at Murdan would already be in open mutiny and in possession of the fort. But to send a reliable force against them from Peshâwur would only have been to give the native regiments a preponderance in the Cantonment. Again, the news from Nowshera must soon reach the Sepoys at Peshâwur, and probably be the signal for a rise. The advantage, therefore, must be with whoever took the initiative, and we resolved to go at once to the General, and advise the disarming of the native garrison at daylight.

Sydney Cotton.

"Well was it for the State, that General Sydney Cotton, not General Hewitt, then commanded at Peshâwur! General Cotton thoroughly understood the danger which the proposition involved.

"Hitherto a large garrison of Hindostanee troops had been deemed necessary to occupy this Afghan valley. It was now proposed to reverse matters, to disarm the majority of the Troops and call in the people and mountaineers instead; this, too, when our prestige was gone. But it was the least of evils. And the General choose it with characteristic promptitude.

"All the Commanding-officers of corps were summoned. Day dawned before they were collected at the Residency,

* The distance is only twenty-four miles, but everybody at Nowshera had probably been too busy for some hours to think of writing.

and for two hours the Commandants of the condemned regiments protested against the measure. It was impossible not to sympathize in the soldierly feelings of Colonel Harrington and Major Shakespear; but when Colonel Plumbe declared his 'implicit confidence' in the 27th Native Infantry to be unshaken by the events in Hindostan, and had nothing to recommend but 'conciliation,' while the Colonel of the 51st Native Infantry,* on the other hand, predicted that 'his men would attack the guns if called on to give up their muskets,' hesitation was at an end.

Determination to disarm the native troops at Peshâwur.

"General Cotton announced his determination to disarm the four most doubtful regiments, and ordered them to parade, each on its own ground, at seven a.m. for that purpose (already it was past six).

"The events of the next hour were to decide the fate of Peshâwur during this war, and those who best knew the disaffection of the Sepoys, and had been most convinced of the necessity of disarming them, felt most anxiety as to the issue.

The disarming.

"The corps to be disarmed were the 5th Light Cavalry, 24th, 27th, and 51st Regiment Native Infantry.

"There was one other regiment of Native Infantry in the Cantonment (the 21st Native Infantry) and two regiments of Irregular Cavalry (7th and 18th), but it was absolutely indispensable to keep one Native Infantry corps to carry on the duties of the station; so the 21st was selected for two reasons—partly because it was the senior native regiment, but chiefly because all accounts agreed that it had, in that capacity, hitherto declined to set a mutinous example.

"The 2nd Irregular Corps of Cavalry were spared, partly from the natural desire to keep them, if possible;

* Since dead from exertion and exposure to the sun in quelling the ultimate outbreak of his corps.

partly because, at that early period of the Mutiny, there was some hope that as a body the Irregular Cavalry would at least be kept quiet by its stake in the service; partly because the 7th, which was the most doubtful, was commanded by a firm and vigilant officer (Colonel Mulcaster) who was not infected with the disease of 'implicit confidence;' lastly, because, after disarming three regiments of Native Infantry and the Regular Cavalry, we could at any time coerce the Irregular Cavalry, if necessary.

"It remained, however, to be seen whether the condemned regiments would submit to be disarmed, and if they resisted, whether the three excused regiments would not fraternize with them at once, and reduce the struggle to the simple issue of the black and white races.

"The two European regiments (her Majesty's 70th and 87th) and the Artillery were got under arms, and took up positions at the two ends of the Cantonment, within sight of the parades, ready to enforce obedience if necessary, yet not so close as to provoke resistance. Colonel Nicholson joined Brigadier Galloway's staff at one rendezvous, and I, General Cotton's at the other.

"These prompt and decided measures took the native troops completely aback. Not an hour had been given them to consult, and, isolated from each other, no regiment was willing to commit itself. The whole laid down their arms.

Undeserved sympathy.

"As the muskets and sabres of once-honoured corps were hurried unceremoniously into carts, it was said that here and there the spurs and swords of English officers fell sympathizingly upon the pile. How little worthy were the men of officers who could thus almost mutiny for their sakes! And as weeks and months passed on, with their fearful tale of revelations, there were few of those officers who did not learn, and with equal generosity acknowledge, that the disarming had been most wise and just.

"For the results of this measure we had not long to wait. As we rode down to the disarming, a very few chiefs and yeomen of the country attended us; and I remember judging from their faces that they came to see which way the tide would turn. As we rode back, friends were as thick as summer flies: and levies began from that moment to come in. Results.

"That night about two hundred and fifty Sepoys of the 51st Native Infantry deserted and fled in every direction. They were promptly seized by the people of the district and the police, and, extraordinary to say, were brought in alive, though loaded with money, the savings of their pay. The ringleader, the subahdar-major * of the regiment, had about Rs. 800 upon his person, every rupee of which was brought in.

"As an instance of the obstinate infatuation of the older Commandants of the native troops at this juncture, I may mention that the Colonel of the 51st Native Infantry, when called on to draw up the 'charge' for the trial of these deserters, simply charged them with 'being absent without leave!' though General Cotton changed it at once to the plain English of 'desertion!' The subahdar-major was hanged before the whole garrison on parade, and was the first mutineer executed at Peshâwur. First execution by the military at Peshâwur.

"When the mutineers of the 55th Native Infantry at Nowshera broke across the river on May 21 to join the main body of their regiment at Murdan, we at Peshâwur from that moment considered the whole regiment practically in revolt, and the Fort of Murdan as in the hands of an enemy; and one reason for disarming the Peshâwur native garrison on the 22nd was to be free to march against the 55th Native Infantry. Accordingly, as soon as the disarming was accomplished, a Force was organized to start that

* This man wrote one portion of the letter to the 64th Native Infantry, which has been given above.

evening. But rumours came in that the 64th Native Infantry were marching on Peshâwur, and it was deemed best to wait till we could see how that Corps and the Khilat-i-Ghilzie had taken the disarming of their comrades. All that was done, therefore, on the 22nd was to bring Major Vaughan's regiment (5th Punjab Infantry) from Attock to Nowshera to protect the families of her Majesty's 27th Regiment against any return of the mutineers from Murdan, or any outbreak of the 10th Irregular Cavalry.

Mutiny of the 55th at Murdân.

"On May 23 the officer commanding the latter regiment at Nowshera reported that the 55th at Murdan were in a state of mutiny. The colonel of the 55th at Murdan reported much the same of the 10th Irregular Cavalry, of which he had a detachment. Each lamented the sad effect of such neighbours on the corps he commanded.

"Lieutenant Horne, the Civil officer at Murdan, an unprejudiced party, arbitrated between the two; and escaping from the fort, took refuge with the Chiefs of Yoosufzaie, for the sufficient reason that the Sepoys of the 55th had threatened to murder their own officers, and the men of the 10th Irregular Cavalry proposed 'roasting Lieutenant Horne.'*

"It seems almost incredible, but the Colonel of the 55th Native Infantry (a devoted soldier who lived for his regiment) reported to General Cotton that he had implicit confidence in his men, whom he considered to be only acting under 'a panic' (though at this very moment his men were arranging to join the 64th Native Infantry at Abazye, and then march on Peshâwur and raise the garrison)! He begged earnestly that no force might be moved against them from Peshâwur, and he declined an offer secretly made to him by about two hundred Sikh recruits, to fight the rest of the regiment if the Colonel would only separate them from the Poorbeahs and give them arms.

* The duffadar who was spokesman on this occasion was shot by order of a "drum-head court martial," on the morning of May 26.

"But the do-nothing policy was not for General Cotton. In the course of the 22nd and morning of 23rd it was seen that all was quiet at the other outposts, and at eleven o'clock at night of the 23rd a force of three hundred European Infantry, two hundred and fifty Irregular Cavalry, Horse levies, and police, and eight guns (of which six were howitzers), left Peshâwur under command of Colonel Chute of her Majesty's 70th, accompanied by Colonel Nicholson as political officer, and neared Murdan about sunrise of the 25th, after effecting a junction with Major Vaughan and two hundred Punjab Infantry from Nowshera.

"No sooner did this force appear in the distance than the 55th Native Infantry, with the exception of about one hundred and twenty men, broke from the fort and fled, as Colonel Chute well described it, 'tumultuously' towards the hills of Swât. At first it was supposed that these one hundred and twenty men were loyal, but the European officers had stopped them as they were following their comrades, and by threats and persuasions divided them from the rest.

Colonel Nicholson in pursuit.

"Then followed a pursuit which, to look back on, is to renew all sorrow for the dear-bought victory of Delhi. Chase was given with both Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry, but the mutineers had got far ahead, and bad ground so checked the guns that they never got within range. Colonel Nicholson, with a handful of horsemen,* hurled himself like a thunderbolt on the route of a thousand mutineers. Even he (in a private note to me; for he seldom reported officially anything that he did himself) admitted

* I speak here of his own police sowars. There were some Irregular Cavalry, but they only pretended to act. Captain Law, who commanded a party of 10th Irregular Cavalry, got wounded in setting a vain example to his men, one of whom treacherously fired into the 5th Punjab Infantry, and was instantly killed. The 5th, under Major Vaughan, followed as close as infantry could do, and showed admirable spirit throughout the day.

that 'the 55th fought determinately, as men always do who have no chance of escape but by their own exertions.'

"They broke before his charge, and scattered over the country in sections and in companies. They were hunted out of villages, and grappled with in ravines, and driven over ridges all that day, from Fort Murdan to the border of Swât, and found respite only in the failing light. A hundred and twenty of their dead bodies were numbered on their line of flight, and thrice that number must have borne off wounds. A hundred and fifty were taken prisoners, and the Regimental colours and two hundred stand of arms were recovered.

"Colonel Nicholson himself was twenty hours in the saddle, and under a burning sun could not have traversed less than seventy miles. His own sword brought many a traitor to the dust.

"The people of the border-valley of Loondkhar favoured rather than opposed the fugitives, and upwards of six hundred made good their flight into Swât.

Suicide of their Colonel.

"The Colonel of the 55th Native Infantry, unable to endure the disgrace of the corps he had so loved and trusted, committed suicide. Never, perhaps, had any mercenary troops in the world, foreign leaders who so thoroughly identified themselves with their men as the English officers of the Bengal army, and never was generous confidence more diabolically abused than theirs.

"It appeared afterwards that there had long been intrigues going on between the 55th and the 64th Native Infantry and the 10th Irregular Cavalry and the Hindostanee fanatics in Swât and the neighbouring hills, and that two Hindostanee Moulvies in the Collectorate of Murdan were the hosts of the emissaries who passed to and fro. They both fled the night before the force came from Peshâwur, but one was caught months afterwards and hanged.

"And now another cloud seemed gathering on the frontier. The noted outlaw Ajoon Khan came down to Prângâr, invited, as it was believed, by our Hindostanee troops in the Fort of Abazye at the head of the Swât River. His native home and former lands lay close to Abazye; and had he been joined by the five hundred armed fugitives of the 55th Native Infantry, had boldly come down to Abazye and got the fort betrayed to him by the garrison, the whole frontier would have been in a flame. Nothing seemed more likely. But the danger was promptly met. The outlaw Ajoon Khan.

"The force with Colonels Chute and Nicholson was nearly doubled from Peshâwur, and moved rapidly to cover the threatened outpost, and both the Hindostanee troops and the frontier tribes saw that, after disarming four regiments and routing another, we still had a movable column in the field, and were standing in an eminently aggressive attitude, challenging any one to move. Ajoon Khan withdrew into the hills, and our little force encamped upon the border till Delhi should be regained.

"Delhi, however, was not to be recovered by a *coup de main.* The Hindoo Sepoys, having mutinied about a cartridge, had nothing to propose for an empire, and fell in of necessity with the only policy that was feasible at the moment—a Mohammedan King of Delhi; and certainly no other policy could have given such life to the coming struggle. Changed aspects of affairs regarding Delhi.

"Hitherto the question had been purely domestic between the English and their Hindostanee army, a quarrel in which the Afghan tribes would merely desire to be on the conquering side. But a war between the Moslem and the Christian for Empire must needs agitate every village in which there was a mosque and a moollah, and the city of Peshâwur in particular, with its sixty thousand inhabitants, had always been a hotbed of intrigue. War between Moslem and Christian for empire.

Humanly speaking, I consider that the border at this critical period was mainly kept under by the levying of a Militia.

Peshâwur Militia enlisted.

"Afghans are fanatical, but avarice is their ruling passion. Every idle vagrant, every professional robber, every truculent student in the mosques, at whose finger-ends fanaticism was beginning to tingle, found a market for his sword. The population of the Peshâwur Valley had never been disarmed. Being liable to raids from their hill neighbours, they had been allowed to keep arms in their houses, although none but outside villagers might wear arms abroad. It was not difficult, therefore, to collect any number of armed footmen at a short notice. Good horses are not plentiful in this irrigated country, but the headmen of every village have two or three hacks, and the enlistment of their farm servants on these rips, attached all the hamlets one by one to our cause, and got up quite a hearty feeling, such as certainly I never saw before among them. One can smile now at the scenes that took place morning and evening at the hours of enlistment.

"It was necessary to sustain the dignity of the Imperial Government even in our distress. Long before the time crowds of candidates for employment thronged the gateways and overflowed into the garden, the jockeys of unconquerably vicious horses endeavouring to reduce them to a show of docility, by galloping them furiously about till the critical moment of inspection came.

"At last, sick at heart from the receipt of a bad telegram from the provinces, but endeavouring to look happy, out I used to go and face some hundreds of the Chiefs and yeomen of the country, all eager to gather from the Commissioner Sahib's countenance how the 'King of Delhi' was getting on. Then the first horseman would be brought up; the beast, perhaps, would not move.

"The rider, the owner, and all the neighbours would

assail him with whips, sticks, stones, and Pushtoo reproaches that might have moved a rock. But nothing would do till the attempt was given up and the brute's head turned the other way, when he went off at a gallop, amid roars of laughter from the Puthâns, who have the keenest perception of both fun and vice. Scene of the enlistment.

"No. 2 would make a shift to come up, but every man and boy in the crowd could see that he was lame on two or three legs. Then the argument began, and leg by leg, blemish by blemish, the animal was proved by a multitude of witnesses (who had known him for very many years) to be 'perfectly sound!'

"And so the enlistment went on from day to day, affording immense occupation, profit, and amusement to the people, and answering a great many good ends. Now and then an orderly of the Hindostanee Irregular Cavalry, admirably armed and mounted, would pass the spot, and mark his opinion of the levies by a contemptuous smile. But, nevertheless, he told his comrades in the lines that the country people were all with the English, and it was of no use to desert or to intrigue. Its good effect.

"About this time, too, I issued a proclamation that any deserter might be killed wherever found in the district, and the property on his person be appropriated by the captor. About forty or fifty Sepoys were killed in making for the Indus, and this destroyed all confidence between the soldiery and the people.

"As an instance of the strange things that happened in those days, I may mention that one morning three hundred Afreedees of the Mullickdeen-Kheyl tribe, who were in disgrace and under a blockade, marched from the hills into cantonments, armed to the teeth, and said they had come to fight for us and be forgiven. Afreedee volunteers.

"I accepted them at once, and they now form the nucleus of one of the new Punjab regiments. They were the men

who repulsed the first assault of the 51st Native Infantry when it rose.

Mooltânee Puthâns.

"Now, too, our old friends the Mooltânee Puthâns* began to arrive from the Derajât, to help us through a second 'crisis'; and their example did a world of good. At first the moollahs abused them for coming to the aid of the infidels; but it was soon seen that the Mooltânees were rigid Mussulmans, who never missed a prayer, and many of whom rode with the Korân at their saddle-bow. Yet they announced that they came to fight for friends who had used them well; and most of the officers had a tale to tell of what they had got for their services in the last campaign: a pension, or a garden, or perhaps even that climax of good things—a bit of land in perpetuity. And what Peshâwuree had not heard that Foûjdar Khân, the present British vakeel at Cabul, was one of these very Mooltânees; that he began the war of 1848 as a jemadar of twenty-four Sowars, and is now a real Nawâb and the Ambassador of a state! It is impossible, indeed, to overrate the good influence that was exercised in the district by the marked loyalty of the Mooltânees. They have set a fashion which the Peshâwurees have followed, as well as double-minded men can copy a simpler Race, and I hope that the feeling will not altogether die away.

Gratitude for past favours and rewards, shown in faithful service.

"While Colonel Nicholson's activity in the field and the enlistment of levies were thus keeping the district quiet, General Cotton was day by day getting the mastery over his mutinous Sepoy garrison by a stern, unswerving maintenance of discipline. On May 29 the subahdar-major of 51st Native Infantry before alluded to was hanged in presence of the troops. The whole garrison was made to stand and see their ringleader executed with ignominy. It was said that they would not come out of their lines; but had they refused, or had there been a move among them on the

* The old levies of Mooltân and Bunnoo days.

parade, the General had prepared everything to put them to the bayonet. The scoundrels felt it, and stood like statues.

Display of loyalty in the Khilât-i-Ghilzie regiment.

"On May 30 a single Sepoy of the Khilât-i-Ghilzie regiment broke out into frantic mutiny and rushed to the magazine. He was instantly shot down by his comrades, and the incident deserves to be recorded to the honour of the regiment and the officers who held it in that state of good feeling and discipline. The officers were Captain F. Mundy and Lieutenant G. C. Rowcroft.

"On June 3 twelve of the 51st deserters were hanged before the paraded garrison.

"On the same morning one detachment of the 64th Native Infantry at Abazye was disarmed by the force with Colonel Chute and Colonel Nicholson, and another detachment of the 64th at Shubkudder was disarmed by a party under Major Brougham of the Mountain Train, who next day went on to Michnee and disarmed the rest of that disaffected corps. It was hopeless for the 64th Native Infantry to resist this measure, because at each of the three outposts they were placed between the loyal Khilât-i-Ghilzies and the disarming force.

"So marked was the staunchness of the Khilât-i-Ghilzie regiment, that General Cotton published a Division Order on June 3 specially exempting them from being disarmed, as 'in no instance had a breath of suspicion as to the fidelity of that Corps been entertained.'

Association of native with European soldiers in one corps.

"And here I will turn to measures of another kind, not of repression, but of Military reorganization, which were originated at this early period. The eventful month of May had not elapsed before General Cotton had begun to make the most of his reliable material. He began by drawing volunteers from the Queen's Infantry regiments, and mounting and arming them with horses and arms taken from the 5th Light Cavalry, thus securing an escort for his Artillery which could be relied on in the worst emergencies. The

design was subsequently improved by an entirely new idea, and one which may yet be found extensively useful in re-organizing an army for India, viz. the association of Native with European soldiers in the same corps, in a proportion sufficient to be useful, and moderate enough to be safe. To two European Troops General Cotton gave one native Troop of selected men from the 5th Light Cavalry. The Natives relieve the Europeans of many harassing duties, and thus leave a maximum of Europeans for actual service.

The Peshâwur Light Horse.

"By working continually with the Europeans, the Natives acquire a degree of *esprit de corps*, and the system is a step towards bringing the two races together in daily life, and ignoring caste. For this reason it is less likely to be popular with the Hindoo than the Mohammedan soldiers.

"The Puthâns, whose manners at least are open and frank, take to the idea readily. And should the future Native Army be organized on the system of the Punjab Irregular Force, the success of which entirely depends on the selection of officers (which selection will have then to be made from the officers of the European regiments) it would seem almost indispensable to have some plan such as this of the Peshâwur Light Horse for bringing officers to a knowledge of native soldiers and eliciting an aptitude to commaud them.

New measures for re-organization.

"On June 4 another excellent idea was telegraphed by Sir John Lawrence to General Cotton, viz. to pick out all Sikhs and other Punjabees from the Hindostanee regiments of the line, (where they were lost among a crowd of rebels,) and form them into a separate corps. General Cotton acted on it at once, and a fine regiment was thus raised by Captain Cave, which took its part in all subsequent operations.

"On June 5 General Cotton projected a new European battery of Artillery, of nine-pounder guns lying in the magazine, to be manned and driven by more volunteers from the Queen's Infantry regiments and horsed by the horses taken from the 5th Light Cavalry. This was entrusted to

Captain Stallard, of the Artillery, and in three months, notwithstanding the hot weather, the battery was perfectly efficient, a result which could only have been obtained by extraordinary exertions on the part of both officers and men.

"The measure was extended, with the same happy result, to Captain Cox's Troop of native Horse Artillery, the native Artillerymen being replaced with European volunteers.

"It is true that these measures diminished the strength of the European Infantry regiments, but it does not require much reflection to decide that they strengthened the Garrison a hundredfold. And it is in this economy and mastery of resources that an able General is discovered.

"I believe it was some time in May that the Chief Commissioner ordered every Commandant of the Punjab Irregular Infantry regiments to raise four additional companies, but there was only one such regiment in the Peshâwur Valley; and on June 6 I obtained authority to establish a separate depôt at Peshâwur, for Afghan recruits, which soon after was embodied as the 18th Regiment of Punjab Infantry, commanded by Captain Bartlett.

Raising of Peshâwur Irregulars, 1857.

"Indeed, the necessity of raising a new native army in the Punjab with which to replace the Bengal regiments that were rebelling at station after station, and eke out the forces available for the siege of Delhi, soon became self-evident, and Sir John Lawrence set himself vigorously to the work in every part of his province. Thus, in the Peshâwur Valley three more Irregular regiments were raised—the 8th, by Lieutenant C. H. Brownlow; the 9th, by Captain Thelwall; and the 14th, by Major Shakespear. These four new Punjab corps are still in the valley, and during the late cold season have been worked up by General Cotton to a high state of efficiency; so that it may be truly said that what with new Artillery, new Cavalry, new Infantry, and levies of Border Horsemen, the Peshâwur Division not only

passed through this great Mutiny without disaster, but moulted a bad Garrison and replumed itself with a better.

The Land Transport Train.

"Before quitting the subject of new organizations which grew out of the Mutiny, I ought here to mention the Land Transport train, though it was not matured till the middle of July.

"In a crisis caused by the native troops, of course the main reliance of Government was on the European soldiers, and no expedition of any importance could be undertaken without them. It became, therefore, a great object to move them in the hot season with the least possible fatigue; and, during the earlier months of the Mutiny, General Cotton transported his Europeans from point to point on elephants and in the small carts of the Engineer department. But both those means of conveyance were found troublesome and fatiguing to the men. This led to the construction of the Land Transport Train out of material that was at hand.

"A number of spare ammunition-waggons were fitted up by Lieutenant H. R. Brownlow, Deputy-Commissary of Ordnance, so that sixteen men could ride in each waggon, and their arms be stowed away in the lockers on which they sat. The waggons were to be drawn by commissariat-bullocks at regular stages along the road; and it was found that, if necessary, the Train could thus accomplish forty miles in one night. The trial trip was made in the Cantonment on July 4 by General Cotton, with fifteen ladies and gentlemen as passengers, the waggon being ornamented with evergreens, and drawn (for this occasion only) by six Artillery horses, which were ridden by six staff-officers.

"The experiment created much amusement in very gloomy times, and, having been pronounced perfectly successful, the Train was regularly organized the very next day; and it proved of invaluable service when the autumnal sickness set in with more than its usual virulence.

Its results.

"The European soldiery viewed this thoughtful effort in

their behalf with gratitude. It literally opened a way to them to get out of this fatal valley when prostrated by fever, and though many fine fellows fell victims to the disease, there is no question that many were rescued from death by being removed to Rawul Pindee in the Land Transport train.

Swât affairs.

"I return now to the narrative of events. It is well known that in the first years of our rule in this valley the border was chiefly disturbed by the hostility of the neighbouring country of Swât. An aged priest, called the Akhoond, had hitherto been the pope of that country; but, taking the usual Asiatic view of the English career in India, (that it was one of aggressive design,) he expected us to annex Swât as soon as we had settled Peshâwur. He therefore advised the Swâtees to create one Syud Ukbar King of Swât, and pay him a tithe of their crops to enable him to keep up soldiers for their defence. This was accordingly done, and the King, to justify his own existence, made himself as bad a neighbour to the English as he could do without actually drawing down an Expedition on his head.

"It might naturally have been expected, therefore, that this Bâdshah of Swât would be at the head of all mischief when the troubles of 1857 overtook us. It is a remarkable fact, however, that he died on May 11, the very day that the first news of the Mutiny reached Peshâwur, so that Swât itself was simultaneously plunged into civil war, and naturally entirely preoccupied with its own affairs. The question was as to the succession—king or no king?

"Syud Mobâruk Shah, son of the deceased Syud Ukbar, wished to succeed his father. But the Swâtees had grown tired of tithes, and called on the Akhoond to excommunicate the heir-apparent.

Reappearance and retribution of the 55th

"Both sides called in their friends and allies, and prepared to settle it by arms. It was at this juncture that five hundred of the fugitive Sepoys of the 55th Native Infantry,

Regiment of Native Infantry.

who had escaped from Colonel Nicholson's pursuit, burst upon the scene. They were at once taken into the young King's service; but, after fighting one battle, they demanded pay. The King (not being in funds) borrowed Rs. 100 from the leader of Sepoys, a grey-haired jemadar, and distributed them among the mutineers; but when this supply was exhausted, the full extent of their folly and misery seems to have struck the hoary ringleader, for he blew out his own brains. The Swâtees tied a stone to his body, and flung it into the river, which perhaps before many days may have carried it down through that Cantonment of Nowshera where the 55th Native Infantry had, month after month, drawn the high pay of the most indulgent Government in the world, for doing little but pipe-claying belts and varnishing cartridge-boxes.

"Had the Akhoond of Swât at this time, standing forward as the champion of the Faith, preached a Crescentade against us, and, hushing intestine strife, moved across the passes and descended into the Peshâwur Valley with all the prestige of the 55th Sepoys in his favour, I do not doubt that he would have excited among our subjects that spirit of religious zeal which may be overlaid for a while, but is never extinguished by material prosperity. Instead of this, he suddenly sided with the popular party, dismissed the 55th Sepoys, with guides to conduct them across the Indus, and expelled the young King from Swât.

"This conclusion assured the peace of our northern frontier; and Colonel Nicholson, with Colonel Chute's movable column, returned to Cantonments in the second week of June.

"But we were soon to lose him. The death of Colonel Chester at Delhi called Brigadier-General Neville Chamberlain to the high post of Adjutant-General; and Colonel Nicholson was instinctively selected to take command of the Punjab movable column, with the rank of Brigadier-General.

"How common sense revenges itself upon defective systems, when real dangers assail a State! Had there been no struggle for life or death, when would Neville Chamberlain and John Nicholson, in the prime of their lives, with all their faculties of doing and enduring, have attained the rank of Brigadier-General? Why should we keep down in peace the men we must put up in war?

James returns to Peshâwur aDeputy-Commissioner.

"Captain James, the Chief Commissioner's Secretary, now took General Nicholson's place in the Peshâwur district as Deputy-Commissioner, of which he had previously had charge for several years. A stranger would, indeed, have been useless at this crisis, when success depended on local knowledge and personal influence.

"After the break-up of Colonel Chute's column, the Fort of Murdan was garrisoned by the head-quarters of Major Vaughan's regiment (5th Punjab Infantry), and the Nowshera Cantonment by the 4th Punjab Infantry, commanded by Captain Wilde, both ready to move to the Swât frontier, should it be again disturbed.

"On June 19 I advocated (in the search for new military classes) the raising of a corps of Muzzubees, (Sweepers who became Sikhs,) of whom many hundreds were working on canals of the Punjab. The idea was ultimately carried out, and improved, by making them Pioneers.

"About this time, and indeed frequently throughout the crisis, rumours were rife of a rising in the Peshâwur city; and on June 22 the military arrangements on the city side of the Cantonments were greatly improved by the establishment of a strong picket, in the houses of the late Colonel Mackeson and Colonel Phillips.

"I may here say that the mischief to be feared from the citizens of Peshâwur is more of the pen and the tongue than of the sword, though the town is full of a rabble who would plunder and stab freely, in the rear of a disaster.

"On June 26 General Cotton brought the 10th Irregular

Cavalry to account for their repeated instances of disaffection. Part of the regiment was in Peshâwur and part in Nowshera. Both were simultaneously dealt with. Their arms, their horses and property, were taken from them and confiscated, (in pity to the women and children a baggage-pony was left with every family,) and the whole of the men were hurried down to Attock, where they were dismissed with Rs. 2 each, just enough to carry them to their homes.

10th Irregular Cavalry dismissed to their homes for disaffection.

"It was a sight, indeed, to see these traitors brought from their saddles to their feet and told to walk to their own provinces, or starve. Their countenances, when stripped and searched in a masterly manner by a company of the 3rd Punjab Infantry, I never shall forget.

"The winding up of the accounts of this regiment afforded a lesson. The corps was Rs. 60,000 in debt to its bankers; and all the horses, and arms, and property, and arrears of pay, did little more than clear the account.

"To give a banker to a native regiment is to invite two-thirds of the men to run in debt, and a corps that is in debt can never be really in sound discipline or serviceable condition. It would be far better for Government to advance to needy recruits the price of their horse and equipments, and recover it by instalments. The pay of Irregular Cavalry has wisely been raised from Rs. 20 to Rs. 25; but this will be of little use if money-lenders are allowed to eat it up.

"In the beginning of July General Cotton not only deprived all the disarmed regiments of their extra batta, but put them on subsistence allowance, to their great disgust.

"Two of the frontier outposts, Forts Mackeson and Bârâ, were garrisoned at the outbreak of the Mutiny by detachments of the 24th Native Infantry. Bârâ, being only six miles from Cantonments, was promptly dealt with.

"The Sepoys were withdrawn and disarmed, and a

garrison of my Mooltânee levies was thrown in. But Fort Mackeson was allowed to stand over till we were more at leisure. It was soon reported to me that the Sepoys in this outpost were brewing all kinds of plans. At first they ventured to think of marching by night on the Cantonment of Peshâwur and raising the other troops. But they finally turned their attention to escaping from the valley, and offered Rs. 3000 to the Afreedees of Boree to pilot them through the hills to some ferry of the Indus.

"These overtures were readily entertained by the worst characters of Boree, but were disapproved by the elders of the tribe, who reported them to Captain Henderson at Kohât.

"It was highly probable that, had the garrison trusted themselves to the Afreedees, they would have been all robbed and murdered; but it was possible, also, that the Afreedees might keep faith, and a dangerous example be set. General Cotton decided to take the initiative and disarm them, and the duty was entrusted to me.

"I had Mooltânee levies coming at the time from the Derajât to the Peshâwur, and a detachment of the 3rd and 6th Punjab Infantry returning from Peshâwur to Kohât. By a simple arrangement these two parties were made to meet near Fort Mackeson, on July 6, so that it was only necessary to slip out of the Peshâwur Cantonment at night, with two of Major Brougham's mountain-guns and an escort of Horse, and join them. Before dawn on the 7th we had surrounded the fort, and placed the guns in position.

"The Sepoys were entirely surprised; and at the summons of their commanding officer, Major Shakespear, who was of our party, came out and laid down their arms. One of their number, a havildar from Oude, was absent, and in the course of the day was brought in to us from the hills, where he had gone to arrange matters for his comrades. On examining the men's pouches, 230 rounds of

ammunition were missing, doubtless having been given to the Afreedees in the course of the negotiations. A Mooltânee garrison was then left in Fort Mackeson. The Oude havildar was tried, convicted, and blown from a gun.

"Scarcely had this little affair been disposed of than, on July 9, two Afreedees of the Sipah tribe entered the lines of the 18th Irregular Cavalry, and presented to the Hindostanee Sowars a letter from Mullick Surâjoodeen, the head of their tribe, and one of the most powerful men in the Khyber. The letter offered an asylum in the writer's hills to any black men (Hindostanees are generally thus described by the Afghan tribes, even in written correspondence), either of the Cavalry or Infantry, who chose to mutiny and come to him. And it artfully hinted that he had authority from Cabul for giving this invitation.

18th Irregular Cavalry faithful.

"Strange to say, the men of the 18th Irregular Cavalry at once took the emissaries and the letter to their Commanding-officer, Major Ryves, an act of loyalty for which two or three of them were promoted.

"The whole affair was so mysterious, that instead of hanging the emissaries, I put them in prison, and sent to ask the Sipah chief if he had written the letter. He at once acknowledged it, and said, 'if the black men had come, he meant to give them up.' At my invitation he came down to see me, and adhered firmly to this account; and is, at this moment, doing everything he can to deserve the release of his two messengers. More unaccountable people than these Hill-men I suppose never were!

Caste companies.

"On July 13 General Cotton introduced into the regiments of Regular Native Infantry the principle of caste companies which had been a distinctive feature of the Punjab Irregular system. While Hindoos of Oude were mixed up indiscriminately with Mohammedans of Oude, the Mohammedans could always carry away the Hindoos by superior force of character.

"By separating the castes and religions, a series of class-feelings were evoked, and an approach made to counteraction. It is also much happier for the men, and the principle should not again be lost sight of. The Poorbeah soldiers have always perfectly comprehended the political action of this principle, and when, after the annexation of the Punjab, Government ordered two hundred Sikhs to be enlisted in every regiment of the native army, they wheedled their colonels into distributing them, twenty in each company, by which the intention of Government was quietly neutralized. (Some regiments went still farther, and persuaded their officers that 'these Sikhs were dirty, and spoilt the appearance of the old Pultun' (Regiment); so that the officers did not like those Sikhs, and somehow or other the Sikhs were not enlisted—insuperable difficulties were found in procuring them. Never was any order of Government wiser, or worse attended to.)

"It has already been related how Syud Mobâruk Shah, son of the late King of Swât, as well as the mutineers of the 55th Native Infantry, had been dismissed by the Swâtees and told to seek their fortunes elsewhere. The mass of the fugitive Sepoys, with desperate courage, set their faces towards Cashmere. They could not imagine that Maharajah Golâb Sing, who had a foot in each boat in the war of 1848–49, would not, in this more awful crisis, leap into the argosy of Rebellion; and they anticipated a ready asylum at his court, if they could only reach it.

"Major Becher, then Deputy-Commissioner of Hazâra, has vividly described in his report their wretched wanderings from glen to glen, mountain to mountain, to starve, to drop, die, fight, fall, drown, or hang at last. But there had been a few who shrank from the perils of that enterprise, and accompanied Syud Mobâruk Shah into the Valley of Punjtâr, which adjoins the Yoosufzaie side of the Valley of Peshâwur.

"Here they found a colony of Hindostanee Mohammedans of the Wahâbee sect, headed by a Moolvie named Inayut Ali, who, in return for lands at a place called Mungul Thannah, support the Khan of Punjtâr in oppressing his own clan. Either this chief (Mokûrrub Khân) or the clan used to be constantly calling in our border officers to arbitrate their mutual disputes, and, our decisions being generally in favour of the people, incurred for us the hatred of the Khan.

Another flame on the border.

"The present was a good opportunity to vent it, and he determined to light a flame on our border.

"He commenced by sending a party of the Hindostanees and other vagabonds, under his cousin Meer Baz Khan, into our nearest villages, and instigating them to 'raise the standard of the Prophet;' or, in other words, to refuse to pay their revenue! The news reached Lieutenant Horne, the Assistant Commissioner at Murdan, on July 1; and by daylight the next morning Major Vaughan, then commanding the fort at Murdan, fell upon them, with about four hundred Horse and Foot and two mountain guns; killed Meer Baz Khan; took prisoner a Rohilla leader named Jân Mahommed Khan, hanged him and Mullick Yurreef, the head man of the rebels; burnt two of the villages which had revolted; fined others; and extinguished this spark of mischief.

"Nothing could have been better than the promptness of this example.

"Captain James, Deputy-Commissioner, at once repaired to the scene of these disturbances, and by his judgment, courage, and intelligence, the Yoosufzaie border was saved at this period from a general rise.

Sympathy and intercourse between Delhi and the hill tribes.

"The most disastrous tidings came daily from Hindostan, and echoed in still more alarming voices among the hills. Special messengers made their way from Delhi, and proclaimed the extinction of the Nazarenes

in the Moghul capital. Others came from the Peshâwur Cantonment, and invited the Ghâzees (religious fanatics) to descend and inflame the country. The Ghâzees came with the Moulvie at their head, and planted their standard (embroidered with butchery from the Korân) on the heights of Nuringee.

"This mountain-village was so strongly situated that the police scarcely dared to go near it, and it became a refuge for every evil-doer. Its inhabitants, about four hundred in number, welcomed the Moulvie with delight. Nuringee.

"The holy war seemed auspiciously opened with every requisite—a priest, a banner, a fastness, a howling crowd of bigots, and several days' provisions.

"But on the morning of July 21 Captain James surprised them with a force of eight hundred Horse and Foot and four mountain guns, under command of Major Vaughan, and put them to a disastrous flight, which the Moulvie headed so precipitately that his mystic banner remained in the hands of the infidels! No less than fifty or sixty of the Ghâzees were slain, and the lower village of Nuringee was destroyed.

"The weather was fearfully hot, and the troops were too exhausted to destroy Upper Nuringee. In a few days the Moulvie returned with a larger band than ever from Boneyr and Punjtâr, and reoccupied the position.

"General Cotton sent reinforcements from Peshâwur; and on August 3 Captain James and Major Vaughan, with fourteen hundred men, assailed the place again. The Ghâzees had thrown up some formidable entrenchments, and danced and yelled as they saw a small column advancing in their front.

"Their shouts were answered by British cheers from a second column, under Lieutenant Hoste, which had gained the heights by a bypath, and now appeared above Nuringee. A general flight took place; thirty of the

Ghâzees died running stoutly, and three were taken prisoners, amongst whom was a Moulvie from Bareilly, who was summarily hanged.

"The village was then knocked down by elephants, and its towers blown up by the Engineers. Nuringee was at last destroyed.

"General Cotton, in his divisional orders, passed a well-merited encomium on Captain James for his management of these affairs.

"In one of his reports Captain James made the following just remarks: 'I do not myself entertain the same high opinion of the services of the Khans of Yoosufzaie as is held by some. . . . I have observed a general wish on the part of the Khans to strengthen themselves, etc. . . . But I believe they are none of them actually disloyal. Their apparent restlessness is caused, I think, by a fear lest our power should fail us, and circumstances oblige them to look after their own interests.' Major Becher, in Hazâra, and Captain Henderson, in Kohât, observed the same restlessness and anxiety among the chiefs as to the result of the struggle. Those *out* of possession were the only parties glad of the convulsion; those *in* possession (of course, the larger majority) were restless from fear of our Government being overthrown.

"Thus the loyal and disloyal alike had to cast about for their old factions and supporters.

Remarks upon the loyalty of the hill Khans.

"I watched this matter closely throughout the Division, and my deliberate conviction is that the masses of both chiefs and people, though retaining their prejudices of race and religion, have no material grievance, and are conscious of the solid advantages of our rule.

"To show, however, how entirely native conscience was at this time destroyed, I would adduce the conduct of the commercial classes, for whose special protection and profit our revenue system would seem to have been devised. If

there was any body of men in India who ought to have come forward to help us in difficulty, it was 'the monied interest.' An opportunity was afforded them about the middle of July, by the Financial Commissioner opening a six per cent. Punjab Loan, repayable in a year.

Raising the six per cent. Punjab Loan.

"I first summoned the chief native gentlemen of the city, and consulted them on this delicate topic. They looked very grave, made many wise remarks on the duty of everybody to help such a paternal Government, and affected an entire freedom from the vulgar belief that the English raj (rule) was coming to an end. But it was clearly their opinion that not a rupee would be subscribed.

"The wealthiest man in Peshâwur fell into a complete stupor the instant a loan was named, and was evidently considering how to escape rather than how to raise it. And another great man, for whom our Government had recovered the best part of a lakh of rupees from a subject of Cashmere, and on whom a pension of Rs. 500 a month had been conferred, shook his head seriously, and prophesied that to raise a loan in the city at this crisis would be found 'no child's play!'

"However, they all undertook to sound the city corporation and bring up the chief capitalists before me the next day.

"About two hours after the appointed time the city magnates slunk in, each trying to make himself as small as possible, and to sit in any row except the front.

"That hyperbole of gratitude for the prosperity enjoyed under our shadow, that lavish presentation of trays of fruits and sugar-candy with which these comfortable men formerly rolled into 'the presence,' what had become of it? Alas! all had vanished with our prestige! Behold a Government, not only opening a loan, but imperatively needing it. Not a man would lend a farthing, if he could help it!

"Seeing this written in their faces, I opened the meeting by fining them all round for wasting two hours in times like these, and then asked them what arrangements they proposed. They asked leave to withdraw to the next room; and, after half an hour more consultation, deliberately came back and said, 'they thought Rs. 15,000 might be raised, with a little contrivance, in the course of a few months.' Whether they subscribed a few lakhs or not to the loan seemed to me, under the existing circumstances, quite a secondary consideration to whether the prestige of Government should be destroyed in the Peshâwur Valley by being denied a loan in the city. It was a trial of strength, and I told the corporation that, with reference to the wealth of the merchants, I considered they could, without any inconvenience, subscribe five lakhs, which amount I intended to realize; but I would rather they assessed themselves according to the means of the respective firms, so I gave them a day to make out the Assessment.

"They at once settled down to the details; but as every house desired to throw an unfair share on its neighbour, I placed the Assessment in the hands of the Government treasurer, who carried it out with a patience, firmness, good nature, and impartiality which I cannot too highly praise.

"In the end, a loan of four lakhs was arranged. No less than half a lakh was put upon the individual before named as 'the wealthiest man in Peshâwur;' and, having once assured himself that it must be done, he took the lead in all the arrangements, and rode up to my house with about Rs. 20,000 worth of gold coins in his saddle-bags, which he threw down on the floor, laughing heartily at the whole business.

"The loan operated very well on public opinion. The people enjoyed seeing the money-lenders brought to book, and they respected the power which asserted itself in diffi-

culties. The capitalists themselves were at once interested in the course of good order.

"There was one Chief who had fallen much under suspicion. For years he had done as little for Government as he could help; his sons had not come forward now with any efficient aid, and he himself was reported to be sending his money off to safe places in the hills. At one time I contemplated treating him in the most summary manner. But it seemed a duty to put off all severe measures as long as possible, and though he did nothing for us, he did nothing against us.

"When the loan was organized, I turned it to good account with this Chief. I sent for him, and told him how he stood in my judgment, and how impossible it was for a jageerdar to remain neutral and keep his jageer.* 'What would you have me do?' he asked. I told him to pay in Rs. 12,000 to the loan, and to send two sons down to Hindostan with fifty horsemen.

"He agreed, and became a new man from that moment. His sons are with Major Stokes, watching the ferries of the Ganges, and rendering good service. He is himself, I believe, as grateful as he can be for being thus saved from disgrace, and has exerted himself in several negotiations with hill tribes.

Test of public confidence.

"There being no better index of public confidence than the Stock Exchange, I will here mention that this six per cent. paper fell during the crisis of the Rebellion as low as twenty-six per cent. discount, and that as much as two out of the four lakhs is said to have changed hands, the purchasers being chiefly European officers. At present the stock is nearly at par, the slight depreciation being rather due to native dislike of such security.

"On July 27 our reliable forces were much weakened by the march of the 4th Native Infantry to reinforce General

* Pension.

Wilson at Delhi. But the new levies in the valley had now attained an importance which fully justified the withdrawal, and we have all watched with pride the deeds which have marked the track of that corps through Hindostan.

Evacuation of Herat.

"On the same day, though the news did not reach me till August 25, the Persian army evacuated Herat under pressure of the operations in the Gulf, and, agreeable to treaty, made it over to an Afghan Sirdar. The extent of the Indian Mutinies could not, at this time, have been known at the Court of Teherân!

"And here I take leave to quote some highly suggestive passages from the diary of a native correspondent at Meshed.

Diary of a native correspondent.

"'On January 2, 1857, a proclamation from the Shah (which has been made in every province in Persia) reached Meshed to the effect that the British, having landed in Persia, had taken Bushire; that it was necessary, therefore, that true Mohammedans should rise against them and make a religious war, to cleanse these infidels from off the Persian soil. . . .

"'Shahzadah Nujjuf, a descendant of the ex-King of Delhi, at Teherân, had told the Shah that the princes and chiefs of the Indian states were ripe for a revolt against the British Government, and that a very slight movement from the Shah would be sufficient to emancipate India.

"'The Shah, therefore, sent letters under his own sign-manual to the address of the several Indian chiefs, and to Bahadoor Shah, King of Delhi, through Hajee Mirza Kazim. This Hajee is a brother of Mirza Hubeeb, who was a writer in the British Commissariat, and who was killed by his own servants between Lahore and Rawul Pindee; and Hajee Mirza Kazim some time ago recovered all his deceased brother's property, through the exertions of the English officials. He has now taken service with this Shahzadah Nujjuf from Delhi, and has deposited his family

at Meshed. He himself was deputed to go to India and deliver some of the letters from the Shah to the Kings of Delhi and Lucknow, and other letters he was to send by emissaries. He left Meshed for Herat on January 28, with ten of the King's Sowars; and his intention was, either to go through Cabul if he could, or else despatch the letters by other messengers.'

"The latest entry in the journal from which the above are extracts was March 12, 1857, and it reached me not many days after the outbreak at Meerut and Delhi, so that no suspicion can arise of these items having been concocted afterwards.

"A rising in the city of Peshâwur on the feast of the Bukra Eed (August 1) was much rumoured in the last days of July; but nothing came of it.

Dangerous report that the Trans-Indus was to be given up to Cabul.

"A far more dangerous report, which had been whispered in May, owing, it was thought, to the removal of stores from the magazine of Dera Ishmael Khan, now revived, and became very rife among the lower tribes—that the Trans-Indus territory was to be given up to the Ameer of Cabul. Our very best and staunchest supporters, such as Khwaja Mohammed Khan Khuttuck, were distressed and unsettled by this rumour; so that it is not surprising that enemies eagerly caught it up, and detailed the very date when a son of Dost Mahommed Khan was to come down and receive charge of Peshâwur.

"An emissary of that restless villain Sultan Mahommed Khan Barukzye, named Fuzul Hâdee, took advantage of the rumour, and raised a high degree of excitement among the Oruckzye tribes of Teerâh, who, for some days in August, threatened a descent upon the Kohât district. The combination was, however, broken up by the sagacity of Mozuffer Khan, the chief and Tehseeldar of Hungoo, and the report died away as our circumstances improved.

"On August 4 two out of three of the divisions of the

Zukka-Kheyl Afreedees made their submission, through Shahzadah Jumhoor, and got their blockade removed and prisoners released. On the same day the Khookee-Kheyl Afreedees of the Khyber, through the influence of the ex-Urbabs of Khuleel, who had to regain in this crisis the position they lost in the last, were induced to surrender and submit to a fine of Rs. 3000, for the murder of Lieutenant Hand.

"Nothing certainly could have been more fortunate; for the very next day a red-hot fanatic, named Syud Ameer, (of the family of the known Koonur Badshahs.) came down into the Khyber to incite the Khyberees to a holy war.

A Syud proclaims a holy war in the Khyber.

"This man had all his life been a mendicant, wandering in Peshâwur, Cabul, Teherân, Constantinople, and Mecca, and had just returned from one of these pilgrimages, with a few thousand rupees—seed enough for a goodly harvest of devilry on the frontier. He planted his green flag at the village of Gâggree, in the Peshâwur mouth of the Khyber Pass, and sent a summons to the Khookee-Kheyl Mullicks to leave me and join him in a crescentade. There is something delightful in the good conduct of thorough rascals. Who would have expected the Khookee-Kheyl to stick to their agreement of yesterday? But they did. They went back and told the Syud to be off! He cursed them well, and frightened them a good deal with his Korân, flag, and various incantations; but the most he could get from them was five days' hospitality. He certainly made the most of his time, for his emissaries came to every regiment in Peshâwur with invitations to join him.

It came to an amusing end.

"It was a most anxious period, for at any moment the Khyberees might have risen in the pass, and the Hindostanees in the Cantonments. But at the end of the five days, when the Syud showed no signs of leaving, the Khookee-Kheyl pulled up the pickets of his horses and camels, and even reverently shut up his flag; and the Syud left the pass in a storm of Arabic.

"But we had by no means done with him. He betook himself to the next tribe under blockade, the ousted Michnee Mohmunds, who received him with open arms; and again his incendiary letters and messages were introduced among the Troops.

"The most evident restlessness pervaded the disarmed regiments. Arms were said to be finding their way into the lines, in spite of all precautions; and symptoms of an organized rise began to appear. General Cotton, as usual, took the initiative. On the morning of August 28, he caused the lines of every native regiment to be simultaneously searched, the Sepoys being moved out into tents for that purpose. Swords, hatchets, muskets, pistols, bayonets, powder, ball, and caps were found stowed away in roofs, and floors, and bedding, and even drains; and, exasperated by the discovery of their plans and by the taunts of the newly raised Afreedee regiments, who were carrying out the search, the 51st Native Infantry rushed upon the piled arms of the 18th Punjab Infantry, and sent messengers to all the other Hindostanee regiments to tell them of the rise.

"For a few minutes a desperate struggle ensued. The 51st Native Infantry had been one of the finest Sepoy corps in the service, and they took the new Irregulars altogether by surprise. They got possession of several stands of arms, and used them well.

"Captain Bartlett and the other officers were overpowered by numbers and driven into a tank. But soon the Afreedee soldiers seized their arms, and then began that memorable fusilade which commenced on the Parade-ground at Peshâwur and ended at Jumrood.

"General Cotton's military arrangements in the Cantonment were perfect, for meeting such emergencies. Troops, Horse and Foot, were rapidly under arms, and in pursuit of the mutineers. Every civil officer turned out with his *posse comitatus* of levies or police, and in a quarter

of an hour the whole country was covered with the chase.

"General Cotton, in a stirring division order, thanked the troops warmly for the promptitude with which they put down this rising, and made a similar acknowledgment by letter of the services of the Civil officers. The exertions of all, on this occasion, were indeed very great.

"The mutineers rose at noon, and the heat was dreadful. Colonel Cooper, who commanded the 51st, and joined in the pursuit of his own men, died before evening from the effects of the sun. Several horses dropped down dead after only an hour or two of work.

A great danger averted.

"But the example sufficed. The disarmed regiments were paralyzed with the sudden retribution. Seven hundred comrades, who yesterday were ripe for the murder of European officers, ladies, and little children, to-day lay dead in three deep trenches.

Good effect upon the Hindostanees in Cantonment.

"The Hindostanee soldiery in Cantonment underwent a marked change from this date. Still no precautions were relaxed, and the 64th Native Infantry in particular, which was encamped between the Cantonment and the city, had a cordon of levies drawn round it night and day.

"On the night of September 1 the hill station of Murree, (in the neighbouring district of Rawul Pindee,) was threatened with attack, and though the numbers of the insurgent villagers were insignificant, it was clear that their clansmen on the Hazâra frontier sympathized in the movement; and this new anxiety oppressed the whole Division for many weeks.

Hazâra difficulties.

"I need not enter here into its details, as they have been most fully narrated by Major John Becher in his Hazâra report; but I must express my admiration of the wisdom and tact with which Major Becher restrained the ill-disposed from committing themselves, and the success with which, one by one, he arrested the refugees. I believe

that any false step on his part, during those never-to-be-forgotten days of September, would have lost him the control of his District.

"At this time every Englishman in India knew that Delhi was at last to be assaulted, and that the possibility of holding our own till the tardy succours from England should arrive depended on the issue. Natives too appreciated the moment, and breathlessly watched the effect of each day's, each hour's, news upon their European masters. Great then was my anxiety, when on September 9, the fanatic Syud Ameer, who had been expelled from the Khyber, reappeared among the Mohmunds of Shah Misr Kheyl, and, with forty or fifty of the escaped 51st Sepoys, made a night attack upon the Fort of Michnee.

The Fort of Michnee.

"The Fort was garrisoned by men of the Khilat-i-Ghilzie regiment, and their corps had hitherto behaved well; but they were mostly Hindostanees, and who could rely on them?

"The Mohmunds opened on the Fort with their juzails; but the 51st deserters, with a far more formidable weapon, appealed to every prejudice in the garrison, and screamed to them to betray the Fort, if they valued their country or their religion.

"It could have surprised no one if the loyalty of the Khilat-i-Ghilzie Sepoys had then succumbed; if they had murdered their officers, opened the gates of the Fort, and let in the Mohmunds and the Syud leader. Had they done so, their comrades in the Forts of Shubkudder and Abazye would have followed the example, and we should have lost all command of the frontier.

"A company of Afreedee Sepoys, of Captain Bartlett's regiment, was hastily thrown into the Fort of Michnee, and installed in the citadel. But something more was necessary. The Mohmunds were in the highest excitement, sending 'the fiery cross' to all their neighbours, and evidently

determined to strike a blow for the recovery of a fief that they had forfeited some three years before. We had no Troops to move against them. It was a time for yielding with as good a grace as could be assumed.

"I sent them word that they were just going the wrong way to work, and that if they wanted to regain their confiscated privileges, they must render some marked service to the Government, instead of adding to the embarrassments of a passing crisis. For instance, let them send the fanatic Syud Ameer up to the Court of Cabul, and there make him over to Ameer Dost Mahommed Khan. If they did that, and gave hostages for their good conduct till this war was over, I would gladly ask Government to reinstate them, though not on such favourable terms as formerly. Whatever the errors and shortcoming of Englishmen in the East may be, they are undoubtedly believed.

The Mohmunds.

"The Mohmunds sent in their hostages to Peshâwur, packed the Syud off unceremoniously, and sat down quietly waiting for the return of peace in Hindostan.

"The relief was indescribable. Nor do I now (looking back on that concession) regret that it was made, even on its general merits.

Remarks.

"It was right to expel the Mohmunds in 1854, because they were faithless and unmanageable. But the trouble they gave while out, fell upon our subjects, whom they attacked and robbed. They have now suffered five years' deprivation of their income; they have experienced the fact that the Ameer of Cabul had no influence to get them re-installed, and they now resettle in our country with diminished privileges, as a memento of their breach. I do not anticipate that the lesson will have to be repeated.

Delhi assaulted. The victory dimmed by

"Anxiety and suspense about Delhi reached its climax on September 14, the day fixed for the Storm; and when the telegraph at last announced that desperate feat of arms, and

General Nicholson dangerously wounded, it did not sound like victory. Nicholson's wound.

"And day by day, as gate after gate and quarter after quarter of the rebel city was mastered by that band of heroes, the question still was, 'Is Nicholson any better?'

"On the 20th Delhi was completely in our possession, and every English heart thanked God for it. There seemed a hope, too, that Nicholson might live.

"On the 23rd that hope was extinguished, and with a grief unfeigned and deep, and stern and worthy of a man, the news was whispered—'Nicholson is dead!'

"And here I leave this narrative of the year 1857 at Peshâwur. The crisis was past; the worst was over. It only remains to make some general remarks.

"I thought it best not to break the thread of the Report by noticing each military execution as it occurred, but a record of them all is indispensable to a right idea of the crisis, and of the way in which it was met by the military authorities.

"I therefore subjoin a chronological return of the military executions in the Peshâwur Valley in 1857, compiled from the records of Captain L. B. Jones, Deputy Judge-Advocate, and the Assistant Adjutant-General's office."

This detailed return need not be inserted here; the total number of Sepoy mutineers who were tried and condemned, and suffered punishment at the hands of the military authorities at this time at Peshâwur, is 523.

Names and details are easily seen by reference to the document *in extenso* in the India Office, if any one wishes to see it.

Colonel Edwardes's remarks continued—

"It is matter of History, that when this Mutiny began in the Bengal army the European officers did not believe

in it. Whatever may have been the feelings of the Sepoys to their officers, the feelings of the officers to the Sepoys were unquestionably those of kindness, confidence, and sympathy, even to the verge of mutiny.

"We have seen how the generous Colonel Spottiswoode persuaded himself that the 55th Native Infantry in the Fort of Murdan was only 'under a panic.'

"We have seen how Colonel Plumbe deprecated the disarming of the native garrison, and proposed to 'conciliate' them. And certainly, the public opinion of the European officers generally in the native force, gave, at first, no support to the General, in any vigorous measure.

"A court-martial, assembled on May 28, sentenced a Sepoy of the 51st Native Infantry to be simply imprisoned for the high crime of 'desertion.' General Cotton at once directed a revision of this sentence, which, in his opinion, would be 'fatal to discipline,' and called on the officers 'to pass sentence of death on all men convicted of desertion.'

"'Let us,' said he, 'so deal with this Mutiny that the Native Army will never venture on another.'

"The Court, to its honour, was fully awakened by this appeal, and from that moment, discipline was sternly upheld. . . .

"In spite of the number of executions, Sepoy prisoners became so numerous that there was no room for them in the district gaol, and the Fort at Khyrabâd and Fort Bâra were converted into military prisons, guarded by Mooltânees and Puthân levies. Wherever military works had to be executed, the Sepoy prisoners were made to erect them. Nothing, in short, was more marked than the extreme subjection of the mutineers at Peshâwur.

"Every European soldier slept throughout the crisis with his loaded musket beside him, and took it to church with him on Sunday; and this latter precaution ought to remain a standing rule at all times, for the impolicy of

collecting together all the Europeans of a station in one building, without arms, in a conquered country, is so obvious as to look like infatuation.

Duties of the levies.

"A strong feature in the Peshâwur arrangements was, and still is, the number of country levies who were called in to help the European soldiers in controlling the mutinous Sepoys. The whole of the miscellaneous military duties fell to their lot. They escorted treasure, guarded guns, watched prisoners, protected private houses, and held forts; and, I believe, they have given uniform satisfaction to General Cotton and to the European community. I remember no instance of misconduct on their part.

"Annexed is a return of their numbers.

RETURN OF IRREGULAR LEVIES RAISED FROM THE PESHÂWUR, KOHÂT, AND DERAJÂT DISTRICTS, FROM THE MIDDLE OF MAY, 1857, TO APRIL 1, 1858.

District from which raised.	Total raised.			Sent to Hindostan on general service.			Serving at Peshâwur.			Discharged.		
	Horse.	Foot.	Total.	Horse.	Foot.	Total.	Horse.	Foot.	Total.	Horse.	Foot.	Total.
The Derajât	1798	819	2617	891	254	1145	649	309	958	258	256	514
Peshâwur	1223	1101	2324	471	191	662	182	326	508	570	584	1154
Kohât	133	593	726	—	—	—	53	150	203	80	443	523
Totals	3154	2513	5667	1362	445	1807	884	785	1669	908	1283	2191

N.B.—These are all independent of regiments of disciplined Infantry raised in the Valley during the crisis by military officers.

"Most of those who went down country have been actively engaged at Delhi, Lucknow, and along the line of the Ganges, under Lieutenant Lind, Captain Smith, Lieutenant Vivian, and Major Stokes. Others are now mounted police, in the districts of Delhi, Meerut, and Hissar.

"Perhaps nothing tended more than these levies to keep the frontier quiet. They absorbed all the idlers and adven-

turers of the Peshâwur Valley, and made the campaign against the Hindostanee mutineers a highly popular service. To use a common phrase of the natives, 'it put the people into our boat.'

Outlaws under Mokurrum Khan.

"I am bound to confess (at the risk of any inferences disadvantageous to the previous career of the levies) that crime was never so rare in the Valley as during this crisis. Indeed, it must be admitted that one troop alone, that is now fighting at Lucknow, contains no less than sixty outlaws headed by the redoubted Mokurrum Khan. These men had harried our border for years, and would undoubtedly have rioted in this hour of our weakness, if not suddenly put in the way of an honest livelihood. As the native gentleman who raised the troop remarked, 'Whether they kill the Poorbeahs or the Poorbeahs kill them, it will be an equal service to the State!'

"Lieutenant Vivian informs me that General Franks complimented them by saying that 'he never saw better skirmishers,' a tribute which many a luckless Buniyah on the Peshâwur border had previously had occasion to render.

"Amongst the Foot levies who guarded the Cutcherries and other public buildings in Peshâwur, I ought to mention the Afreedees of the Kohât Pass, under Bahadoor Sher Khân, chief of the Bungushes of Kohât. The incident is as great a revolution as the mutiny of the Hindostanee Army.

"But, successful as (by the hearty co-operation of Military and Civil authorities) all our measures proved for the maintenance of the peace of Peshâwur during this eventful war, there can be no question that if one event had happened nothing could have saved us. I mean, if Dost Mahommed Khan, the Ameer of Cabul, had followed in 1857 the policy which he adopted in 1848. That policy was a mistake, and the Ameer reaped nothing by it but disgrace and loss of character as a politican.

"But men do not always profit by the lessons of the past;

some difference in the circumstances too often misleads them again into the former error. The crisis of 1857 was infinitely graver than that of 1848. The embarrassments of the English in India were incomparably greater. The Anglo-Indian empire had been based on a native army, and that army was in rebellion. If ever we were open to a death-blow, it was now. Our power in India was staked on the recovery of Delhi. To achieve it, taxed the whole strength of the Punjab to the very utmost, and left the Provincial Government so weak as to be unable, for the moment, to put down even a petty rising in the Gogaira district. A feather more would have turned the scale against us.

Value of the treaties.

"No reasonable man can doubt what would have been the result had the Afghans sided against us in September, 1857. That they did not do so is, under Providence, due solely to the Treaties which had been made with them in March, 1855, and January, 1857. By the former, the past was condoned, and we engaged to respect the territories of the Afghans so long as they respected ours. By the latter, we went farther; we sent a mission of able British officers to aid them in defending their western frontier from the Persians, and gave them a subsidy of a lakh of rupees a month to enable them to increase their army while that emergency should last.

"These were solid proofs of a community of interest, and the policy has been blessed with equally solid advantages to ourselves. That policy was much questioned at the time in India, and, as far as I am aware, has never yet received the approval of the Home Government.

"It is a satisfaction, therefore, to find it approved by the unerring verdict of the hour of trial. It may be said that when these treaties were made, no one foresaw that this Mutiny would happen, which is true; but Treaties are made, as anchors are thrown out, to enable the vessel to ride through any storm, from whatever quarter it may blow.

The Candahar mission.

"And here I would beg to acknowledge the very great services of our officers in Afghanistan during the late crisis. At Candahar with the heir-apparent were Major Harry Lumsden, Lieutenant Peter Lumsden, and Dr. Bellew, accompanied by Gholam Sirwur Khan Khaghwanee. At Cabul, in the Ameer's court, was Nawâb Fonjdar Khan Bahadoor, our Vakeel. It was thought to be service of great enterprise, for the English officers especially, when they set out for Candahar, even in a time of peace, and their situation became one of decided peril when India was in a blaze with a Mohammedan struggle.

"But these officers and Khans, by a soldierly equanimity, by a fortitude equal to the occasion, by a calm trust in the cause of England, by the good feeling which their previous demeanour had created, and by keeping the Cabul Government candidly and truthfully informed of real events, and thus disarming monstrous exaggerations of our disasters, prevented the confidence of the Ameer and his best counsellors, and were largely instrumental in maintaining those friendly relations which were of such vital importance to our success. I would venture to solict for all these officers and Khans some mark of honourable distinction from Government.

"Nor can I conclude this report without preferring a similar request for Major Becher, Captain Henderson, and Captain James. The crisis was a military one, and these officers, who had charge of the three most exposed frontier districts, met it as became soldiers, and I would ask for them a soldier's reward. It is true that they were on the civil staff, like other district officers; but it has fallen to few district officers to perform the same military duties.

"Major John Becher and Captain Henderson, besides being in civil charge of Hazâra and Kohât, held the chief military command of those districts. Captain Henderson, indeed, has been in command of his regiment on the frontier

since 1849. On him, therefore, devolved both the civil and military anxieties of the time. It was he who disarmed the wing of the 58th Native Infantry with such promptitude. It was Major Becher in person who stopped the passes of Hazâra against the 55th Native Infantry. Captain James conducted two expeditions against Nuringee, and was engaged in personal conflict with the enemy. During the seven years he has been at Peshâwur he has been in numerous expeditions and engagements with the hill tribes, and has had his life more than once attempted, and has repeatedly received the thanks of Goverment. So has Captain Henderson. So inseparable, indeed, are the military and civil duties of these three districts, that no civilian has ever yet been charged with them, either as Deputy Commissioner or Assistant.

"And the successful control of such warlike borders as those of Kohât, Peshâwur, and Hazâra, in such a crisis as that of 1857, should, I do think, be regarded as military service fully entitling Major Becher and Captains James and Henderson not to be superseded.

"I beg to annex a memorandum of their military services for the consideration of Government, and to add that the whole merit of preserving the peace of Hazâra and Kohât belongs to Major Becher and Captain Henderson, Peshâwur matters having been quite enough to absorb the whole attention of both Captain James and myself.

"The services of native chiefs who have done well in this war will be reported separately, in obedience to the call of the Right Honourable the Governor-General, and I will only say what a pleasure it is to have passed through such a time of unparalleled disaster without one chief coming to disgrace.

"The district of Peshâwur, hitherto considered the least loyal in the Punjab, has entirely changed its character, and its levies are now fighting on our side, whenever we have an

army in the field. The border people have been drawn to our officers in this one year more than they would probably have been in twenty years of peace, and I believe a lasting kindly spirit has been evoked.

"In this, as in all the occurrences here, it was impossible not to trace the overruling hand of God, and to be thankfully reminded continually that 'the strength of the hills is His also.'

"As a last word upon the crisis of 1857, I implore the immediate attention of Government to the imperative necessity of bridging the Indus at Attock.* If it be not done, some day we shall bitterly repent it.

"I have the honour to be, etc.,

"(Signed) HERBERT B. EDWARDES,
"Commissioner."

The unbroken friendly relations between the Civil and Military authorities at Peshâwur throughout these difficult times was a source of great advantage to the State, as well as of pleasure to all concerned; and we find that Sir Sydney Cotton so well approved Edwardes's report that he begged to be allowed to adopt it in making his own report to the Commander-in-chief, as the officer in military command of the Peshâwur Division.

We will add Sir Sydney Cotton's letter to Colonel Edwardes.

From General Sir Sydney Cotton, K.C.B., in military command of the Peshâwur Division, to Colonel Herbert B. Edwardes, C.B., Commissioner and Governor-General's Agent of the Peshâwur Division.

"Peshâwur, April 20, 1858.

"MY DEAR EDWARDES,

"I beg to return you your very interesting and correct narrative of events at Peshâwur during the great

* This has just been completed, 1884.

crisis of 1857. I have read it with intense feelings of interest and delight.

"I now only look for the copy in half margin to enable me to forward it to the Commander-in-chief, with my own comments, as Military Commander, and as your associate in all proceedings, or nearly so. I have to place on record in my report the sense of obligation under which I feel myself to you personally, for the valuable services rendered to me during the whole crisis, to which, of course, no allusion could be made by you; and also, I must place on record my acknowledgments to the staff-officers with James, etc.

Sir Sydney Cotton's remarks on the Military Execution at Peshâwur.

"Then there are some other circumstances to which I shall refer. One is the injunction placed on me by the Chief Commissioner, not to carry into effect the execution of the one hundred and forty criminals, but to take one-fourth or one-third of them, which latter I determined on.

"At first it was my intention to *decimate* the privates and execute all the officers and non-commissioned officers detected as mutineers and deserters; but as the Mutiny went on, I resolved to let none escape, except boys and such like, who were capable of being *forced* into mischief.

Regrets having yielded to Sir John's interference. Considers it was not mercy in the end.

"I am of opinion (and I was at the time of the great execution of forty criminals blown away from guns), that mutiny was raging to such an extent throughout the country that no one ought to escape punishment (capital); and I now believe that if the one hundred and forty men had been executed, as I intended, we should not have had the 51st affair at all. No doubt Sir John Lawrence's views were humane, *but it was not mercy in the end.*

"Then, again, that all-important matter of the proposition of Government to abandon Peshâwur must be alluded to. If ever there was a subject submitted for the consideration of local authorities which called forth, or rather involved, a question of responsibility, it was that. The alternatives being these, 'Hold on at all hazards' (and,

indeed, great and many were the hazards), or, 'Retreat to save our bacon.' The hazard, of all others, was the contemplated sickness of the European troops in the autumn of each year.

"Every one who knows anything of the soldiers in Peshâwur knows that there *is not a single man* fit for a day's work in the autumn of each year.

Sir Sydney Cotton's opinion on the proposal to abandon Peshâwur.

"What, then, might we expect to be our fate in holding on, should the people of the country and beyond the passes, (who are as well aware as we are of our annual weakness,) choose to take advantage of us? And with this direful prospect, we decided on holding on to Peshâwur—*which saved India.*

"The visit of the Syud Ameer to the Doonbee outposts with the 51st Native Infantry mutineers, I think, is not alluded to in your report, which is most important, because it shows that if some thousands of our Sepoys had joined that religious fanatic, we should have been in vast difficulty. And what prevented them? Nothing but the vigilance of the Civil Authorities in intercepting correspondence, and the vigour in checking and putting down mutiny.

"Believe me,

"Yours very sincerely,

"(Signed) SYDNEY COTTON."

CHAPTER V.

1858—1859.

"THE GUIDE CORPS" AT PESHÂWUR—REST, AFTER FIGHT—RETURN TO ENGLAND.

"He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentler scenes;
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity,
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love.
* * * * *
True to the kindred points of Heaven and home."

WORDSWORTH.

"Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee—
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee!"

LONGFELLOW.

CHAPTER V.

Return of the Guides to Peshâwur.

THERE were great rejoicings at Peshâwur to welcome back "The Guide Corps." That noble regiment had done great things at Delhi. Major (now Sir Harry) Lumsden was still on political duty at Candahar. He was the commander of the Guides, and had formed the regiment under Sir Henry Lawrence's direction, and had trained them to be what they are well known to be, in bravery and efficiency. It was a sore grief to him that he was so far absent on duty that he could not himself lead them on service.

He had good reason to be proud of his men, for they had gone down to Delhi and had even outshone their former reputation, under the able command of Captain (now Sir Henry) Daly, who now brought them back again to their old quarters on the frontier.

They found great honour and welcome awaiting them at Peshâwur.

Sir Sydney Cotton had the whole garrison out in full dress parade to meet them, and they marched in through a line of the troops, and levies, and many cries of 'Welcome! welcome!' as they advanced to the Parade.

Reception and welcome.

Arrived at the Parade, they were received with a royal salute, and then the whole garrison presented arms, a compliment which the Guides returned. Then the General with his staff rode forward and addressed them in English, and asked Edwardes to repeat it to them in their own tongue, which he did heartily.

"Then the General next recited their services in this war to the garrison, and a *feu de joie* was fired all up and

down the line three times, and three tremendous cheers from the whole force, which the Guides again returned with a will. Then the troops passed round in review, the Guides being placed at their head. . . . And so ended that day's work, at which I should think all the citizens of Peshâwur must have been looking on. It was a brilliant day after rain, with no dust, and the whole passed off admirably."

Next day there were feats of horsemanship, tilting, and prizes; open to all the garrison.

Three days of rejoicing and welcome, and feastings of native officers and men, ended with a warm and cordial reception of all the English officers in Edwardes's house, at an entertainment in his own genial hospitality; and none of the Guide corps, officers or men, could feel any doubt that their services at Delhi had been honourably noticed and warmly applauded at Peshâwur.

As this Corps is unique, we will give an account of its origin in Herbert Edwardes's own words, from his speech at this entertainment he gave the regiment at Peshâwur.

Its origin. Description and design of the Guide corps.

"The Guide corps was projected by Sir Henry Lawrence, who proposed it to Lord Hardinge. It was to be an intelligence corps of picked men from all parts of India and the neighbouring countries, so that in whatever part of the country war sprung up, this corps should take the field with the army, and contain men able to furnish local information. It was, in fact, to supply that essential part of the Quarter-Master General's department which that department of the Indian army has ever wanted.

"This was the original design; but from all military interest being concentrated on the Punjab, the corps first settled into a Punjab Corps; and then, as all the Punjab interest was on the frontier, it became a Yoosufzaie Corps; and for ten years before the late Mutiny, had been the most active guardians of the Peshâwur frontier.

"During those ten years there had been only two years

of war for the army at large; but probably not a year elapsed without the Guides being concerned in one or more frontier skirmishes. On all these occasions there can be no doubt that the Guides justified their name, and showed the way into some remarkably ugly places.

"In the early days of our rule, such services were doubly meritorious. The bigotry of this border was proverbial, and to enlist in our service was considered a stain upon the escutcheon of a Puthân.

"The Moollahs preached against the Guides, they excommunicated them, would not let them come to the Musjids to pray, and threatened not to bury them when they died.

"In those days, many a stout 'Guide,' whose heart had never quailed before the shadow of a mountain pass or the yell of the Jezailchees on the crest, sank at the thought of dying under the Moollah's ban, and asked his commanding-officer to cut his name out of the roll that he might die easy. Such feelings only made their services and fidelity the more remarkable.

"Scarcely had the Corps been raised when the Mooltân War broke out. The Guides at once took a prominent part in it, and, as an instance of the kind of service they rendered, I remember several of the Guides being sent down to take service in the Mooltân garrison and supply intelligence to the British authorities outside, which they did to admiration.

Specimen of their services.

"I mention this because I consider it a *specimen* incident, which marks the character of the corps. Does any one suppose that in our best days we could have used Jack Sepoy in that way? I believe not. I do not mean that Jack Sepoy would not have done it if he could; for whatever he has been in 1857, there can be no question that for a whole century previously he was faithful to his salt. It is now a most astounding thing to look back upon, that in

1845–46 Lords Gough and Hardinge lay with a large Indian army for weeks before a superior Sikh force, on the banks of the Sutlej, and though the name of the Khâlsa army was then a name of terror throughout India, and dim prophecies were afloat that the Sikhs were one day to take Delhi and overrun India (so that Sikh colonists in the Deccan have been known to plant groves of babool and phooliya trees, and say 'they were to furnish tent-pegs for the Khâlsa when they come'), yet it is a fact that, though the Sikhs used every art and bribe to draw our native soldiers off, not a single Sepoy deserted from Lord Gough's army to the Sikhs!

"But though Jack Sepoy could once fight for us well enough, yet he never could make himself *generally* useful. Hampered by caste and pipe-clay (a kind of *white* caste which can neither touch nor be touched without defilement), he could do nothing but his regular drill.

"To the Guides, on the contrary, it was a perfect game, a lark, to disguise themselves and take service with Moolraj, and come out of the fort with Moolraj's army to fight against their own masters, and have to run away when Moolraj ran away; and then, towards the close of the siege, to come out and join their own side, and help to take the place.

Its characteristic features.

"And here I beg your attention to the characteristic features of the corps, its mixed races, and its nominal uniform. This does not strike us nowadays, in 1858; we have got accustomed to it. But in 1846 to set Poorbeahs aside, and to raise a corps of Shikârees * of all nations, and say they should wear their own clothes and be hampered with as few accoutrements as possible, that they should have loose dusky shirts instead of tight red jackets, sun-proof turbans instead of sun-stroke Glengarry caps, and wide pijamahs instead of pantaloons and straps and braces, —a change like *that* was literally a stroke of genius. It was an *invention*. And whose was it? Who conceived it?

* Sharp-shooters, or sportsmen.

"A man who was a born soldier as well as a great statesman, to whom these simple truths came by intuition; a man who had served all his life with native soldiers, yet remained an Englishman, able to judge for himself; a man who knew and loved the native army well, yet had for years been lifting his voice to proclaim that it was a moribund body which must have new blood infused into it or die; a man to whom a routine Government would not listen, and who nobly ended a life spent for others, in meeting the awful storm which he had foreseen.

Who conceived the originating idea of this corps?

"And if any one now seeks for a monument to Sir Henry Lawrence's genius, we might well reply 'Circumspice!'

"What do we now see around us? What rises, dust-coloured from the ground, out of the ruins of an army of pipe-clayed Hindostanee Sepoys? An army of fifty thousand Khâkee soldiers, raised by acclamation on the model of the Guides. And that nothing should be wanting to point the moral, what was the first Khâkee Pultun (Regiment) doing while the earth of the Punjab was spawning young Khâkee corps by dozens?

"As we were told yesterday by General Cotton, the first news of the Meerut and Delhi mutineers reached Peshâwur on the night of May 11. On May 12 marching orders were sent to Captain Daly. He got them at breakfast on May 13 at Murdan, and the Guide corps breakfasted next morning at Attock, thirty miles from their own cantonment. That is what we call 'rough and ready;' for soldiers know that it is not every corps which can march for active service six hours after it gets the order. They kept it up. The Guides reached Delhi on June 9, having accomplished five hundred and eighty miles, or fifty regular marches, in three halts, made by order. That amounts to twenty-seven miles a day for three weeks, and I myself have never heard of such a march before. Within three hours of their arrival at Delhi, the Guides were engaged hand to hand with the

Rapid marching.

enemy, and every one of their officers was more or less wounded.

"Among them fell Quentin Battye, the gay, the fair, the noble, with the bloom of youth upon his cheek and a career of chivalry in his heart. It is sad to see the bud of even a flower fall to earth, but most sorrowful the opening promise of a soldier closed in his first fight!

Its valour in the field.

"Out of six hundred men the Guides lost no less than a hundred and twenty during the siege, and their total casualties were three hundred and fifty. This shows the nature of the service they were engaged in.

"There is, indeed, not one officer of the Guides who has not been wounded at least once. Sometimes every officer of the corps was laid up with wounds, and an entirely new set of officers had to be appointed.

"At last the struggle ended. At last Delhi fell; and we, who at Peshâwur watched from day to day and month to month for that event with intense anxiety, cannot view with indifference the return of the noble regiment, whose astonishing marches, whose daily fights, whose nightly vigils, whose freely given blood, whose devoted lives and glorious deaths have so largely, so nobly contributed to the victory."

These "Guides" were indeed noble specimens of faithful and attached native troops. It is refreshing to find at such times that there were many "faithful among the faithless found." Yes, and also among natives of all ranks and of all sorts, were many faithful found, during the terrible days of the Mutiny of 1857.

Many are the wonderful tales that might be told of these incomprehensible people.

Faithful among the faithless.

There were many instances known of faithful servants hiding children and ladies from the hands of murderers. At Sealkote one of the mutineer troopers actually escorted some ladies in safety to the fort, and, on seeing them safely to the gate, politely saluted them, and then galloped off to loot the

house they had left, and set fire to it. Dr. Graham was driving his daughter in a buggy, and a trooper rode after them—passed her side of the buggy. He went round to her father's side and shot him dead, then rode off and left her untouched. But not *all* were so gallant. There were tales of sickening horror of the treatment of women and children, too dreadful to relate; and many ladies were killed with cruelties of such desperate atrocity that they could only be devised by fiends. For decency and pity's sake the veil has been drawn over the recital, until it has been supposed by some, that such things had not been perpetrated. But silence is best where the truth would be too dreadful.

Atrocities only too true.

The harrowing details came out in India, and the knowledge of them often made it a difficulty for the officers to restrain the soldiers, in the hour of victory, from avenging such foul deeds; and brave men congratulated each other who had their wives safe out of the country at such a time as this.

But it is well to understand what a pandemonium reigns, when the "prejudices of the natives" are allowed to exercise full sway; and that the English nation should see and know what really *are* the "prejudices of the natives," with which some may still be found to think we ought not to "interfere."

Was this one of the lessons that this year was sent to teach us? 1857 seemed to be the struggle of Satan himself to keep the mastery; for the cry at Delhi was, "*Death to the Nazarene!*"

> "The lover may
> Distrust the look that steals his soul away;
> The babe may cease to think that it can play
> With Heaven's rainbow; alchymists may doubt
> The shining gold their crucible gives out;
> But faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
> To some dear *falsehood*, hugs it to the last."

"In features horribler than hell e'er traced on its own brood," we have been shown, in 1857, "the prejudices of the natives." Why, then, should Englishmen shrink from the noble mission that has been put into their hands to undertake,—to *give the truth?*

The prejudices of the natives. England's mission to give the truth.

The man whose life we are tracing, was one who shrank not, and feared not, to do it. And was there ever a man

more loved, more followed, and more respected by the natives of India, than Herbert Edwardes? His life was an embodiment of "the safety of a Christian policy."

Health begins to fail.

Up to this time (August, 1858) Edwardes could speak of his health as excellent, as we have seen. His spirits rose above the storm, triumphantly. God gave him confidence in Him, and wisdom and strength. But now the journal shows that heavy work, and anxiety, and the long-continued strain, with sorrow added, made him unable to resist the trying climate of Peshâwur in August, and we find him ill with the fever that prevails so much at that season.

Edwardes had written in September—

"I am quite tired of work. . . . I can now leave my post (thank God, who has helped me in everything) with the satisfaction of knowing that the frontier is quite a different thing from what I found it."

He needed rest. He had worked with strength and energy, and that indomitable spirit of joy and confidence in God had never left him; so that his words and his aspect were a support wherever he went, inspiring the same hope and confidence that he felt himself.

Men are living who can still tell how fearlessly and wisely he met the dangers as they rose, and how his never-failing hilarity and cheerfulness had comforted them.* But he had constant fever ever since September, 1857, and the

* In confirmation of this, only the other day a friend, one of the distinguished leaders of our army, remarked on this very distinctive trait of Edwardes's character. He says—

"I never shall forget the meeting held at General Reed's house at Peshâwur on the morning of the Council of War, or the shrieks of laughter created by your husband's repetition and acting of all that had taken place on the occasion. I hope there is some record of it. Certainly no one who saw us driving back to the Commissioner's house, could have supposed, from our manner, that we were returning from discussing matters, the importance of which each of us was most fully alive to."

It is amusingly ridiculous to see in the biography of Lord Lawrence a witty telegram of Edwardes's appropriated for his chief, (and a great deal made of it by a reviewer in the *Quarterly Review* of the book,) of which Lawrence was perfectly innocent! And this friend, who was pre-

loss of his dearest friends in India made the burden heavier. His home was still broken up by the absence of his wife in England. The dreadful news from India, mail by mail, had not tended towards her recovery, and he therefore would not bring her out again; but his home was more to him than to most men, and he could not live without it.

Yet he would not leave the ship before she was well righted, and he was most willing to lend a hand in refitting her. So he gave himself heartily to the work.

But looking back by the clearer light of experience, we can see that, had he come home then, his health might have been recruited, and he might have recovered from the effects of the exposure and the great strain of the Mutiny. As it was, he stayed on *another year*, and this, in the trying climate of Peshâwur, with the fever on him, was a fatal effort.

sent at the time, remarking on it, says truly, "John Lawrence was not then in the state of mind to be jocose, whereas Herbert Edwardes was as unable then to control his humour as at any other time!"

The telegram referred to was sent by Edwardes from Rawul Pindee, when he went there to confer with John Lawrence, and convince him that he was wrong in losing time by withholding his consent to his raising levies.

Edwardes felt anxious about *the delay* in attacking Delhi, and, not being able to understand it, he sent a telegram to one of his friends in the head-quarter's camp to ask "*what* was General Anson's *reason* for the delay?"

The reply came back, "General Anson is waiting for more trenches to be dug." Upon which Edwardes returned reply, "Give my compliments to General Anson, and tell him I thought clubs were trumps, not spades." It came naturally enough from Edwardes, whose wit was always ready, and could brighten up the darkest council chamber.

> "Who, if he be called to face
> Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
> Great issues, good or bad, for human kind,
> Is happy as a lover, and attired
> With sudden brightness like a man inspired?"

But it was a cap badly fitted where it has been placed by a recent biographer.

Says a contemporary writer upon "The Paternity of Jests:" "But, after all, the precise paternity of jests is not of much practical importance. To trace it out is a pleasant literary exercise, but certainly the main matter is that the jest should be a good one. If it is, never mind who made it; it is the father's fault if he allows his offspring to go unacknowledged and unclaimed."

Edwardes closes the old year with these words:—

Thoughts on the closing of the old year.

"We have much to be thankful for. May the new year hasten to re-unite us, my beloved; may peace resume its sway over India; may the army and the Government be wisely reorganized; may the lessons of this chastisement be rightly read by the English, and be followed by an openly Christian course among the Hindoos and Moslem. Above all, I pray that the English Parliament will be guided rightly in its present discussions about India's future. A more momentous occasion has not come before England, in our lives.

Earnest anticipations on the new year's opening.

"May the voices of worldly-wise statesmen be drowned by public conviction. May the year see the Lawrence Asylums endowed and secured. May we ourselves be blessed with all good things. May we grow younger in simplicity of heart and spirit as we grow older in days. May each new grey hair be a beauty in our eyes, and mark us as more loving and more worth being loved. May our home put us more and more in mind of heaven as it grows more and more sweet and happy with each other's love and God's! May we live in peace and charity with all men, and neither have nor make enmities. May we not be parted much, my beloved! . . .

"It is just as well for us both that we did not foresee this prolonged separation, and this must be acknowledged a mercy in itself. . . .

"It has just struck me that there is a peculiar propriety in the expression of David in the twenty-third Psalm, that 'mercy and goodness shall *follow* me all the days of my life."

Mercies in disguise.

"Events *meet* us, and we call them very often by hard names when we first see their faces; but when we have passed them in dudgeon and *look back* on them, we may generally see them *following* after us as mercies, with quite another appearance. . . .

"I do feel the need of rest dreadfully. My brain reels again with this constant worry. It is very trying. It is impossible to go through all I did last year and not feel it afterwards."

He writes in March, 1858—

Reflections on the past and present.

"I have been sitting over the fire thinking of all the forbearance and mercy of God to me in the thirty-eight years of my life; of all that I have done to grieve and dishonour Him, and which he has repaid with prolonged life, advancement in the world, protection in battles and dangers, the applause of men, abundance of goods, increasing influence, opportunity and will to do some things in His cause, many most valuable friends, and the best and dearest wife in the world. Certainly there is nothing among men like the long-suffering of our Father in heaven. Being Eternal, He long expects our repentance. Our trial-life is but a moment to Him. But I feel ashamed and sad at myself to think what a careless, unprofitable life I have led; how devotedly I work at my public duties, and how little I cultivate my own heart; how little I do for God, and how unfit I am to do that little; how inconsistent my best things are with the long intervals between them; how little I really am affected with all that my Saviour has done for me; how coldly I love and serve Him. God give me more strength, more grace, more faithfulness, more spirituality. 'God make me more earnest in ruling my own heart and living pilgrim-fashion.'"

These are the strugglings of a heart that had entered into the joy of heaven and had caught sight of the glory, and had been taught by God, and could not be satisfied with anything less. He was severe to no one but *himself*.

It may be remarked here, that never was there a man who made less pretension to be "religious." He used no

conventional, set phrases; and no "party" could claim him for their own.

Light had shined into his heart, and he walked *in that light.* He had the love of God deep-seated in his heart, and his first desire was to serve Him with his life. He had *seen God* long ago, and he abhorred *himself.* This explains the *simplicity* of his life, his readiness to come forward to do his duty without feeling any fear of man's opinion, and his genuine surprise if his doing so won any commendation.

In example of this, some one in India wrote, after reading his Paper or Memorandum, which we have given *in extenso* in the last chapter: "Mr. McLeod sent us Colonel Edwardes's noble memo. to read. It is a *glorious* paper. I hope it will go to England's heart. Mr. McLeod thinks it will attract profound attention there." And Edwardes says on reading it—

"I cannot myself see what there is either noble or glorious or extraordinary in it, and I think it is odd they make such a fuss about one man saying officially what the whole world is saying in common conversation."

While in camp before Sitâna (where there was a Hindostanee colony, who were stirring up trouble on the frontier of Hazâra, and a force from Peshâwur under Sir Sydney Cotton moved out against them, accompanied by Edwardes), the mail of April 2, 1858, was telegraphed with the news that General Cotton was made a K.C.B., "for his services at Peshâwur."

Letters of the time say, "All in camp feel that Edwardes ought to have got it also," and to us who have been behind the scenes, and know *how* the work of the security of Peshâwur has been accomplished, it does seem strange that Edwardes should have been entirely left out, having been the prime mover and secret spring of all the work done at Peshâwur.

Indeed, the omission seemed to throw a cloud over Sir Sydney Cotton's enjoyment of his honour; for there was but one opinion throughout the whole garrison.

But for Edwardes himself, he possessed his soul in peace,

and cordially rejoiced in the General's honour; and he cheerily adds—

"Cotton fully merits it; and if justice has not been done to me, that is only a reproach to Government. Perhaps it will occur to some one in authority some time or other;* and meanwhile, what matters it? I have lost the *want* of these outside rewards, and a growing sense of duty to God effectually corrects the natural sense of man's injustice in these matters. Indeed, how little have I to complain of! Surely the world has given me a large share of its honour."

This is his own estimate of these things; for on him they must fall "as showers of manna, if they came at all." But the voices and opinions were unanimous in camp when Sir Sydney's honour came, *alone*.

A glance at Edwardes's services at Peshâwur may be concisely given here, in an extract from a letter dated 1865.

"It might be said that though a soldier I was in Civil employ, as Commissioner of the Peshâwur Division in the Punjab. But when I recall the position in which I stood in 1857, how the Peshâwur Valley was garrisoned with many thousand Hindostanee Sepoys; how the late General John Nicholson and I, as the Civil authorities, took on ourselves the very great responsibility of advising Major-General Sir Sydney Cotton to disarm those native troops and to trust to two European regiments and our diplomacy, not only to hold in subjection the valley and the frontier, but to manage the Afghan Court beyond the border; how our advice was taken by the Major-general, in spite of the loud and violent remonstrances of most of his colonels, and the disarmament was carried out successfully; how, to redeem my pledges to Sir Sydney, I called in every outlaw and ruffian from the

* It did come to him afterwards, when at home in 1862, and for Peshâwur.

border and valley, patched up their crimes by compensation to injured parties, bought horses and mounted them, formed them into troops of Cavalry, and sent them down to India against the rebel Sepoys, to kill or to be killed; how I raised and organized from border tribes, with whom I had personal influence, at least five thousand soldiers, some of whom shared in our victories at Delhi and Lucknow, while others under my own command held posts in the Peshâwur cantonment and valley, kept watch over the Sepoys in cantonments, or turned them out of forts, and saved the European troops from all kinds of exposure and fatigues; and how, lastly, I counselled, planned, and personally served under Sir Sidney Cotton in the successful Expedition against the Hindostanee colonies of Sitâna and Punjtâr in the very height of the rebellion;—by all these means helping and strengthening the hands of the military in holding the outpost of British India throughout the crisis, not only without loss or disaster, but with increased prestige and honour to our Government, I feel that I may justly claim to have been serving in the field as in Civil council."

There are many sides to such a character as this we have before us; and good and true and beautiful as it is all round, we see continual changes from grave to gay; and though we are able to quote the words of some of his letters, still it is impossible to give the vigour and vivacity with which all his thoughts used to be lighted up in their utterance.

Countless letters from his friends attest the loving influence that he had upon them. They are pleasant reading; they rustle tenderly and gently in our hearts as leaves from an old Indian forest, and memory brings back the joy of days that are past; but they would fill these volumes to a size that would be cumbrous, and we can only touch the subject.

Those who remain still here, can tell how truly loved he was by all who ever came within the charmed circle of his friendship.

Lord Napier says: "I have my memory full of your dear husband, of his bright humour and witty sayings."

A friend who knew him well writes:* "Sir Herbert was one of your greatest Christian heroes, a man mighty both in word and deed; one who was evidently raised up by God, and *preserved* by Him in the midst of some of the greatest dangers, and placed in the midst of the greatest difficulties to which any Christian man could be exposed; and he was brought safely through it all, with honour to himself and to the preservation and safety, through God's great mercy, of India. . . . His actions speak for themselves—they remain, and his words also remain. . . . Wherever I meet with his words, on all subjects, they are *gems* which, every one of them, should be preserved with the greatest care. . . . It is not only what he says, but the way he says it, which gave such great weight to all his words."

Dear John Becher, after leaving him, writes: "I rode back to my solitary dinner, feeling alone in the world, with a great void in my heart, after so delightful a passage of friendly companionship and confidence. Here I am, dashed against the corner-tower of the town of Hurreepoor, like a stray sea-weed, soon to be carried away again. We don't realize our pleasures till they have passed away. When shall I be again among the shells that have given the music to my life?"

Army Reorganization.

During this last year at Peshâwur, Edwardes gave a good deal of his attention to the question of the Reorganization of the army.

The Government in Calcutta called upon certain officers, whom they chose, to give their views on this great question, and among others so called upon was Sir John Lawrence, the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab.

Numberless questions were sent up, and to these answers had to be returned. When the whole were gathered together at Calcutta, Lord Canning had a vast amount of valuable opinion and information from which to decide on such alterations as he thought were called for in the Reorganization of the army.

Sir John Lawrence selected Edwardes and General Neville Chamberlain as the two men with whom to consult in draw-

* Rev. Robert Clark, of Umritsur.

ing up the Punjab contribution to the store of information. It was not without difficulty that he prevailed on Edwardes to leave his office-work at Peshâwur; but the greatness of the subject induced him to consent. He went up to Murree, which was Sir John's summer head-quarters, and he and Neville Chamberlain lived together there from June to August, working hard every day at these subjects—these three men talking over them in council together, and then writing out the result of their debates on the many subjects that came under review.

The writing of these despatches was laid on Edwardes. It was a laborious work. After working till July 28, he writes—

"Just fancy, ninety-one more questions about the army reorganization came in yesterday! The worst of it is, I get all the writing. John and Chamberlain talk their ideas, and leave me to express them on paper."

It was an interesting and useful work, and it is on record * that, among all the contributions sent to Calcutta, these papers from Murree were considered the best.

The Mutiny had brought the faults and errors of our system to light.

"And I believe," Edwardes writes to his wife, "that India will be a far safer country to live in in future than it ever was before. We *thought* it safe before, and were living in the most unguarded state of insecurity. The native army saw our infatuation and their own strength, and rose to shake us off. We have, by God's help, been the victors; and, for the first time, India is *conquered*—not acquired and conciliated merely.

"We shall now remodel our whole machinery. The whole of the Artillery will be placed in the hands of Europeans, so will the forts and magazines; and the native

* See "Life of Sir Henry Durand," vol. ii., appendix, "Army Reorganization."

army will be of mixed races, not of all one race and prejudice. In short, God has forced us to *grasp* an Empire with which we were only playing; and now, for self-defence, we shall look around and enlist in our ranks and offices as many Christians as we can find among the natives. It is a wonderful revolution, and it has cost us much agony; but it is impossible not to see that it has made us a hundred times stronger in India than before. . . .

"The Bishop of Jerusalem expects an outbreak of the Moslem in the Holy Land, similar to this in India. The struggle must come some day, no doubt; and any assault on Christianity in Palestine would, I suppose, draw Europe in arms to that country, and end in the destruction of this Turkish power which we have been fighting for in the Crimea. Yet I cannot think we were wrong in defending Turkey against Russia, because Russia had no complaint against her, and only wanted to appropriate Constantinople.

"It is certain, however, that we shall now have in India a European army ready to be thrown into Egypt at short warning.

"These are wonderful times. All the nations are, by steam and electricity, drawn so close, that any blow vibrates round the globe."

Before leaving Peshâwur for Murree, there came a tremendous battle about introducing the Bible into the Government schools. William Arnold, at the head of the Punjab Educational Department, protested in a most determined manner, against putting the Bible into the schools, which he considers to be "inconsistent with true Christianity." His argument being, that we are "the *trustees* of the Indians." Edwardes writes—

"McLeod has written a noble reply—far more decided than his minute on my paper in some respects—in which, as with a pen plucked from an angel's wing, he rebukes these fallacies, and shows that we are *trustees* to God, not to the

Indians, and are bound to do good to them according to our own light, not according to theirs; and that no one need read the Bible if he dislikes it, though Government should insist on its being offered to all who choose to accept it.

"Temple has drafted an admirable letter to Government sending on this new correspondence. It is in the spirit of John Lawrence's views formerly expressed, but is more decided than ever."

As this is a subject which we shall have to enter upon more fully as we proceed, we will give Sir John Lawrence's reply in full at this point.

From the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, Sir John Lawrence, to the Secretary to the Government of India with the Governor-General.

"General Department, Lahore, July 3, 1858.

"SIR,

"In continuation of my despatch of the 21st April last, No. 720, regarding the policy of the British Government, in relation to Christianity in India, I am directed to submit copies of letters from the Director-General of Public Instruction and the Financial Commissioner on the subject of the formation of Bible-classes in the Government schools in these territories.

"It will be in your recollection that in para. 3 of my letter above cited, it was recommended that Bible-classes be set on foot in the Government schools, for those scholars who might be willing to attend them, where fitting persons could be found to preside over such classes. It now appears that the Director-General, Mr. W. D. Arnold, is conscientiously opposed to the public reading or teaching of the Bible in Government schools; while the Financial Commissioner, Mr. McLeod, adheres to the opinions he formerly expressed (which will be found in the annexaries to the last despatch) in favour of the measure.

"I am now to state that the Chief Commissioner still maintains the propriety of the proposal he originally made,

and I am to add the following remarks. As Mr. McLeod has entered at some length and with much ability into arguments adduced by Mr. Arnold, these remarks may be brief.

Mr. W. D. Arnold's views against putting the Bible in the Government schools.

"Mr. Arnold argues that to have even voluntary Bible-classes in Government schools infringes the principle of religious neutrality; that hereby an undue advantage is given to Christianity, inasmuch as the teaching of the native religions is excluded from the said schools; that although the attendance at the classes may be meant to be voluntary, it will really be regarded otherwise; that it is impossible to distinguish the measure from proselytism, and even from quiet persecution; that, as trustees for the people of India, we have no right to adapt our educational machinery, paid for by taxes from the country, for the virtual propagation of Christianity; that by introducing Christian teaching we launch into a sea of theological difficulty; and, lastly, that by this measure we may possibly give rise to great political danger. The above arguments, and many others, are urged by Mr. Arnold with much ability, and the high character of that gentleman affords the best guarantee for the sincerity of his convictions. But I am to state that these arguments are not at all concurred in by the Chief Commissioner.

Answered by Mr. Donald McLeod.

"Mr. McLeod has most justly observed that many of Mr. Arnold's arguments are based on the assumption that the British Government stands in the same relation towards the people of India as a representative Government stands towards its people. But, in the Chief Commissioner's opinion, the two cases differ widely from each other. Placed as we British are in India, we are differently situated from the constitutional Governments of England or America.

Sir John Lawrence's views on being trustees for the people.

"Our Government is, as all other Governments are, or ought to be, established for the good of the people. But while with other Governments the popular will is generally the criterion of the public good, such is not always the case with us in India. If, by being trustees for the people, we are supposed to be bound invariably by the will of the people, then we are not, the Chief Commissioner thinks, trustees in that sense. We have not been elected or placed in power by the people, but we are here through our moral superiority, by the force of circumstances, by the will of

Providence. This alone constitutes our charter to govern India.

We are bound by our consciences, not by theirs.

"In doing the best we can for the people, we are bound by our conscience, and not by theirs. Believing that the study of the Bible is fraught with the highest blessings, we, of course, do desire to communicate those blessings to them if we can. We desire this not only as individuals, but as a Government; for Christianity does truly go hand-in-hand with all those subjects for which British rule exists in India. But this can only be effected by moral influences, voluntarily received. Anything like 'proselytism,' or 'quiet persecution' of any kind, or the application of secular motives, direct or indirect, are, in the first place, absolutely forbidden by the very religion we profess, and, in the second place, would be worse than useless for the object in view.

Argument of Sir John Lawrence for the formation of Bible-classes in the Government schools.

"Therefore, we have nothing to do with such means. Nor do we as a Government undertake to found and maintain Christian missions, because the thing can be done better by private effort, and because our doing so might tend to introduce those secular means for propagation of Christianity which we wish to avoid. But, as we have schools, there arises a fair opportunity of offering the Bible to those who may choose to receive it; and, in the Chief Commissioner's opinion, it is just, politic, and right that we should avail ourselves of that opportunity. Such, briefly stated, is the real argument for the formation of Bible-classes in Government schools.

"To say that we have no right to offer Christian teaching to Government schools because we do not allow the native religions to be taught there, is to misapprehend the fundamental relation that in this country subsists between the Government and the people. We are to do the best we can for them, according to our lights; and they are to obey us. Mr. Arnold writes, 'What answer am I to give to Hindoos and Mohammedans if they say, that after having excluded their religions I have introduced my own? Shall I say that I am master, that I am the officer of a conquering government, and will do as I please?' That answer, I am to observe, would indeed be arbitrary. The proper answer would be thus, 'We offer you the Bible in our Government

schools because we believe it to be for your inestimable good, if you choose to listen to it. We do not wish you to study it unless you do so voluntarily. But you cannot expect us to help in teaching your religion, which we do not believe to be true. That you can do for yourselves.'

Attendance voluntary.

"That the attendance on Bible-classes is voluntary, is a point which the Chief Commissioner still believes will be quite understood by the people.

"It is well known that Government wish parents to send their children to school. Nevertheless, parents understand that they may send or not send their children, just as they like; and, indeed, they do exercise the option largely enough. Why should they not similarly understand that they may direct or may forbid their children to attend the Bible-class in the same way? As to the meaning of the Bible being perverted by indiscreet native teachers, it will be remembered that the Bible-classes were to be formed only where fitting and discreet persons could be found to conduct them.

Theological difficulties are in theory only.

"The theological and sectarian difficulties anticipated by Mr. Arnold seem to exist in theory only. The generality of Englishmen in India, or elsewhere, however much they may differ on minor points, do yet happily agree in the main principles of gospel truth. No differences would, in practice, be perceptible in the plain matter of reading the Bible to the heathen. On this subject I am to append an apposite extract passage from a printed report by the Christian Vernacular Education Society, which is made up of nearly all the chief Protestant denominations, and is supported by the Church Missionary Society, the Baptist Society, the Wesleyan Mission, and the London Mission. It will hence be seen how well the imaginary difficulty of sectarian differences may be surmounted.

No danger politically to be feared.

"Lastly, in respect to the apprehended political danger, I am to repeat, in a word, what was explained in the last despatch, to the effect that if this measure be carried out in a truly Christian spirit there will be no danger. Indeed, this very measure has been introduced by the Colonial Government in Ceylon, and the Bible is taught in the Government schools of that island no doubt with every benefit. Why should not the same thing be done in India? It is only in the event

of this measure being worked out in a mistaken or unchristian-like manner that difficulty might arise. Recent events seem to show that undue concession to native prejudice on our part, or anything like abnegation of our own principles, does not generate confidence in us with the people. They only suspect us of some hidden ulterior designs. But if we do what we believe to be right, in a plain, considerate, and open manner, there is some chance of their giving us credit for sincerity. Moreover, unless we do something to show the people what Christianity really is, there will be no hope of preventing the monstrous misconceptions which but too often prevail among them, in respect to our religion and its tendencies.

Safer to show them what Christianity really is.

"With these observations, I am again to commend this matter to the consideration of the Supreme Government, with the expression of Sir John Lawrence's earnest prayer, that if our motives are pure before God, our steps may be guided by wisdom and our measures blessed with success.

"I have the honour to be, sir,
"Your most obedient servant,
"(Signed) JOHN LAWRENCE."

Extract from a report published by the Christian Vernacular Education Society.

"They hope to be joined by Christians of all denominations, who for this end can work together and pray together. Believing that all their work ought to be carried on in a spirit of prayer, they cannot unite without united supplication. They trust to see persons of great varieties of opinion and of many branches of the Christian Church brought together for this good work, and, in common invocation of the blessed Trinity, common faith in the one-atoning Redeemer and one Holy Spirit, learning to love one another and advance Christian union at home.

"They would also carry out this Catholic principle in selecting their agents, and in relating themselves to fellow-labourers. Choosing none but those of true piety, of whose steadfastness in the essentials of Christian truth they were not persuaded; they would impose no restraints, but would

rather leave each man unfettered, to teach all he believed and valued, being satisfied that he would teach substantial Christianity, than endeavour to conform all to some general standard to which none would object."

This question of putting the Bible into the schools in India was one which greatly occupied Edwardes's thoughts at this time, and one that profoundly interested him. He felt strongly that it was England's *duty* to give India the Word of God which we had in our own hands; and that the idea of *danger* in doing so, was a difficulty only created by ourselves; because in every school the native naturally brings his religious book—the Mohammedan his Korân, the Hindoo his Shastras—and it would have followed naturally, as a matter of course, that the Englishman would have brought the Book of *his* religion also, to which the native would attach no danger, and which a neutral Government was not called upon to exclude.

He pleaded very earnestly with the people of England to make the voice of public opinion to be heard on this matter, when he next visited England.

And now the time was approaching, when this change must be sought. Even at Murree Edwardes became ill with severe fever and ague, more ill than he had ever been since 1849, at Lahore. It was the result of exposure and long-sustained strain at Peshâwur, and it was well that he was at Murree, in a good climate, where he could rally again. He writes to his wife—

"The last year at Peshâwur has told perceptibly upon me. It has been like five years of ordinary labour, and I do not feel half so strong as I was before."

More and more imperative became the need for rest, and Edwardes wrote privately to Lord Canning, and asked him to allow him to take his furlough.

To the Right Hon. Viscount Canning, Governor-General of India.

"Murree, June 25, 1858.

"My Lord,

"I am very sorry to trouble you at this time with a matter of merely private importance, but trust you will excuse me. In the beginning of last year my wife was obliged to go to England for the recovery of her health; but the sad trials we have all had to pass through, have left her so much worse, that unless the exigencies of the service imperatively require me to remain, I am *most* anxious to be with her.

"My own post at Peshâwur is far from the seat of war, and is no longer one of anxiety in itself. All is at peace there; and our relations with our neighbours, great and small, so satisfactory that I could never hope to make the charge over to a successor with less solicitude than now. Since the close of 1853 I have laboured zealously to strengthen the Peshâwur frontier in the contentment of those within, and the respect and confidence of those without it, and, by God's help, it is now in such a state that I can conscientiously and thankfully leave it.

"I write, therefore, to beg your Lordship to allow me, with reference to the special circumstances of my post, to apply for furlough to England for two years, from October next. In the present state of India (although I can contribute nothing to the restoration of peace) I would not make this request without the *most urgent reason*, and I do so now with the full permission of the Chief Commissioner.

"I have the honour, etc.,

"Herbert B. Edwardes."

While waiting for the answer to his application, Edwardes writes—

"God orders it all—that is one comfort, and we lose greatly by forgetting this, and fretting at interposing stones and stumps of trees, as if they rolled or fell across our path by accident. We cannot see the reasons or the *why*, but depend on it good is meant, and through our tears we ought to let faith and trust and gratitude shine out, and make the dull earth pass under a rainbow, whether it will or no. Hold out your hands and catch the *end* of it I throw you!" Hope in waiting.

In August the Reorganization papers were all finished; and Edwardes left Murree and went on to Hazâra, and from thence to Peshâwur, and resumed his own work undisturbed, while he awaited the Governor-General's answer.

The reply came in due course.

To Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert Edwardes, C.B.

"Allahabad, July 13, 1858.

"Dear Colonel Edwardes,

"I was very sorry to receive your letter of June 25, not only because it announces to me the loss of your services and presence in India, but on account of the cause which draws you home.

"With a reservation in the event of any imperative public urgency, I cannot hesitate to leave you master of your own movements. I am thoroughly confident that you would not make, and that Sir John Lawrence would not support, the request contained in your letter, so long as the interests of the country in which your service lies required your presence.

"I cannot let pass your brief allusion to the spirit in which that service has been rendered and to the results of it without thanking you for it, and expressing my great admiration of the sound judgment and energy and ability

which have marked the conduct of every matter which has been placed in your hands since I have been in India.

"Believe me, dear Colonel Edwardes,

"Very faithfully yours,

"(Signed) CANNING."

Leave granted.

This was good news of release, and did not come before it was greatly needed, for, indeed, sick leave could have been asked for, and easily obtained.

Edwardes accordingly made his preparations to go to England in the coming autumn; but it was well that he knew how to bear disappointment, for he was cruelly put to the test.

In October, when all his preparations had been made, all his property sold, and he was about to start, having brought the frontier affairs into good order, and there being nothing to detain him necessarily, and his own health being more and more severely strained, the Governor-General got frightened, revoked his promise made in July (which had left Edwardes free to choose his time when he should think it safe), and wrote to tell him that he must forego his leave till "general furlough" was opened.

Here was one of the trying ordeals of public life to be borne. There was nothing to excuse it, and the Chief Commissioner, who was well able to judge if any danger was to be feared, considered it was quite uncalled for; but Lord Canning, always vacillating, feared to lose Edwardes from the frontier, and seemed to forget, in that, all other considerations.

If we must try to find some excuse for the Governor-General, it must be remembered that these were trying times for Lord Canning himself, in 1858–59, when his policy was being questioned at home, and his reputation greatly damaged by Lord Ellenborough, (as President of the Board of Control,) in his "secret despatch" of censure of Lord Canning's Oude proclamation.

Possible excuses for Lord

This being made public in England three weeks before it could reach Lord Canning, and then spread through the

length and breadth of India, was an unusual course of censure, and one which, we learn from the "Prince Consort's Life" (vol. iv. p. 225), did not at all meet with her Majesty's approval; and though Lord Canning was safe in relying on favour at home, and expressed himself "that he had no fears he would find Indian affairs dealt with by Government at home in a way implying want of confidence in his administration, because he felt sure that against this he was safe in their hands," still the measure of reprimand made public was sufficiently unpleasant to ruffle the temper and to account somewhat for the unjust discourtesy of the refusal to part with a man who was holding a difficult post, and whom he found it hard at the moment to replace.

Canning's refusal to grant leave.

Some official inaccuracy in the application, (which was a mistake entirely originating in the office of the secretary to the Punjab Government,) was complained of; but that could have weighed nothing in the matter, as it belonged to the Chief Commissioner's office alone.

But the disappointment was borne bravely, and cheerily too; for, writing to tell his friend Edward Lake of it, he says—

"The only things I have left to my name are—a marble table, a cheval glass, and a piano. Fortunately there isn't a hanging wardrobe, or I might have stepped into it and shut the door!"

Hard as it was to bear, even this trouble must have an end. General furlough was opened in the spring of 1859, and Sir Robert Montgomery had by that time succeeded Sir John Lawrence, and was now the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, so to him the application was now to be made. He replied at once.

Furlough opened.

"Lahore, March 1, 1859.

"My dear Edwardes,

"I have much to write about had I time, which I have not.

"I have told Davies to telegraph and say you can apply for leave.

"Need I say how much I regret in having the right arm of the Punjab lopped off, when I am as *tow* compared with John Lawrence, and am new to much, especially frontier politics. But I know your anxiety to go home, and I must not say nay.

"John told me that James would be the best successor, and that Becher might go to Leia, and Adams to Hazâra.

"Please give me your opinion fully, and also your suggestions, on all matters of moment that you think will be of use to me.

"Sir John seems to be dragging after him all the strength of the Punjab.

"The loss of your sagacity in Cabul and Persian politics will be very indifferently met. . . .

"Leave me, please, a full memo. of what should be our future policy on the frontier. You will be conferring a great obligation upon

"Yours ever sincerely,

"(Signed) R. MONTGOMERY."

And now we see Herbert Edwardes bidding farewell to Peshâwur never to return to it — the scene of so much interest, so much danger, and so much success—and we may quote his own words, reviewing the past, in writing to his wife on the eve of his departure to rejoin her.

Review of the past five years and a half.

"I feel how much we owe to God for His goodness to us here. In what a dark hour we were sent here first, after poor Mackeson's assassination!

"How, year by year, the political and social atmosphere has cleared! How large a share of usefulness was allowed to us in establishing the mission here! and how all the prognostications of worldly men concerning it have been put to shame!

"How good a work has been accomplished in blotting out the animosities of the Cabul War! and how richly was

the peace-making policy repaid, in the crisis of 1857! What a happy opportunity has thus been afforded of getting jageers and rewards for all the faithful chiefs of the border!

"How thankful I am for having had the thought given me of striking, from this outpost of India, the keynote of Christian legislation and government.

"And how has the sad necessity of our separation been tempered with mercy, in your safety and recovered health!

"When I think of these things, and see the evident goodwill of all classes shown in open regret at my leaving, I feel that God has blessed me with a lot of honourable, successful, and healthy struggle with the ills of life, and that I owe Him all my strength and faculties for the future.

"I look back on these last five years and a half, and, remembering how dark was the horizon then, just after the murder of Mackeson (even in time of peace), I cannot but thank God for the change of temper that has come over the frontier since then, and which, in the dreadful crisis of 1857–58, put the whole of the people and the chiefs upon our side.

"The reconciliation with the Afghans was a good work which brought a blessing with it, and the establishment of the mission has crowned all. It is now flourishing, and promises to become a great institution.

"These are wholesome results of labour, which by God's favour I can now look back to; and I should suppose that these five and a half years have been the most useful of my life, as they *ought* indeed to be!"

Departure for England, 1859.

The steamer of May 23, 1859, from Bombay brought Herbert Edwardes home again once more to England.

His last act at Peshâwur was to give his house as a present to the mission, that the rent they could get from it might be a perpetual subscription to the funds of the mission. He presented it with the following letter:—

From Colonel Edwardes to Colonel Martin, Lay Secretary of the Peshâwur Mission.

"Peshâwur, August, 1858.

"My dear Martin,

"I do not feel easy at withdrawing our annual subscription to the Mission to the Afghans and mission school in the city when I go on furlough, and yet we cannot afford to maintain it when thrown on our private resources in England.

"I beg, therefore, the mission's acceptance of our house as a parting offering of my own and my dear wife's goodwill and earnest wish for its increasing prosperity and usefulness. The house is in good order, and should rent, I think, for Rs. 110 or Rs. 120 a month, which would replace our failing help, and provide also for the annual repairs. I have no conditions to impose whatever. Do with it whatever is best for the interests of the mission, as that is our object.

"We have both of us derived happiness from the mission; and I feel that, publicly and privately, I owe it much. God has certainly honoured us at Peshâwur for honouring Him; and as the first thing I was called to do in December, 1853, was to join in establishing the mission, so my last act shall be to make over to you the home where we have been sheltered and blessed for five years.

"Yours affectionately,

"(Signed) Herbert B. Edwardes."

The testimony of both black and white, the native and European community alike, evidence the impression made on the country by Edwardes's Christian government at Peshâwur.

An Englishman, meeting a native chief who lived near Lahore at the time of the Mutiny, asked him his opinion on the crisis.

The chief replied, "Tell me just what the state of things is in Peshâwur."

The Englishman said that things were going on well there, under Colonel Edwardes.

The chief answered, "If things are well at Peshâwur, then all is well in the Punjab. If not, then,"—and here he took up the skirt of his garment and rolled it up—"the Punjab," said he, "will be rolled up like this cloth, if things go wrong at Peshâwur."

The following letter is from the pen of Mr. McLeod Wylie, an able and well-known civilian in Calcutta.

The letter was printed in the public papers in England about this time. He writes—

Mr. McLeod Wylie's testimony to the value of a Christian policy.

"And let me ask you to observe how a Christian spirit influences a man's public policy. It is said that it unfits him for responsibility. According to some, the true secret of success in India is devil-worship.

"But look at the fact at Peshâwur. No place has been in such jeopardy. With seventy thousand fanatical people within the walls; with eight Native Infantry regiments, some of whom were known to be disaffected; with thousands of armed ferocious men all around in the hill fastnesses; what has happened?

"When Colonel Mackeson was the Commissioner, he declared that as long as he lived no Christian missionary should ever cross the Indus for Peshâwur. He was assassinated by a Mohammedan fanatic. Colonel Edwardes succeeded.

"He at once advocated the intended mission; he welcomed it; he upheld it. During all this storm he has encouraged the missionaries to go on preaching, and he has held his post. He has gone on enlisting the best class of Mussulmans for new native corps, disarming the mutinous regiments, holding Dost Mahommed in check, and, with consummate courage and sternness of determination, has preserved his position of appalling difficulty. I would not say he has been alone. Sir John Lawrence and Mr. Montgomery (the Judicial Commissioner of the Punjab) have firmly maintained, that neither at Peshâwur nor elsewhere should the missionaries desist from preaching.

"Sir John Lawrence appointed a day (in August) for public prayer. General Sydney Cotton, who commands at

Peshâwur, has cordially acted with Colonel Edwardes all along, and exhibited high talents; but, undoubtedly, we are entitled to point to Peshâwur as the most critical post in all India, and to a Christian man as the chief instrument, in the gracious hand of God, of its preservation to this hour.

"What may yet happen we know not. There may still be terrible commotions in that turbulent city; but peace has been preserved during all the crisis of the peril in India, and the effect of the preservation of Peshâwur for the last four months, surpasses all human estimate.

"I might go on, but it is enough to say that if any at home are inclined to fear the influence on the natives of zealous Christian men, they have only to look to Henry Lawrence and to Herbert Edwardes, and they will discover that *such* are the men that the natives trust and honour, and *such* are the men whom God uses and blesses in circumstances of national trial. Them that honour Him, He will honour; and as nations advance in true devotedness to Him, so does national blessing descend upon them. I speak not of formal Act-of-Parliament religion, but of the spread of real godliness. As *that* prevails, so all public interests prosper. It has been so hitherto, and it will be so to the end. 'Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.'"

CHAPTER VI.

1859—1860.

WEST FARM—EASTBOURNE—THE CLIVE MEMORIAL—"OUR INDIAN EMPIRE"—"THE SAFETY OF A CHRISTIAN POLICY IN INDIA."

"The primal duties shine aloft like stars,
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers."

WORDSWORTH.

CHAPTER VI.

The journey was quickly accomplished, and the happy meeting with his wife took place at Folkestone.

The first journey undertaken together again, was to Shropshire, to the family-gatherings there, that had welcomed him so warmly in 1850.

He arrived just in time to meet around the grave of his beloved grandmother, the Dowager Lady Edwardes; too late for her to have the joy of seeing him, for the news of her death reached Folkestone on the day of his landing there.

Edwardes greatly needed rest. But before leaving India, he had been asked by the Lawrence family to write the "Life of Sir Henry Lawrence;" and, being always too unselfish to think of himself, he undertook the task as a labour of love, and came home with his mind made up to devote himself to it.

Edwardes undertakes to write the life of Henry Lawrence.

It would have been better for him had he allowed himself the entire rest that was so needed. But to his active mind work was pleasure, and he "would rather wear out than rust out," he used to say.

There were many questions that he was earnestly interested in bringing before the public in England at this time. He felt very deeply the great importance of introducing the Bible into the Government schools in India, and he considered that this was the time and the opportunity given to England to make the changes that he saw were so much needed.

The best way to give Edwardes's views on these subjects will be to make selections from his speeches, and by so doing allow him to speak for himself. He desired to bring

public opinion to bear upon this great subject and others of a kindred nature, and to strengthen the hands of those who had the power at this time of great changes and alterations in the government of India, in its transfer, from the East India Company to the Crown, by bringing all the knowledge and experience he had gained to their aid; and for this great end he was willing to spend and be spent, regardless of his own interest, convenience, or advantage.

Having, besides this, promised to undertake the "Life of Sir Henry Lawrence," we can see how he left himself little chance of the much-needed rest and relaxation of mind from the all-absorbing topics of India's regeneration, upon which his heart was set.

After visits among relatives, Edwardes and his wife first made a tour in Scotland, visiting Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Inverness, and going, by the Caledonian Canal, to the Trosachs Sterling.

On their return the winter was spent at West Farm, East Barnet, where the quiet happiness of *home* together again, was indeed refreshment.

After six months there another house was taken for a year, by the sea; and, with Eastbourne for head-quarters, many visits were paid and many friendships renewed, and materials were gathered together and prepared for the work that had been undertaken.

Invited to stand for Glasgow.

It was in this year, 1860, that Edwardes was invited by the kindness of friends to stand for the representation of Glasgow, in Parliament; and the certainty of being a successful candidate was promised him, without canvassing.

Edwardes was no partisan in politics any more than in religion, and made it quite clearly understood that he would go in pledged to *no* party, to vote for opinions that he did not agree to; but, if he entered Parliament, it would be as perfectly free to advocate the cause he believed the truth, and to speak out of the fulness of his heart and according to his own judgment. This was no hindrance, and he was urged to represent Glasgow, unfettered by any party.

Conflicting claims.

It was a tempting proposal, in many ways; offering, at the same time, a field of usefulness as well as permission to remain in his own country and among his friends, and it

cost him some anxiety to weigh the claims of duty before deciding.

His single desire was to be guided by God, and to work willingly wherever and however He should direct.

Decided on not deserting India.

On the one hand, Parliament seemed to open a field where he could work for India's good, and give voice to the thoughts that were burning at his heart; on the other, he feared lest he should choose the *easiest* path, and be deserting the post in the fore-front of the battle, where God had placed him by leading him to India, contrary to all his own personal inclinations; and had there blessed and prospered him, and given him practical experience and influence with the people, —an important factor in the success of governing anywhere, but especially in India. And so, without a clear guiding to show him plainly that it was God's choice for him, he did not think it his duty to desert India, and he declined the tempting offer.

Inauguration of the Clive Memorial.

On January 18, 1860, Edwardes was present at Shrewsbury, at the inauguration of the Clive Memorial—a statue of Clive erected in the market-place of that town.

Being called upon to speak, his words were a graceful tribute to the memory of Clive, and we will give them before passing on to matters of deeper interest. He said—

"I feel it to be an honour for more than one reason: partly because I had the honour to be born in the same county, partly because I have had the honour of living all my life in the same service, and partly also because I happen to have my name borne on the ranks of the regiment of the 1st Bengal European Fusiliers, which fought under Lord Clive at Plassey, and still bears that honoured name upon its colours—a regiment in which not the least distinguished officer is present, I mean Major Salusbury.

"For these reasons I feel it a peculiar honour and privilege to have been asked to propose this toast, 'The Memory of the great Lord Clive.' There are some, I know, who deprecate altogether such memorials as these, and call them 'hero-worship.' In my judgment they are wrong. The

Giver of empires is indeed God. But God works through human means, and when He pleases to give empires to a people He gives them a man like Clive, and in honouring the instrument we do but honour the Providence that wields it.

"It is the true spirit of Christianity to honour all men in their degree; and the age that shall cease to do so—the age that shall look unmoved on the bygone genius and greatness of its country, is certain to be an effete and little age, an age without power of its own, an age without poetry or conception or enthusiasm, an age without faith on earth or reverence in heaven. Defend England from a worn-out age like that!

"Others there are who say they are quite willing to pay honour to a hero, provided that he be perfect; and that Clive was a man of imperfection; that they have read history and know that his errors were as glaring as his services were great. They doubt if it be right to honour such a man. These objections I respect, though I think them hard, and leaning not only towards uncharity but ingratitude. Let us look back along the ranks of our great patriots in the defenders of our country by sea and land. I name no names, but ask you to review them in your memory, and say to whom should we have paid honour, to whom should we have given the public monument and the household niche, had we reserved our gratitude for a man without a flaw?

"The best of them could only have carved beneath his bust, 'I was a man!'

"If we, too, feel that we are 'men,' let us honour what is good and great in our fellows, while we sorrow for their faults—taking a lesson from the gold-diggers, who never find the metal pure, but much mixed with dross and dirt, and whose labour it is to fling away the dross and make the gold their own. Approaching the memory of Clive in this spirit, we cannot but do it honour—great, lasting honour,

such as can only be expressed in marble. If we look up to Clive, the boy, on the steeple of Market Drayton, or descend with him to head his playmates in a skirmish with the townsmen; if we sail with Clive, the youth, to India, and listen while he weeps over the home and country he has left; if we watch Clive, the man, stooping wearily over the desk in peace, and leaping up at the sound of war, flinging away the pen, shouldering the musket, winning a commission, daring to devise the capture of Arcot, daring to take it with five hundred men, and daring to hold it against ten thousand men for fifty days, with a starving but devoted garrison, rejecting with scorn the bribes of his besiegers, and victoriously repulsing them in three desperate assaults; if we behold him in the first pride of military success submit contentedly to serve under his old commander Lawrence, and refusing to accept a sword from the Court of Directors unless Lawrence got one too; if we see him chosen at Madras to revenge the murder of one hundred and twenty-three Englishmen in the Black Hole at Calcutta; if we are compelled to stand by and see Clive, the Oriental intriguer, stooping to win a victory of falsehood from the traitor Omichund; if we escape with him into the open air and tented field, and forget what we have witnessed in the Cabinet, as Clive, the soldier, once more grasps his sword and leads three thousand men across the Ganges to contend with sixty thousand for the empire of Hindostan, calmly lying down to sleep in the grove of Plassey while the battle languished, and rising refreshed to turn the tide of imperial victory; if we walk with Clive, the conqueror, through the golden vaults of his allies and see the giver of a kingdom and the founder of an empire believing himself moderate as he accepts the fortune of a noble; if we return with him to England and see him rejoicing to enrich his friends and relatives, and pensioning his old commander; and, when the affairs of Bengal fell into disorder, once more, at the call of

masters who had ill-used him, leaving his country and his wealth to sail again for India; if, at this crowning period of his life, we look on with unmixed pride and see first how Clive, the civil reformer, cleansed the corrupt administration of the State, and next how Clive, the military reformer, grappled with a demoralized army, and put down mutiny as none have done it since; if, at this noble period of his career, we learn that, while enriching others, he impoverished himself, and conferred upon the army he had rebuked the noble charity of £60,000; if we re-land upon the shores of England and behold with shame and sorrow an ignorant country permitting a faction, smarting under Clive's retrenchments and reforms, to impeach Clive's Indian administration, adding 'the pangs of wounded honour' to the agonies of disease, and breaking the balance of a noble mind;—surely in this history, if we find much to extenuate, much to censure, and much to deplore, we find much to admire, much to honour, much for which Englishmen must feel proud and thankful.

"It was he, indeed, under Providence, who laid the foundation of our Indian Empire—an Empire which in extent is now fourteen times greater than the British Isles, nearly two thousand miles from north to south, and one thousand five hundred from east to west, with a population of nearly two hundred millions. That Empire is not without its care and pain, chiefly, I believe, because we have shrunk from doing our Christian duty; but if, on the whole, it be a glory to our country and the ceaseless marvel and envy of foreign nations, if it develops the resources of two hemispheres and confers blessings on mankind,—we owe that glory to the genius and greatness of Clive, and it is fit that Englishmen do honour to his memory."

In this same year, 1860, Edwardes gave a lecture at Manchester on "Our Indian Empire," which deals with deeper subjects.

"Our Indian Empire: its Beginning and End."

"The unchangeableness of the East has passed into a proverb, but the proverb is only applicable to its *social* state. *Politically,* the East is the native land of revolution. Its vast plains have invited and absorbed race after race of the human family, and its wealth has been the magnet of enterprise in every age. The Hindoos of to-day may be something like the Hindoos whom the Greeks found two thousand years ago; and Alexander's Hindoos might have had some lineaments in common with the first readers of the Vedas, though I think not much; but the history of their country is a long march of successive dynasties—conqueror trampling upon conqueror, race overrunning race. It has been said of the Russian Government that it used to be a despotism tempered by assassination. It might be said of India that its constitution has been conquest aggravated by change. The Hindoos themselves are not the aborigines of Hindostan. In times of which we have no record now, but certainly upwards of a thousand years before Christ, a tall, slight, handsome, olive-coloured race, grandsons of Japheth, swarmed down from Central Asia into India, occupied its plains, and drove into the depths of the forest or the mountain the small and swarthy grandsons of Shem, whose children* still love or trust the thicket best, and only of late years have begun to venture out at the call of the philanthropist and the missionary.

"And here I would call your attention to two points—

"1. How early the prophecy of Noah (Gen. ix. 27) was

* The Bheels, Ghonds, Kols, etc., etc. Their total numbers in India are estimated at sixteen millions, exclusive of the Karens of our newest province, Pegu. The wonderful results of the labours of Dr. Judson, his colleagues and successors, during half a century among the Karens (of whom there are now supposed to be a hundred thousand Christians), seems to point out the Semitic aborigines of India as the most hopeful *headland* in the field of Oriental missions.

fulfilled, that 'God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem.'

"2. That the pure Hindoos and their British conquerors belong to the same great branch of the family of man.

"How long the Hindoo conquerors, with their dynasties of the sun and moon, were left undisturbed, forging their present forms of idolatry and caste, history cannot tell us; but it tells us how the Persians under Darius Hystaspes, and the Greeks under Alexander, bore their arms into Indian borders before the Christian era; how since then the Khalifahs of Baghdad and their fanatic Arabs first cleft an eastward road for the Korân through Sindh and the Punjab (close of sixth century); how Mahmood the Destroyer twelve times descended into India to smash its idols and massacre its idolaters, or spare them only to be sold in his own country at 4*s.* a head (A.D. 1000); how the house of Ghor (still coming from the North-west) extended Mohammedan sway into Bengal (A.D. 1157–1206); how the Turk-born slave-kings reduced Malwa, and completed Moslem dominion to the Vindhya chain (1206–1288); how the Khiljees followed and reduced the Deccan and Guzerât (1288–1321); how the house of Toghluk, half Turk, half Indian, lost the Deccan and Bengal (1321–1412); how the Tartars under the Lame Timour sacked Delhi (1398); how the Syuds, Viceroys of Timour, let empire slip through their priestly hands till, like a modern hierarch, they were left with only Delhi 'and a garden' (1412–1450); how the Afghan house of Lodi (coming still, let us take notice, from the pale and hardy North) recovered rule from the Himalaya to Benares (1450–1526); how Bâber, in the first battle of Paniput, again won India back for the house of Timour (1526), and founded that last and most famous Tartar dynasty, commonly but erroneously called the dynasty of the 'Great Moghuls,' which rose with Bâber and Humayoon, culminated with Akbar, Jehangeer, and Shah Jehan, declined with

Aurungzebe, and after struggling for a century with Mahrattas, Sikhs, Rohillas, and Afghans, again sunk into impotence on the bloody field of Paniput, from which it sprang (January 6, 1761). All this history tells us, and already it seems marvellous how men can talk of 'the unchanging East,' unless indeed there be a sameness in such ceaseless change. But the changes of Indian history have yet to reach their climax, for it goes on to tell us as a fact that in the end there came a handful of white men across the Western sea to be lords over those dark Indians, supposed to be two hundred millions in number; that these little British Isles of ours have dominated for a hundred years over that vast continent fourteen times their size; that the seat of Eastern empire was transferred to Europe, from the banks of the Jumna to the banks of the Thames; and that the world has lived to see a knot of English officers in sword and sash sitting round a table in the old Imperial capital to try one Buhadoor Shah, lineal descendant of the Great Moghuls,* sometime King of Delhi, and presently a British pensioner, on the charge of disturbing the public peace of India! Can change go farther? Yes. It *might*, and Englishmen can hardly find a more deeply interesting theme for speculation than 'whether it *will*.' Let us to-night consider it a little, and try to take away with us suggestions to be thought out hereafter—impressions that, perhaps gaining strength from reflection, may some day influence for good a vote, a life, a people.

"The three questions which concern England most as to her Indian Empire are—1. How it was got. 2. How it was used. 3. How it will end.

* The mode of spelling Indian names is, to a great extent, arbitrary, as vowels have to be supplied by *ear*, which are not written in many words. Thus the prophet Mohammed's name is written in the original "Mhmmd." On the whole "Mohammedan" combines most of Asiatic and English vernacular. *Mogul* is actually incorrect in its *consonants*, and should be spelt "Moghul."

"1. *How it was got.* The wants of man are the leading-strings of God; and the products of India have drawn Europe to it as irresistibly as the golden ore of the New World has drawn off the crowded population of the Old. For many ages the trade between the East and West pursued overland routes; at first from the head of the Persian Gulf to the Phœnician ports, and next from the head of the Red Sea to Alexandria, where it was the chief source of the wealth of the great Venetian Republic. The rest of Europe envied Venice. A spirit of maritime discovery arose, and in the fifteenth century Columbus, feeling in the dark of ocean for India, laid hold of America. Bartholomew Diâz, sent out by the Portuguese, first rounded the Cape of Good Hope in 1486, and in 1497 his countryman, Vasco da Gama, completed the enterprise, and reached the Malabar coast of India. In 1510 the renowned Albuquerque followed up the successes of his countrymen, and founded at Goa that Portuguese Indian empire which held on to the shores and isles of India for a century.

The Portuguese Indian Empire.

"It was a bad empire, a strange mixture of piracy, fanaticism, heroism, and commerce. The founders of it received from their King silken banners bearing the cross of the order of knighthood of Christ; and the ships, well laden with warriors and Franciscan friars, left the Tagus amid many prayers, to murder the Moors, perform prodigies of evil valour, rob vessels on the high seas, sack towns, introduce the Inquisition, establish factories, drive hard bargains for peppers and spice, plant stone or wooden crosses, put Jews to the rack, convert thousands with a spargillum and a sword, and call it religion—call it empire.

"It shows, however, how superior were those Portuguese in courage and in war, when they could thus bully and buccaneer and conquer Indian princes, who brought more thousands than *they* brought hundreds into the field. It shows too what a miserably small fellow was, in truth, the

'Great Moghul,' when a handful of white men could play these pranks upon his coasts, and neither he nor his Viceroys be able to drive them into the sea! But the turn of the Portuguese to be bullied came at last.

"Towards the close of the sixteenth century the Protestant Dutch crept cautiously round the Cape. They came in a purely commercial spirit, and when their argosies returned, and they had divided thirty-seven per cent. at Amsterdam, the heart of the nation might well have been content. But the Dutch soon found that the Portuguese had got the best things in those Eastern seas, and they resolved to drive them out. It took them fifty years to do it, but the middle of the seventeenth century saw the Dutch masters of the Moluccas, Malacca, and parts of Sumatra and Ceylon.

The Dutch drive out the Portuguese, and establish themselves.

"And what were the English doing all this while? Did they look on with indifference while Portuguese and Dutch founded commercial empires in the far homes of wealth? No; they longed to do the same. But in 1860, when even Italy is free, it seems strange to say that in the sixteenth century the merchant navy of England was forbidden by the Pope of Rome to go round the Cape of Good Hope! A Papal Bull drew a line in the sea, and, in defiance of the shape of the globe, declared that all the lands to the east of it should belong to the King of Portugal, and all to the west of it to the King of Spain! What was to happen when the two met on the other side of the world does not seem to have been provided for, and it remains a ludicrous example of the fallibility of mortals who style themselves 'infallible!' Nevertheless, the English desired to respect it, and spent half a century in trying to reach India through an unobjectionable route—by a North-east or a North-west passage. And as Columbus, looking for India, had discovered America, so our Willoughbys, and Frobishers, and Davises, pursuing

the same search, stumbled on Archangel and Davis's Straits.

"Moreover, two different attempts were made to bring the produce of India overland; one by the Russia Company and their agent, Anthony Jenkinson, who in 1558 went from Moscow down the Volga into the Caspian Sea, and visited Persia and Bokhara; the other by the Levant Company, who in 1583 despatched two of their partners, John Newbury and Ralph Fitch, armed with letters from Queen Elizabeth herself, to Akbar, the greatest of the 'Great Moghuls,' and the Emperor of China to boot. They made their way by Baghdad and Bussora to India, running the gauntlet of the Portuguese, who threw them for some time into prison; but though they succeeded in reaching the Imperial Court at Agra, and visiting the Straits afterwards, their journey only put it beyond a doubt that the trade with India must be carried on by sea, whether the Pope permitted it or not.

"The spell, indeed, had been already broken by Sir Francis Drake, who, in circumnavigating the globe in 1577, boldly intruded into the Portuguese preserves—Java and the Spice Islands, and brought home such accounts as fired the country with the spirit of commercial venture. The successes of the more forward Dutch added fresh fuel to the flame, and, after some abortive attempts at organization by the merchants, the charter of the 'Governor and Company of Merchants of London, trading to the East Indies,' was signed by Queen Elizabeth on the last day of the sixteenth century.

"On April 22, 1601, their first fleet set forth. It was commanded by Captain Lancaster, and consisted of four ships and a pinnace, the largest being six hundred tons, and the united crews of the whole only five hundred men.

"As that tiny fleet spread its canvas to the wind, and left the little harbour of Torbay, what mariner among

them, or what statesman on the shore, was bold enough to dream that they were carrying out the anchor of the British Indian Empire? Yet so it proved; and I have been thus minute, perhaps tedious, in recalling the purely commercial spirit which took our countrymen to India in the reign of 'Good Queen Bess,' because, in the reign of better Queen Victoria, India is ours—the vast empire of the Great Moghuls a jewel only in Old England's crown. And who that looks at the relations of the two countries to-day, what subject Hindoo, or Mohammedan, or Sikh, what foreigner of Europe, could possibly believe that we went not to the East for empire, if history did not establish beyond dispute, that we went simply for cinnamon and cloves, for pepper, capsicum, and ginger, for ebony and pearls and precious stones, for what Asia grew and Europe wanted; in short, for *honest commerce?*

"For the first ten or twelve years the new English company confined their trade to the isles in the Eastern Seas, after which they extended their trade to the mainland, and in A.D. 1613 obtained leave from the Emperor Jehangeer to establish factories at Surat, Cambay, and other places in Guzerât. This was the first footing of the English on the continent of India!

"In 1615 our King James I. sent Sir Thomas Roe as Ambassador to the Delhi Court, where he stayed three years, negotiating a treaty of commerce. He was treated not only with respect, but familiarity, and was courteously forced to sit night after night in the Imperial circle, while the Great Moghul, on a gorgeous throne of diamonds and rubies and his chosen courtiers round him, all got drunk. Nor was this the Emperor Jehangeer's only departure from the Korân; for he wore on his rosary images of our Saviour and the Virgin Mary, which he had got from the Portuguese Jesuits, and he permitted two of his own nephews to become Christians.

"In the end Jehangeer granted to Sir Thomas Roe, in 1618, leave to the English to have factories in Bengal and all parts of the Moghul dominions, and this we may consider the point of departure of the British power in India.

"The succeeding steps were slow and gradual, but as inevitable as any law of natural development, from the internal decadence of the Moghul Empire.

"Factories once established, it became necessary to guard the goods and treasures and lives which they contained, both against European rivals and the rapacious chiefs of the country. Hence came first fortified factories, and servants armed and trained; and then Presidency towns, with fortifications round them, and a mongrel military establishment within, made up of English idlers, French, Dutch, or Portuguese deserters, and half-caste native Christians. Then followed alliances with one chief to render mutual defence against another. Then oppressions by Viceroys in defiance of the weak and distant Emperor on the throne; and out of these, claims for compensations, and negotiations at the Court.

"Sometimes an English physician, a Boughton or a Hamilton, would heal a daughter of the Emperor (1542), or the Emperor himself (1715), and generously ask as his reward increased commercial privileges for his countrymen, or leave to purchase lands.

"Sometimes the Empire would be desolated by invasions; a Nadir would massacre one hundred thousand citizens of Delhi, and carry away £30,000,000 of plunder (A.D. 1739); or the Mahrattas, rising against the Moghuls, would sweep like locusts over Bengal, and force Viceroys to bid the English strengthen their position.*

"Soon the great Moghul Empire itself broke up; and the provinces from Persia to the Indian Ocean became one vast scramble among the Viceroys and the races. Then, to com-

* The Mahratta Ditch round Calcutta, 1740.

plete the anarchy of India, war broke out in Europe, and the French and English merchants flew at each other's throats and factories and settlements. The French had two very remarkable men in India then, Labourdonnais and Dupleix; and though the one was of the right sort, the other of the wrong, both were of the stuff that pioneers are made of.

"These Frenchmen were the first to conceive the notion of building up a European power on the continent of India. And the subtle genius of Dupleix was the first to devise the plan of mounting to an Indian throne on the shoulder of the Indian chiefs and people.* It was he who first trained Sepoys under European officers to eke out a scanty and costly European force. And it was he who first set the example of mixing in the quarrels of the native Viceroys, and making a handful of foreigners the arbiters of the Eastern dynasties.

"The English at this crisis would unquestionably have been driven out of India by these great Frenchmen and their allies, if they too had not produced their man. Robert Clive arose to save them. Equal to Labourdonnais in patriotism, and to Dupleix in ambition, he was superior to them both in military genius and that dauntless heart which masters men and circumstances. He perceived that the French and English could not exist together in India, and he never rested till the ambitious fabric which the policy of Dupleix and the arms of the brave Bussy and De Lally had built up was humbled in the dust. Even then the English would have been content to go on trading, without dreaming of empire, had the Viceroys of the Moghul been content to let them trade in peace. But the Governor of Bengal, a dissolute youth, named Sooraj-úd-dowlah, hated the English, and ordered them to throw down their fortifications—as a butcher might say to a lamb, 'Give me your throat!' The English merchants refused. Sooraj-úd-dowlah and his mob of

* His very wife was a half-caste native, who acted as his interpreter with the chiefs.

troops attacked and took the English factories of Cossim Bazaar and Calcutta, and thrust 146 English men and women into a dungeon, eighteen feet by fourteen, on a sultry tropic night, to wait there while he slept.

"You know the story of that 'Black Hole'; how mad the inmates grew, and by turns prayed for mercy or fought for water, or cursed the guards, in hopes of being killed; and how, when morning dawned and the Tyrant of Bengal awoke, twenty-three only crawled out alive. What wonder that Clive took revenge? What wonder that when in the spring of 1757 Sooraj-úd-dowlah once more moved out with fifty thousand men and forty guns, and a detachment of Frenchmen, to exterminate the English traders, and his own chief ministers made offers to betray the tyrant, Clive accepted their overtures?

"With three thousand men and nine guns Clive crossed the river, and on the renowned field of Plassey unmade one Viceroy, made another, and established the English as the source of power in Bengal. Here, then, we have the founding of our British Indian Empire!

"The rest is only repetition: the piling of stone on stone; demands and grants of direct administration; political powers; political and commercial necessities; native aggressions; English defence; fresh conquest; onward moves; consolidation; government; expansion; empire. Thus the strange Eastern story runs, till those mighty rivers, the Irrawaddy, the Brahmapootra, the Ganges, and the Indus, probably for the first time in the world's history, water one empire; and the shores of the Indian and Arabian seas, the barriers of the Sulimânee Mountains, and the far-off peaks of the Himalaya, resound to the same thanksgiving, and echo back Victoria! Victoria!

"It is indeed a wondrous thing, this British Indian Empire: from north to south one thousand eight hundred miles, from east to west two thousand miles, with an area of one million

five hundred thousand square miles, and a population of two hundred millions. I do not ask you to believe that all this has been got as Englishmen of our day would wish it had been got—without a stain or sin. Alas! it is not so. Some wars there *have* been on which Truth will lay her pale reproving fingers, and cry, 'Shame! shame to England!' But, on the whole, I do give it you as my thankful and sincere belief that the Indian Empire of our country was not got by design, or policy of ambition—was not a thing that England coveted, but *was* got against our will, in the face of repeated protests from home, contrary to the avowed policy of nearly every Governor-General, and, in a word, forced on us piecemeal in self-defence. Nor is this enough to say. For when we thus review the story of two centuries and a half, and bring the beginning and the end together in one *coup d'œil* before us, setting Captain Lancaster and his five little ships of 1601 beside the British India of our day, dull indeed must be the brain that is not struck with the utter inadequacy of the means employed to the results which have been obtained; and dull indeed the heart that does not cry aloud, 'This thing is of God! "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give the praise" (Ps. cxv.). "For (we) gat not the land in possession through (our) own sword; neither was it (our) own arm that helped (us). But Thy right hand and Thine arm, and the light of Thy countenance: because Thou hadst a favour unto (us)" (Ps. xliv.).'

"2. *How the Empire has been used.* If, then, this Indian Empire was none of our getting, but was put into our hands by God, it follows that it was a *stewardship*—a *trust* in which England was to seek and find her own national benefit in benefiting God's Indian people. The next question is, how has this been done? If this question is to be answered generally, and in a lump, as it were, I can have no hesitation whatever in assuring you that English rule has very largely benefited India, so largely indeed that history must needs

write it down *a blessing.** For only consider what that Mohammedan rule was which English rule came to supersede. It was the rule of the Korân; in other words, the rule of the sword—a rule in which war was rarely, if ever, known to cease in any reign, so perpetually was the kingdom racked with invasion from without, or rebellion from within; a rule in general of religious persecution, oscillating between the intolerance of destroying temples and smashing idols, and converting whole districts, under threats of fire and sword, and the scarcely less intolerable tolerance of transferring a Hindoo princess to the Moslem Emperor's harem, by way of patronage and honour; a rule of utter insecurity of life and property, in which there was little 'inquisition for blood' except for the rich, and private vengeance was the justiciary of the poor; a rule of forced labour without wages, and forced loans without repayment, under which no artisan was master of his own time or industry, and no merchant master of his gains; a rule which scraped wealth from the whole surface of the kingdom to heap it into a few glittering masses at the Courts of the Emperor and his Viceroys; which was gorgeous in ceremonials and royal progresses, but depopulating and demoralizing in its daily life; a rule under which individuals indeed could rise to ambitious heights, but the

* That the Indian Empire has in turn been a blessing to England requires no demonstration. The rest of Europe has looked on at it with not less envy than admiration. I wish, however, to point attention to one particular benefit that has accrued to us, viz. that India has been a great safety-valve of energy and talent. Where else, some years ago, could the middle-class Englishman, without money or interest, by sheer industry, good conduct, and force of character, rise to be a ruler of men in thousands and millions? The aggregate of these individual careers made up, and still makes up, an important item in England's prosperity. Happily, however, India is in this respect no longer *necessary* to us. Our middle classes have found more natural and hopeful outlets in the great white colonies of the New World—the lands of the prairie and the gold-field; and it might not hurt us to be driven more upon them. The day may come when the Anglo-Saxon race will have to stand alone and do battle with the world.

masses sunk like stones; a rule which corrupted both the conquered and their conquerors, teaching Hindoo men to be slaves and Hindoo women prisoners in the zenana, and half-Hindooizing Mohammedans by the contagious influence of *caste.* In short, a rule of which I know no other good that it did to India than the awful check it inflicted on Idolatry, a check which no doubt was its mission.

"Now, English rule was in its details the very opposite of all this. It was conquest, but it was also emancipation. It found nine-tenths enslaved by one-tenth. It subjugated one-tenth, and freed nine-tenths. In short, it conferred more freedom than it took away. It introduced *peace* into the land (that rudimental blessing without which there can be no real prosperity for any people);—it reflected the mind of the favoured country whence it came, and inaugurated an era of industry and commerce;—it has kept India safe from foreign invasion, and, till 1857, had known no internal rebellion;—it has made life and honour safe, labour a property, and property an enjoyment; it has put all men, the Brahmin and the Sudra, on an equality in courts of justice; it has raised the life of a man above the life of a cow at Hindoo Courts—it has protected woman, forbidding slavery, and abrogating the right of the Mohammedan husband to murder his own wife; it has abolished the accursed practices of Suttee, Infanticide, and Human Sacrifices to bloody idols; it has almost exterminated Thuggee, and has kept down Dacoity.

"Throughout the greater part of its possessions it has surveyed the land and registered the right of possessors, a priceless boon which Englishmen, who have lived for generations under a settled government, can scarcely realize.*

* In justice to the great Akbâr, it should be stated that he preceded the English Government in the following measures:—

1. He forbade suttee *against the will of widows.*
2. He allowed widows to remarry.

"It is sometimes said in ignorance that the British Indian Government has executed few public works, but the truth is that it has executed more, and grander, than any Government in the world.

"In the Bengal Presidency alone it has constructed four irrigation canals to prevent or mitigate famine, the united lengths of which are 1840 miles,* besides immense works of irrigation in Madras and other parts of India. It has constructed, too, a Grank Trunk Road from Calcutta to Peshâwur, 1423 miles in length, at an expense of more than £1000 a mile—£50,000 a year is not enough to keep it in repair. It has laid down four thousand miles of electric telegraph, connecting Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay with each other, and with Peshâwur, the farthest outpost of British India.

"These are great deeds for a Government to do, unaided by private enterprise, and still greater would have been done had not unhappy wars exhausted the public treasury.

"Private enterprise has, however, come at last to the aid of Government in the article of railroads, and eight English companies during the last ten years have undertaken *trunk* lines 4917 miles in length, of which about a

3. He abolished pilgrim taxes.

4. He reformed the revenue.

5. He put all religions on an equality. And he went beyond the English Government in these, that—

6. He forbade child-marriage—(that infanticide of heart and home).

7. He manifested great respect for Christianity; and ordered Fyzee, the brother of his Prime Minister, to translate the Gospels. (The British Government, as yet, has only desired to translate the *Sikh* Scriptures. Nothing would more become the direct Government of the Crown than *an authorized version of the Bible in the chief dialects of India.* The want of it is now the greatest hindrance to a vernacular Christian literature. Without it there cannot even be a Concordance.)

	Miles.
* Ganges	... 810
W. Jumna	... 425
E. Jumna	... 155
Baree, in Punjab	... 450
Total	1840

thousand miles are finished, and the rest will be completed in four years.

"Fifty-three millions of English capital are embarked in these railroads, and on the greater part of it interest has been guaranteed by Government.

"How English rule has raised the material prosperity of India by all these measures may be gathered from two facts: first, that the Indian trade has risen from less than a million in 1812 (when the monopoly of the East India Company was abolished) to eighty-eight millions sterling in 1859-60; *

* The *Friend of India* thus compares the trade of the three capitals:—

"We can now institute an accurate comparison between the commerce of Calcutta and Bombay, and form a correct idea of the external trade of British India in 1859–60.

I.—CALCUTTA.

Imports	Rs.	18,33,72,897
Exports	„	14,21,76,871
		32,55,49,768
Duty on merchandise and imported salt	Rs.	2,05,85,569

II.—BOMBAY.

Imports	Rs.	19,87,49,906
Exports	„	15,51,54,526
		35,39,04,432
Duty on merchandise and salt ...	Rs.	1,42,87,340

III.—MADRAS.

Imports	Rs.	4,47,06,810
Exports	„	4,44,20,017
		8,91,26,827

The Madras figures we have been compelled to take from an imperfect return in a local journal. Thus, while the value of the trade of Bombay exceeds that of Calcutta by Rs. 2,83,54,664, or nearly three millions sterling, the yield in duty to the revenue from Bombay is less by Rs. 62,98,229, or nearly three-fourths of a million. This striking difference may be partly accounted for by the greater quantity of salt imported into Calcutta and the higher excise levied on it. But there must be some other reason besides this. Is it in the accounts?

"We have thus, for the trade of the three capitals, a total of nearly

second, that India for the last half-century has been absorbing about two millions sterling of bullion per annum. These are astounding facts, and I need not ask your active minds whether they tell well or ill for British administration. And even when we pass on to higher attributes of government, and ask what England and her sons have done to civilize those dusky millions, we still shall find she has done *much*. Races of Aborigines, who probably were driven into the fastnesses and jungles of India, by the Hindoos, three thousand years ago, and to whom the Moslem conquerors brought nothing but a keener sword, have been won into the light, and weaned from murder, robbery, and devil-worship. To all races alike the broadest and sincerest religious toleration has been extended. In one part we have lifted the Hindoo, and in another the Mohammedan, out of the dust; and I have myself, often, in the city of Lahore, heard the priests of Juggernâth endeavouring, by frantic blasts on their shell trumpets, to drown the triumphant call with which the emancipated muezzin,* on his minaret, was summoning the faithful Moslem to their prayers.

"A day before the English came, that call would have been silenced with the sword, and the muezzin's head have rolled into the street.

"Indirectly, the whole Western life and civilization of the English rulers has been an educating influence constantly at work, revolutionizing Eastern ideas, and breaking down that ignorance of the outer world, which is the very

seventy-nine millions sterling. If to this we add four millions for the Pegu coast, four for Kurrachee, and one for Aden, we have a total for the trade of all India of *eighty-eight millions* annually, yielding a customs revenue of nearly four millions sterling on merchandise alone. In 1813, when the Company's monopoly was broken up, the trade was under one million. These eighty-eight millions are the work of European capital, of 'interloping' energy."

* The muezzin is the priest who chants out the Azân, or call to prayers, five times a day. It is a most musical cry, and can be heard a great distance. The Sikhs prohibited it throughout their dominions.

rampart of error.* Take a few instances. The English *magistrate*, alone and uncontrolled, in a district a hundred miles square, doing justice earnestly and laboriously between rich and poor alike, and so hopelessly above corruption that not two bribes are offered him in all his life, is a living daily marvel of principle and duty. The native ponders and ponders it, and feels there is something in it,—a difference greater than the colour of the skin. The English *soldier* who pledges his word to an enemy in arms, and keeps his word to that enemy when in his power, is another wonder to the Indian, whose first impulse is to ridicule his *folly*, and his last to admire his *goodness* and his *truth*. Still more wonderful to the native is the English *woman's* position in society;—free, and worthy of her freedom. It opens out an entirely new world to him, and tells of a purer morality than is to be found in the Vedas or the Korân,—a morality that is still possible for the daughters of his country.

"Rough and practical and ludicrous, too, is the teaching of the railway. It is an iron-minded thing; a horrid infidel and leveller; believing in no heaven-born castes, but dividing all mankind into first and second class, according to the tickets that they pay for—Brahmins, Sweepers, grandsons of the Prophet; in they must all

* I do not wish to blink the ever-ready taunt that much of the "indirect teaching" of Englishmen in India has been an acquiescence in Oriental immorality. No doubt it has. No doubt it has been one among the obstacles to missionary effort; but *not more so than in England*. My own impression is the other way. In an Indian cantonment everybody sees or hears everything. All characters, good or bad, lie open; and a man is known from one end of his Presidency to the other by report. In England few people know their next-door neighbours, and many families do not know the real characters of their own members. The open daylight profligacy of India is less mischievous than the concealed and gaslight vice of England. If we wait till all Englishmen in India lead Christian lives, no native will ever be converted. As well might St. Paul's Cathedral or Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle be closed till every minister in Great Britain be a perfect example to his flock.

bundle together, or be left behind. The engine snorts at all their pride, and whistles at their scruples. It is so abominably cheap, too, that it undermines all nonsense. The very High Priest of Humbug would rather be whisked a mile for a halfpenny, than trudge it under an Indian sun.

"But to come to *direct teaching*. Much, it must be admitted, has been done by our English rulers in the great cause of education. Scientific and historic truth has been clothed in the languages of the country, and has shaken Hindooism to its base. But, alas! it must be admitted also that our English Government in India, even in its schools and colleges, has withheld the Bible, and kept back Christianity. It has, indeed, made many infidels and deists; but it may be doubted whether it ever made a single Christian. On the other hand, it is recorded by a distinguished Hindoo Prince and scholar,* that 'if Christianity were true, the British would have communicated a knowledge of it to their Hindoo subjects.' Precisely the same sentiment is also recorded by an eminent native mathematician,† who was educated to be a Deist in the Government College at Delhi, and converted afterwards to be a Christian through private teaching.

"The conclusions which these two native gentlemen have avowed and published, cannot fail to have been the secret conviction of all their thoughtful countrymen; for they saw the same Government which excluded the Bible from its colleges and schools, admitting the Shastras and the Korân; fostering caste in its native army; expelling a Sepoy from the ranks because he became a Christian;‡ preventing missionaries from coming to India as long as

* Rajah Jay Narain, of Benares.

† Râm Chûndra. See his "Treatise on Maxima and Minima," edited by Professor de Morgan.

‡ Prubhu Deen, A.D. 1819.

it could; sharing the pilgrim taxes of Juggernâth till England interfered; and, even so late as 1857, disbursing £200,000 a year from its treasury to heathen and Mohammedan temples.*

"It is a remarkable thing, but only too consonant with human nature in all situations, that in the poor and humble days of the East India Company, when it came to India literally as an adventurer, it came, nevertheless, as a Christian. The Charter of 1698 actually enacted that the Company should provide ministers, who were 'to apply themselves to learn the native language of the country where they shall reside, the better to enable them to instruct the Gentoos, that shall be servants or slaves of the said Company, in the Protestant religion.' And the early records of the said Company show them at one† time sending out Bibles in several languages; at another,‡ catechisms, ordering that 'when any shall be able to repeat the catechism by heart, you may give to each of them two rupees for their encouragement.' And whatever were the faults of Robert Clive, who founded the Imperial era of the Company, he was no coward. In governing Heathens and Mohammedans he was minded, like Sir John Lawrence in our day, to 'be bound by our conscience, not by theirs;' and he boldly welcomed the great missionary Kiernander to Calcutta in 1758. What was it, then, that so entirely changed the policy of the East India Company? Prosperity, greatness, increase of territory and goods, want of faith in their own destiny and in the God that shaped it! They first dropped the desire to convert the 'Gentoos;'§ then took the patronage of Juggernâth; and in their last days may be described as barely tolerant of native Christianity.

"Well was it for India, and well for England too, that the Christian duty which the British-India Government

* See Parliamentary Return. † February, 1659. ‡ A.D. 1677.
§ Corruption of a Portuguese word signifying Gentiles.

neglected, private Englishmen (and not only Englishmen, but Americans and Germans) came forward to perform; and the result of this missionary labour is from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand Protestant native Christians in the present generation. The number is small in comparison with the population, but I consider it large in comparison with the obstacles that had to be overcome.

"The Bible has now been translated into many dialects. A Christian literature is slowly springing up. And, above all, the native Church has reached that stage when it can begin to provide and support its own ministry, and branch off into self-contained communities. It will then take its place among the creeds and peoples of India; and though now but 'the least of all seeds,' please God! 'it will yet be the greatest among herbs.'

"Summing up, then, this part of our inquiry, and taking English influence on India as a whole, without distinction of government or individual efforts, I would thankfully say that we have *abolished* much, and *done* much. Honestly and sorrowfully I would add, that we have *omitted* much in our career of Indian Empire.

"3. *How it will end.* And now, how is it to end? We are such creatures of habit, such thorough mill-horses, with all our boasted reason, that we go plodding on in the same round of ideas, and expect, as a matter of course, to-morrow to be the same as to-day, and 'all things to continue as they were from the beginning of the world.' And yet, if we would but think of it a bit, is not our Indian Empire just the most abnormal and unnatural thing in all this topsy-turvy, fallen world of ours? And is it not, then, the most unreasonable thing to take it so easy as we do, and assume that it will go on for ever? Surely it would be no great wonder if India, now so topsy-turvy, were to go turvy-topsy some fine day, and right itself, as it were, in the creation! Why don't we think of it more? Let us think of it a little *now!*

"It seems to divide itself into *possibilities* and *probabilities*. The *possibilities* are plain. India can either be *kept*, or *lost*, or *given up*. The *probabilities* are a darker and a deeper thing; a thing that we may well shade our eyes to look into.

"I take it as quite certain, to begin with, that if India is to be kept for ever by England, it can be *only* by willing, prosperous, and continuous submission. We are proud of having got safe over 1857, more proud, indeed, than thankful. And truly it *was* a goodly spectacle of heroic self-defence, the triumph of the superior few. But we should remember that it was the Native Army which rose in anger and was defeated—*not the Nation!* If ever the day should come that the Indian people should be weary of our rule, it will not be eighty or a hundred thousand Europeans that will preserve it. Nor let us hope would England wish it, if they could. Consider, then, what the proposition is before us. To keep two hundred millions of Hindoos and Mohammedans under a foreign yoke, of which the seat is on the other side of the world; which is represented only by the presence of a small governing body, in the ratio of one to two thousand; of which the blood, language, and religion are alike alien; and which, with noble venture, feels itself bound to educate its subjects—generally to instil into them that knowledge which is the twin of freedom, and to wing all their thoughts and hopes with a free Native Press. *That* is the proposition! What make you of it? For my own part, I confess, I think the *probabilities are against it.* But, if I were called on to work out that proposition and prevent that Empire from being ultimately lost by internal rebellion, I know well what I should do. I should immediately apply myself to modifying the conditions; to diminishing the moral distance between the governors and the governed, and drawing them together; to lessening public danger, by elevating individual morality; and, instead of unmooring the principle of

religious faith in the masses, seek to anchor it to the real Governor of the World, who placed them and us in our relative positions. In short, I should open the Bible wide, and do what in me lay to teach that subject-people Christian views of life. As far as I can see, I think that policy would defer the danger of internal rebellion, and lengthen our tenure of the Empire.*

"There is, however, another way of *losing* India beside internal rebellion. It may be *externally attacked*, and unsuccessfully defended. The event, I believe, would depend mainly on the proposition we last considered. For whether some Jungez Khan or Timour Lung should again arise with force of character enough to bind the jealous tribes of Central Asia together, and lead them down to the invasion of Hindostan; or rival European powers,† uniting

* This is the view taken by Russia, the most astute Court in Europe, and the only one which (helped, doubtless, by its semi-Asiatic character) has shown itself capable of incorporating Asiatic races in its empire. The *Times* of August 14, 1860, gives an account of a remarkable rescript, dated June 20, 1860, which the Emperor of Russia had addressed to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Caucasus, calling upon "all those who have the Orthodox cause at heart to co-operate in the great work" of re-establishing it in the Caucasus, where it "once prevailed." It therefore "institutes a special association, under the name of the Society for the re-establishment of the Orthodox Christian Faith in the Caucasus," under the special protection of her Majesty the Empress. Without knowing the details of this association, we cannot tell whether it be good or bad, simply missionary and educational, or akin to persecution. But the point for Englishmen to note is the Emperor's keen perception of the *political safeguard of Christianity among a conquered Asiatic race.* The politicians of England regard the spread of Christianity as the means of *losing* India. Russia regards it as the means of *keeping* the bold and rugged Caucasus! The people of England will do well to consider which is right, and then speak out.

† As this lecture is meant to be suggestive upon some important points of Indian policy, I would here add a few words about Russia as a rival. Her geographical position, and her civilization combined, make her weigh heavily upon every contiguous native state in Asia, Turkey, Persia, Turkistan, and China; and even Afghanistan, which is not contiguous with Russia, feels her weight. More remotely India feels it too. Of Turkey, Persia, and China, which do not come within our present subject, I will say no more than this, that the same thing is going on in all:

to trouble us in the East, should swell their own costly divisions by subsidizing the warlike tribes beyond our borders;—in either case, by God's blessing, I feel sure the victory would be ours, *provided the people of India were content behind us.*

"And so we come to the probabilities of *giving up* our Indian Empire. Now, there are two ways of doing this. First, *splenetically.* Contemplating the horrid mess into which we have lately got it; the mutual exasperation of the conquerors and the conquered in the recent struggle; the Exchequer bankrupt by wars; the land taxed to the uttermost; and the commercial classes gorged with the spoils of a paying government, yet 'ignorantly impatient' of feeding their own golden goose; the native population (educated by ourselves to revolution, not to order) year by year becoming more difficult to rule; the Anglo-Saxon community, military, civil, and commercial, ill content to be taxed and governed, but not represented; and statesmen, able and willing to deal with these discordant elements, few and far between;—con-

England trying to support the effete Native Governments, and Russia to supplant them, while often the Native Governments are seen playing the game of Russia, by forcing England to strike heavy blows—as at Navarino, as in the Persian Wars, as in the wars with China. In India and Afghanistan there is this spectacle: English civilization rolling up like a wave from the south, and Russian civilization rolling down like a wave from the north. If the world lasts long enough, the two waves must meet; and the only question is *where?* Let nothing induce England to rush again into the solution of this point, as she did in the Afghan War of 1838–41. She has no call to do so. *Morally*, the substitution of Russian government for that of any of the states of Central Asia, would be a gain to humanity. *Politically*, and assuming Russia to have designs on British India, England's policy is to leave to her enemy the whole and undivided difficulty of the rugged countries still between them;—not to *share* those difficulties, and march into Afghanistan to meet her half-way, at a countless sacrifice of life, treasure, and material. If a man had a castle surrounded by a morass, and saw an enemy coming to besiege him, would he march out and meet him in the middle of the morass, or wait quietly within, husbanding his resources, till the foe was floundering in the mud below his walls, and then fall on him and finish him? The simile is worth remembering as a compendious abstract of the argument.

templating, I say, this serious array of difficulties ahead, what wonder if that party in the State which brings all questions down to a money standard, and looks on empire as only a branch of trade, should some day impatiently demand that India be abandoned as 'a concern that does not pay'? But it is *not* probable that such a demand will ever be conceded. India, no doubt, is 'a very great bore' in Parliament. It is so very far off, and so very hard to understand. And there is such a deal of home business to be done.* But after wresting India from European rivals, and

* When India was under the East India Company, Parliament took little or no interest in its affairs; and the Company, carrying into its imperial era the exclusiveness of a commercial body, most unwisely kept back from the English public all knowledge of its acts, though probably no Government in the world could better have borne inspection. The evil was aggravated by the Board of Control, which, having the power to overrule the Company, sometimes did so with disastrous effect (as in making war with Cabul); and then, when publicity, in or out of Parliament, would have done justice to the Company, imposed an oath of secrecy. The consequence was that the Company's government, in good or evil, could not be reached by the public opinion of this country. Many to whom the Court of Directors (a body caring sincerely for India, and exclusively devoted to its administration) seemed a better machinery for governing India than a single Secretary of State (often strange to Indian affairs, and detached temporarily from a Cabinet absorbed in English or European questions), nevertheless hoped that good would arise from the direct Government of the Crown: firstly, because public opinion would now be able to bear upon Indian questions; and, secondly, because the indispensable element of local experience was theoretically preserved in the Secretary of State and Indian Council. But the last session of Parliament has much damped these hopes. A question of vital importance to India, the reorganization of its army, came up. The sense of the country, out of doors, and in both Houses, was decidedly in favour of a Local Army; and the Indian Council was known to be strongly of the same opinion. But the result was in no way affected. The Indian Council was not consulted. And both parties in Parliament, against their judgment, at the end of a long session, deferred to the Ministry, and agreed to an entire amalgamation of the Armies.

Again, in the same session, Sir Charles Wood, Secretary for India, made his annual Financial Statement to the House of Commons on August 13, and the *Times*, in its analysis of the debates, remarked that "the greater part of it was *listened to by not more than thirty members.*"

These incidents indicate either that the Home Legislature is indifferent about India, or has not time for its confessedly difficult affairs. In either

dethroning its native dynasties, and being masters of its destiny for a hundred years, and breaking down the coherence of its own native institutions, and plunging it into a transition state of society, policy, and religion;—after all this, to declare that the task was too great for us and we must give it up; that we were very sorry for the mischief we had done and the confusion we had introduced into the country, but it could not be helped now: we must go home again to Europe and manage our own affairs, and only hoped the natives might be able to do the same; and all we could say was, that if ever they wanted any English broadcloths, or Sheffield cutlery, or pale ale, etc., etc., we should always be happy to supply them at the lowest prices, and take cotton and indigo in return; and so, getting like cravens into our ships, turn our backs upon God's heritage, and leave that vast continent, with its millions still unfit for freedom, its upstart princes and its contending creeds, to become again a very hell of anarchy and war. No! come what may, England will *not* do *this!* We may set that chance aside.

"There remains, my friends, one other way of giving up our Indian Empire. Tell me what you think of it, and I have done. Suppose there were to arise in the hearts of any number of our countrymen—(say, a body of young Christian men associated together to do good to themselves and others)—a strong conviction that India is a stewardship; that it could not have been for *nothing* that God placed it in the hands of England; that He would never have put upon two hundred millions of men the heavy trial of being subject to thirty millions of foreigners merely to have their

case, some improvement in the present machinery must be made. It will not do to go on "never minding" two hundred millions of our subjects. There must be *some* place where Indian affairs may be fully and openly deliberated before the country—and that *exclusively*, for the Indian Empire is altogether too large to be squeezed into the House of Commons at rare intervals, between two impatient orders of the day. It wants *more space*, and *more ventilation*.

roads improved, their canals constructed upon more scientific principles, their letters carried by a penny post, their messages flashed by lightning, their erroneous notions of geography corrected, nor even to have their internal quarrels stopped and peace restored, and life in many ways ameliorated; that there must have been in India some far greater want than even these, which England was needed to supply, and for which Portugal and France were not found worthy; and that the greatest and oldest and saddest of India's wants is *religious truth*—a revelation of the real nature of the God whom for ages she has been 'ignorantly worshipping;'—suppose this conviction, springing up in the hearts of a few young men, were to work like leaven *there*, and spread from home to home, and gradually grow up into that giant thing that statesmen cannot hold—*the public opinion of the land*—what would be the consequence? Why, this. The English people would resolve to do their duty. This battling, independent England, which has fought so hard to be allowed to govern herself, would do unto others as she has wished to be done by. This humbled England, which also fought so hard to withhold self-government from America, would recoil from another War of Independence. This free and sympathizing country, which has now a heart for Italy, and shouts across these narrower seas, 'Italy for the Italians!' would lift that voice still higher, and shout across the world, 'India for the Indians!' In short, England, taught by both past and present, would set before her the noble policy of *first fitting India for freedom, and then setting her free.*

"Believe me, this is not merely a glorious dream. Do not dismiss it as a lofty but vain aspiration. Right is never too high, and unselfish hope is never vain. Don't grovel in present difficulties and their dust. Look up! Look out into the future of India and your country! *Look* high! *Aim* high. *Reach* high. And you will elevate your times.

It may take years—it may take a century—to fit India for self-government, but it is a thing worth doing and a thing that may be done.* It is a distinct and intelligible Indian policy for England to pursue—a way for both countries out of the embarrassments of their twisted destinies. Then set it before you. Believe in it. Hope for it. Work up to it in all your public acts and votes, and conversations with your fellow-men. And ever remember that there is but one way by which it can be reached. There is but one principle which has the life in it to regenerate a Pagan nation by regenerating its atoms. That way, that principle, is *Christianity*. Till India is leavened with Christianity she will be unfit for freedom. *When* India is leavened with Christianity she will be unfit for any form of slavery, however mild. England may *then* leave her; with an overthrown idolatry, and a true faith built up; with developed resources; and with an enlightened and awakened people no longer isolated in the East, but linked with the civilized races of the West.

"Yes! England may leave her, keeping nothing but that commerce which she found so small and has made so vast. England may leave her—freely, frankly, gladly, proudly leave the stately daughter she has reared, to walk the Future with a free imperial step.

* The "Talookdâree system," not only of revenue, but police and judicial powers and rights, which has, by a kind of necessity, been stumbled upon in reconstructing the province of Oude (which, as a natural consequence, had to be extended to the Punjab, and must inevitably be demanded and obtained ultimately by all India), is nothing short of *a political revolution*, though apparently attracting little notice. It is the first step, and a long one, towards the self-government of India. But how infinitely does this, that we have done already, add to the necessity of *preparing* the Indian *people*, as well as *chiefs*, for sound self-government, by beginning at *the beginning of national strength*—a true faith and pure religion, capable *of regenerating individuals!* If this be not done, and we pursue the *ignis fatuus* of secular education in a pagan land destitute of other light, then we English will lose India without those Indians gaining any future.

"The world, with all its brilliant histories, would never have seen so truly great a close to a great national career.

"I believe firmly this is what God meant England to do with India; and God grant that she may do it!"

This lecture on the Indian Empire gives an insight into the deeper views that Edwardes held about India, now and in the future.

How wise the lessons are, Time has only served to show, as circumstances have developed dangers that were only in the bud in 1860.

On May 1 he was asked to speak at the Church Missionary Society meeting in Exeter Hall, and there he enlarged on the subject touched in the note on page 269. His subject was—

"The Safety of a Christian Policy in India.

After the report had been read and adopted, Lieutenant-Colonel Edwardes rose, and said:—

"My lords and friends, the resolution with which I have been entrusted runs as follows: 'That this meeting desires humbly to acknowledge the duty of this nation to use increased efforts for imparting to India the blessings of Christianity. They rejoice in the labours of all Protestant societies engaged in the benevolent design of propagating the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and they trust that the Indian Government will fulfil the obligations, solemnly recognized by the Imperial Parliament, of promoting "the interests and happiness of the native inhabitants of the British dominions in India," by the adoption of "such measures as may tend to the introduction among them of religious and moral improvement."'

"There are words in this resolution which I have to propose which, as you may have gathered from the report read this morning, have been borrowed from a resolution of the Imperial Parliament, which was passed so far back as the year 1813. I have thought it well to extract the conclusion

of that resolution of the Imperial Parliament. In the resolution 'for the adoption of such measures as might tend to the religious and moral improvement of the natives,' there was this proviso—'Provided always that the principles of the British Government, on which the natives of India have hitherto relied'—what for? Mark this—'*for the free exercise of their religion*, be inviolably maintained.' Now, my friends, there are few persons in this great assembly who have not read subsequent despatches of the home branch of the English Government sent to India on this subject. I find this sentence in a despatch dated April 7, 1859,* written nearly half a century after the extract which I have just read: 'From the earliest period at which the British Government in India directed its attention to the subject of education, all its measures have been based upon the principle'—of what do you think? Was it the principle of giving to the natives of India that 'free exercise of their religion' which the Parliament of England in 1813 desired to secure to that great Empire? No; it is affirmed in 1859 that the British Government—the Government of the British Empire in India—has been founded from its commencement on 'the principle of *perfect religious neutrality;*' 'in other words,' says this despatch, 'on an abstinence from all interference with the religious feelings and practices of the natives, and on *the exclusion of religious teaching from the Government schools.*'

"Now, my friends, there is in this contrast—in the contrast, I mean, between these two extracts proceeding not quite from the same source, but, at all events, from the home Government of India—a most melancholy proof that in half a century we have greatly retrograded in our principles. I find on reading the debate, which took place in 1813, that William Wilberforce, that great, that extraordinary champion and pioneer of Christian truth in the legislature,

* From Lord Stanley, then Secretary of State for India.

made use of these expressions in the face of the House of Commons—I say in the face of the House of Commons, because we are come to days when it is no easy thing in that House to name the Name of God and uplift the standard of our Saviour—half a century ago, I say, William Wilberforce, in moving his resolution, used this language: 'It is time to speak out, and to avow that I go much further than I have yet stated, and maintain not only that it is safe to attempt by reasonable and prudent methods to introduce into India the blessings of Christian truth and moral improvement, but that *true—ay, and imperious and urgent—policy* prescribes to us the same course.' There spoke both the earnest Christian and the wise and far-seeing legislator. Now, when we find that, in the half-century which has since elapsed, we have gone back from those principles, it becomes us to examine into the real merits of the Christian policy as a safe policy for the Government to adopt.

"During the few months that I have spent at home, since my return from India, it has been my lot to converse with men high in influence and high in power, and not seldom have I been asked, with great earnestness and great attention, my opinion as to what ought to be done with regard to India. I have, in reply, unhesitatingly expressed it as my opinion that we ought to stand forth in India as a Christian Government. If asked why, I have said, in the first place, because I considered it our duty to do so. But, after uttering that sentiment, I have often been met with such language as this: 'Colonel Edwardes, you say that such and such a line of conduct is that which it is our duty to pursue; but can you show me that that course is *safe?*' There is a party to whom it is not sufficient to demonstrate that such and such a line of legislation is in consonance with our Christian duty, and that such and such legislation is a true deduction from the Bible. These persons turn round upon you with

a smile, and say, 'Sir, this is the language of fanaticism, this is the language of bigotry; show me, if you can, that the course which you advocated would be *a safe and expedient course*, and then I will go along with you.' My friends, it is no use blinking the real state of things. When you find a party like this, you must meet them on their own ground; and the Christian party has this advantage—an advantage which it will retain to the end of time—that it will always be found to have the right basis of action. I propose, therefore, with your permission, to address the few remarks with which I shall have to trouble you this morning to the consideration of this question—*Whether a Christian government of India is a course that is likely to be safe for England?*

"My friends, the answer which I should give to that question is that it is the *only* safe policy. I say that there is no other policy on which you can base your Indian Empire with any chance of its ultimately standing and prospering. But it is of little use for me to say that that is my opinion. It is of no use for individuals to express their individual convictions. But there is an old phrase about 'history teaching by example;' and, taking this as our guide, let me direct your attention, my Christian friends, this morning to the lesson which we may learn from facts and experience connected with the late Indian Mutiny. I am fresh from that scene; I have the facts fresh in my memory (God grant that I may never forget them); and, therefore, I am qualified to tell you what those facts are, and to mention while they are fresh in my mind the lessons which they seem to teach.

"Now, my friends, *what caused the Indian Mutiny?* This is a most important inquiry. The enemies of Christianity are very fond of enunciating that religion caused it. That is true, and it is false. It is true in a certain sense, but not in the sense which they mean it to bear. The Indian Mutiny was not caused as they wish the

country to understand, by attempts to disseminate Christianity; it was caused—I tell you this on the word of a spectator, on the word of a participator in those events—it was caused *by our keeping back Christianity from the people;* it was caused, not by a knowledge of Christianity, but by an utter ignorance of what it is. Our Government in India had systematically kept the knowledge of Christianity from its native army. To such an extent had this gone, that when by chance one solitary native soldier in the Bengal provinces was converted to Christianity, that instant he became, in the estimation of the Government, unfit to stand in the ranks of the army; that instant, by virtue, or rather it would appear by vice, of his being a Christian, he was expelled. What, then, was the result of this policy, pursued through a hundred years? The Sepoy, ignorant of what Christianity was, judged it by the light that he had within, which was darkness. He judged it from his own ideas of religion. He supposed that it was a thing which he could catch like a disease; that by touching some Christian, whom he considered to be defiled, by contact with some Christian, or with some Christian substance, he might, contrary to his own will and against his own wish, be seduced and entrapped into Christianity. The Enfield cartridge, made up, as the natives supposed—I don't know whether or not the supposition was false—with beeves' fat and pigs' fat, was to their ideas the very embodiment of a converting scheme. This was, in their estimation, the happiest device that any Government could have hit upon. They did not blame the Government in their hearts for wishing to convert them to Christianity; they thought it was a most natural thing for a Government to attempt. Religion is to the native a reality; it is the thread of his life. All his daily acts are beads strung upon this string. His festivals, his feasts, his fasts, his ceremonies, his domestic events, all enter into his religion, and his religion enters into them. The native is

nothing without his religion; it is the backbone of his existence. He cannot, therefore, understand a Government ignoring religion; he cannot understand a vast body like that without a soul. He supposes that the body of Government is animated by a religious conviction, and that the Government of India must be desirous of making as many natives as possible converts to its own creed. To the natives, therefore, the cartridge was a most wise and clever device. 'Now,' said the Sepoy, 'here is this little cartridge, with its beef fat; I put it to my lips as a Hindoo, and I at once become a Christian. I taste beef; beef is my god. I have insulted and defiled my god; I have tried to eat him, and I am no longer a Hindoo, but I am a Christian.' So also was it with the Mohammedan. 'This little cartridge,' said he, 'is mixed with pigs' fat, the very abomination of us Mohammedans; if I put this to my lips, and taste it, I renounce Mohammed and his law, and am no longer a Mohammedan, but I am a Christian.' Both Hindoo and Mohammedan, with this conviction in their minds, made a stand, and said, 'We rebel against this cartridge.'* This, then, was the foundation of the Indian Mutiny of 1857.

* In proof of this point, it may be well to adduce the intercepted correspondence of the Sepoys themselves, evidence which it is impossible to controvert. The following is an extract from the published "Mutiny Report" of the Punjab Government, paragraph 145:—

"Another important letter which had been despatched by the 51st Native Infantry at Peshâwur to the 64th Native Infantry and the Khelat-i-Ghilzie Regiment, at the outposts, had a few days before come to light. It ran as follows:— 'This letter is sent from the Peshâwar cantonment to the whole Heriot Regiment' (name of the 64th Native Infantry), 'may it reach the Subahdar Bahadoor.' After some Hindoo apostrophes, it proceeds, 'For the rest, this letter is written to convey from the whole camp at Peshâwur obeisance and benediction' (from Brahmins to Brahmins), 'And salutation and service' (from Mussulmans to Mussulmans) 'to the whole Regiments of Heriot and Khelat-i-Ghilzie. Further, the state of affairs is thus, *that on the 22nd day of the month, the cartridges will be given to the Dooburan Regiment;* so do whatever seems to you proper. Again,' (*i.e.* it is repeated,) '*the cartridges will have to be bitten on the 22nd instant.* Of this you are hereby informed. On reading this letter, whatever your opinion is, so reply. For considering you as our

"Now, I do beg you, my friends, not to pass over this explanation lightly. It is a very difficult thing for people in England to understand the natives of India. Our idiosyncrasies are utterly different from theirs; our feelings and modes of thought are as far removed from theirs as the east is from the west; and therefore it is very difficult, for you at all events, to understand them. Even we who live in India for years, who pass our lives there, obtain at last only a very imperfect and grey twilight knowledge of the natives. If I say that humbly of myself, after a seventeen years' residence among them, you cannot expect that I shall do otherwise than say that it must be difficult for you to attain to any real knowledge of the natives of India, except through the testimony of those who have spent their lives among them. Do not, therefore, be carried away by the shallow sophism that 'revolutions are not made with grease.' That remark was very epigrammatic; but having been in India during the Mutiny, and knowing the circumstances of it, I tell you it is as false as it is clever, that it is utterly delusive as an axiom applied to this case. *That revolution was made by an Enfield cartridge, and nothing else.*

"Let me point, in confirmation of what I have said, to the further proof afforded of the three armies which form the army of India. You all know that there are three presidencies, and that there is a native army in each. In the

own, we have let you know beforehand. Therefore do as you think right. This is addressed to you by the whole regiment. *O brothers! the religion of Hindoos and Mohammedans is all one.* Therefore, all you soldiers should know this. Here all the Sepoys are at the bidding of the jemadar, subahdar-major, and havildar-major; *all are discontented with this business, whether small or great.* What more need be written? Do as you think best. High and low send their obeisance, benediction, salutation, and service.' (Postcript, by another hand.) 'The above is the state of affairs here. In whatever way you can manage it, *come into Peshâwur on the 21st instant.* Thoroughly understand that point. In fact, eat *there*, and drink *here* (a proverb for letting no delay intervene)."

The above is only a specimen. Throughout the intercepted letters of the mutineers the same cry was raised, "The cartridge has to be bitten!" "The infidel cartridge!"

Madras Presidency are to be found five-sixths of the native Christians of India. It was to that presidency that both the first Roman Catholic and first Protestant missionaries were sent. The result of this and other causes is, that at the present day five-sixths of the native Christians in India are inhabitants of the Madras Presidency. Of course that has operated upon the native army in Madras, and in its ranks there are, happily for us, a comparatively large proportion of native Christians. You find there no attention paid to caste—that is ignored; and you find, I repeat, a large proportion of native Christians. In the Bombay army, I believe, there are very few native Christians, but that army has also attained to the ignoring of caste; hence the high-caste and the low-caste soldier stand side by side; and not only that, but you may see the low-caste captain—I use the English word—or the low-caste subahdar, as we should say in India, commanding the Brahmin soldier. This is a great stride in civilization, and you will find the Bombay army reaping the benefit of it. In the Bengal native army there was no Christian.* I have already told you of one native

* A retired officer of the Bengal army wrote next day as follows:—"I could have corrected you in one of your statements, *but the correction would only have strengthened your case.* I allude to that part of your speech in which you stated that there were no Christians in the ranks of the Bengal army. I am not surprised at your saying so, for I believe the contrary was known to very few; but in my own regiment, the 2nd (* * * * *) Light Infantry, I had two Christian Sepoys, and one of them, I believe, a converted character. But this was not all that was known in the regiment of the Christian religion. *Our first convert was the son of a deceased native officer, and we had a Bible-class, if I may so call it, amongst the children of the men, and to these tracts were given and portions of Scripture translated into their own language,* the (* * * * * * * *). I quitted India in 1855, but my successor was a Christian man, etc., etc.

"Now, when the Mutiny broke out, what was the conduct of the 2nd Regiment? *While the 1st Regiment mutinied, the 2nd remained true to their colours;* and so highly did the Government approve of their conduct that it conferred the rank of subahdar-major upon one of the native officers, and made several other promotions amongst the junior grades. The first was an especial mark of favour, because that honorary rank was previously confined to corps of the line.

"I think you will agree with me, that if the knowledge of the Bible,

soldier who became a Christian, and was expelled on account of it. But there was to be found caste in all its pride and glory. The Bengal army was the very palladium of caste; our Government protected it in every way; the laws were framed with the view of preventing the slightest infringement of it, and our officers had constantly been instructed not to offend the prejudices of their men. Now this army, which had its caste, but had not Christianity, is the army which has given us this awful, this hellish Mutiny of 1857. The army of Bombay, which has no caste and few Christians, has, with few exceptions, preserved its loyalty. There was a little leaven of rebellion, but the mass of the army remained loyal. But in the Madras army, where there was no caste and much Christianity, there was great loyalty and never one breath of suspicion. Now, my friends, these are facts. These are not merely opinions, and no sophistry can argue them away.

"I will tell you one or two more facts; for, after all, it is facts that tell. I told you that in the Bombay Presidency there was a little attempt at mutiny. Well, there was one plot * which very nearly came to an unfortunate and tragic conclusion. It was ripe, it was matured, and was

or the efforts used to convey it to the parents through the children, or the existence of two Christians in the ranks of the regiment, *did not preserve the regiment from disloyalty, it certainly did not induce it.* Moreover, on one occasion, I know a missionary went into the lines, and preached to the men. He asked my permission, and I gave it him."

On reference to the Official Blue-Book of the Commissioners for the organization of the Indian army, I find the actual number stated thus, in September, 1858:—

	Native Christians.	Other Natives.
In Bombay, Native Army	359	31,655
In Madras, ditto	2,011	45,404

The Bengal returns were incomplete in consequence of the Mutiny; but they show *no* native Christians.

* At the station of Ahmedabad.

about to be plucked and enjoyed by its authors. By an error in their arrangements, however, a native Christian sentinel was put on duty. He heard the plot, and instantly revealed it to his superiors. Measures were instantly taken, the ringleaders were seized, the plot was prevented, and the danger passed away.

"I hold in my hand an extract from a letter written by a missionary in Bengal, in which he says:—'The native Christians, chiefly from the Krishnagur districts, were invited some months since to enter the Government service, as a sort of military police at Chinsurah. A few weeks ago the prisoners broke out into mutiny, and attempted to overpower the guard and make their escape; but the Christian guard stood firm, resisted, and crushed the attempt most completely. It is said that the non-Christians of the force did nothing. The Christians have since been rewarded for their courage and fidelity by an increase of their pay; and the magistrate'—observe, my friends, how quick these men are to read these lessons for themselves when they are in danger—'the magistrate has sent to Krishnagur to obtain seventy-five more Christians'—you see, he rather liked the Christians—'in addition to the hundred who are already employed. The *Friend of India*, the leading journal that we have in India, and a most able journal it is—the *Friend of India* says, "This is the only known instance of an *émeute* in a gaol, which is common enough here, having been quelled by a native guard only." It occurred on a Sunday afternoon, when Mr. Sandys was at Chinsurah for the purpose of performing divine service for the men in their own language,'—a duty which I dare say did not tend to enervate them. 'I think you will be very glad,' the writer says, 'to be informed of these facts.' Yes, my lord, and I dare say this meeting is very glad to be informed of these facts.

"Well now, I will tell you, my friends, about the noble

conduct of some more native Christians—the native Christians at the siege of Agra. I dare say you have all heard that in 1837 the districts of the North-West Provinces were visited by a most awful famine. Hundreds and thousands of the poor natives died actually for want of food. They used to crawl as well as they could, having used up all their own provisions, towards the English settlements; but too many of them—including poor mothers with babies in their arms—died upon the very threshold of the English cantonments, having been unable to proceed further. The Christian community nobly did its duty. It formed committees, and collected funds, and organized a system of relief, It picked up these little babes, these poor foundlings, and gathered them together; it confided them to missionaries, and gathered funds for their support; it reared them, it educated them, it Christianized them, it baptized them, until at last, in the year 1857, twenty years after the famine, a colony of native Christians had arisen in the village of Secundra. There was to be seen a beautiful sight—a little native village, with its neat streets of houses, with a little church in the middle, with a thriving community of happy labourers industriously performing useful work, earning their own livelihood, doing good to society, and honouring the faith they professed. When the Mutiny broke out in 1857, it burst on Agra with great fury. These poor Christians for a long while stood firmly in their own village refusing to come in; but at last it became necessary for them to do so. They rushed to the fort. Five and twenty of them were murdered in the streets before they could reach it—they were cut down and butchered by the rebels. But about two hundred of them at last reached the fortress of Agra. And what was the reception which they met with? I blush to say that they were met at the door with the announcement that they could not be allowed to enter. There was a distrust of native Christians. It was not, I

believe, an impulse of inhumanity, but an impulse of self-preservation, that led to the refusal. Our countrymen did not know, or, at least, they did not acknowledge at that time, that Christianity is a vital impulse permeating the whole man, changing the black into a white, the native into a European, turning what is treacherous into what is faithful, what is cruel into what is gentle. These things were ignored, and the gate of the fort of Agra was shut in the face of the two hundred native Christians. But there was within the fort a noble missionary sent forth by this society. I will not mention his name, because I believe he would rather that I did not. That noble man had said, 'Unless you permit these native Christians to share the refuge of the British Christians in this fort, I, a missionary, must go forth from this protection and share their dangers with them.' Therein he performed, I think, a noble and elevated Christian duty. At the last moment he prevailed, as he deserved to do. The commandant was melted by his appeal; he ordered the doors to be thrown open, and these poor creatures were saved from the fate that apparently awaited them.* Well, the residents within that fort reaped the full benefit of the act. You can easily imagine how our countrymen who had taken refuge in the fort of Agra were deserted by their heathen servants. You can readily understand that there were no Mohammedan servants to wait upon the Christian soldiers—no Mohammedan cooks, no bakers, no

* It has since come to my knowledge that the order for *excluding* the Native Christians from the fort did not proceed from the Brigadier commanding the troops, but from higher authority; and that after the battle had taken place outside (on June 5, 1857), in which the rebels had the advantage, and might be expected to pursue it up to the gates of the fort, the missionary alluded to, at the suggestion of a young officer, Captain N——, went to the Brigadier, and *immediately* obtained an order for the *admission* of the native Christians into the fort. It was not to the Brigadier, but to other authorities, in previous conversations, that the missionary had said, "He did not see how he could very well go into the Fort himself and leave the native Christians outside."

heathen servants to perform for our countrymen and countrywomen those offices which, in a climate like that of India, they cannot perform for themselves. And then these native Christians took the place of those who were no longer at hand. They even performed the functions of soldiers, little as they had been accustomed to such duties; they stood as sentries over the guns—the Artillery on the ramparts of Agra—and so relieved many Europeans from that duty. They were also (and this is a most interesting fact) called upon to bake the bread for the European soldiers. What does that little incident involve? It involves the fear of poison from the heathen. These were times when even if they could have found heathen and Mohammedan bakers they would have been afraid to trust them. The native Christian was then found to be a faithful ally; and those native Christians performed hundreds of menial humble services for the Christian residents—the soldiers, the officers, the ladies, and the children. We found the benefit of having these native Christians in garrison; and when the siege was raised, and the danger was passed away, the English residents retained at the Agra Fort as many as possible of these native Christians in their domestic service. It then became difficult for the Missionaries to keep one of these native Christians for themselves. Then these men whom the missionaries had raised, to whom they looked for help in their own work—whom they hoped to see becoming native catechists or schoolmasters, or, perhaps, in time ministers—were all taken off into the service of the Government, which shrinks from opening the Bible to the people of India.

"But I have not done with my facts. Let me remind you of the conduct of a native chief, of whom no doubt you have heard—the Rajah of Kuppoorthullah. I see in this room the great man who successfully conducted the Government of the Punjab—Sir John Lawrence. Amongst the

chiefs who had been raised under his system, and the system of his noble and lamented brother, Sir Henry Lawrence—amongst the chiefs who had been thus raised was the Rajah of Kuppoorthullah. He had long associated with a native Christian minister. I knew him well, and always supposed that he was almost a Christian. The day of danger came in British India. The Rajah stood forth from among the ranks of the native chiefs. He volunteered with four or five thousand men, and took them all the way from the Punjab to Lucknow. He marched with these men from the province which was safe, to the province where rebellion was raging, and he was instrumental, by his noble loyalty and by his gallant conduct in the field, in aiding our own soldiers to win that great victory in which we have all rejoiced. But not only that. Since the conclusion of that war I have heard with deep pleasure and satisfaction that he has married a Christian wife. I have heard that when, after entertaining a large party of Christian gentlemen, one of them held out his hand, saying, 'Rajah, I must bid you good-bye; it is time for me to go; I have many miles to ride,' the Rajah said, 'Stop a minute, if you please;' and then, turning to a clergyman who was present, said, 'Be so good as to offer up a prayer before we part.' The Bible was opened. A chapter bearing allusion to the dreadful events which had just passed in India was read before that company—not only in the presence of the English gentlemen, but of the native ministers and chiefs of the Rajah's court, who were standing around the room. There was no shrinking from his conviction. He had the Bible read before them all, and then prayer was offered up in the name of the God of the Bible, and the party then separated in a Christian manner.*

* By later accounts I find that the Rajah of Kuppoorthullah is now maintaining two Christian missionaries at his own expense. It is interesting, though not surprising, that the two first and only (as far as I know) native princes who have openly embraced the Christian religion have been of the

"I have mentioned the names of Sir Henry Lawrence and Sir John Lawrence. Let me add the names of Donald McLeod and Robert Montgomery. Let me remind you that these were the four chiefs under which the Punjab system had grown up; and let me appeal to you whether it is not a fact, that in that great crisis the province stood firm and the ally of England, that it poured forth the flower of its manhood and chivalry to save us from that rebellion, and was, in God's hands, the means of saving us from the danger?

"Let me next point to Benares. Benares was the citadel of Brahminism.* Who there conducted our rule? Henry Carre Tucker, a man whom to name is to name one dignified with all the highest principles of Christian government. There, although the danger came, the danger did not triumph. And whilst the danger was still raging, who was it in Benares that seconded the efforts of the officers of Government to provide our soldiers with supplies? It was the Christian missionary, Leupolt. I am sorry I have departed from the rule of not naming these good men; but this name slipped from my tongue, and I trust the gentleman will pardon me. Mr. Leupolt went into the villages; he appealed to the people for succour and supplies, and the heathen and Mohammedan inhabitants came forth, and, for the sake of that good man's goodness, they furnished him with supplies for our soldiers. Is there nothing in a fact like that that will teach men? Is there nothing in that which tells us that it was not from the missionaries that the natives

most manly and formidable race in India—the Sikhs of the Punjab. A great rebuke, truly!

* At Benares there is a college founded by a Hindoo Rajah, Jai Narayun, who appointed our Government the trustee of the institution, *and enjoined that the Bible should be taught in it.* In obedience to his bequest, the Bible *is* taught in this school; notwithstanding which, it is well known to be the most popular school in that great Hindoo city. So that only in one school in India is the Bible taught under Government auspices, and that at the instance of a heathen prince. Another rebuke!

revolted? They do not shrink from those who openly preach the Gospel. They admire them, and they honour them. They say, 'These men are doing their duty to their God;' and, admiring their goodness, humanity triumphs over the occasion, and they render him assistance in the hour of need.

"I would point, also, to another incident which occurred in the Punjab. The outpost of Peshâwur is one of the most difficult and arduous posts in India. There safety reigned throughout the whole time. Why? Because we honoured God from the very first in that place; because we established a Christian mission there; and I can tell you that Dr. Pfander, one of the best and most able Christian missionaries who was ever sent forth, went down into the streets of Peshâwur, where sixty thousand heathen and Mohammedans met him face to face, and there he opened his Bible, and preached to them the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He did not fear but that God would take care of His own. He did his duty, and I believe in my heart, and bear testimony to it this day, that at Peshâwur we derived our safety from the presence of the Christian mission like an Ark amongst us.

"Let me now turn to another fact. From amongst the great and brave warriors that our country produced in that great struggle, who has our country singled out for its most especial love and admiration? Is there any one here who will name his name to show whether I am right? (Cries of 'Havelock!') Yes, Henry Havelock. Henry Havelock has been selected by the English people as the embodiment of their idea of a Christian soldier. And let me ask you if England derived strength or weakness from the openly Christian conduct of that noble Christian soldier?

"I appeal then, my friends, to these facts and experiences of the Mutiny of 1857—I appeal to them as undeniable proofs that *the element of Christianity, to the extent to which it existed in India, was to us an element of strength.*

"If you are not tired, I will mention a few other facts and experiences—still facts and experiences—of the year 1857; for it is a page that is not easily exhausted. I there find facts and experiences which prove by the most extraordinary and astounding occurrences that God rules the world. There are some people in our legislature who seem to doubt who it is that rules the world; who seem to think that the world is ruled by the wisdom of worldly legislation; who seem to fancy that ideas, and arrangements, and systems, and policies can guide a nation safely through its course; that these can secure it from all danger, and that they have nothing to do but to plan wisely, according to wise theories, and their countries will be safe. *But in* 1857 *we did not owe our safety to wisdom, or policies, or devices. In* 1857 *we found that our refuge was in God.* Let me give you a few instances of this.

"The English people had made war with Persia. It was not the fault of the English people; it was the fault of Persia. We entered into that war, I believe, with a just cause, and were prospering in that war, and were bringing it to a most satisfactory conclusion, and had we prosecuted it a little further we should, no doubt, have accomplished our end. But it is a most extraordinary thing that that war was terminated without any obvious reason. I am well acquainted with the facts. I am not speaking of things I do not know; I knew what the objects and ends of that war were, or ought to be, and I know that those objects and ends were not attained, and that peace was made when we were not defeated, when we had no cause for shrinking, and when we had victory within our grasp. The sequel shows us *why* peace was made. British India had need of the troops that were fighting our battles in Persia. With that army were two leaders—Havelock and Outram—with whom England could not dispense. Peace was made. These troops returned to India. These Generals went back, and led our armies on

to victory. *Was that no interference of the Great Ruler of the world?*

"Again, the English people had a war with China. There was great doubt in the English Parliament whether that war were a just one or not. I am not going to pretend to decide the question, although I have my opinions respecting it. But it so happened, as some people would say, by a happy accident that the troops sent out to carry on the war with China arrived at the door of British India when British India wanted them. Lord Canning put out his arm and drew these troops into British India, and they were the first succours and reinforcements that reached us and enabled us to turn the tide of battle. *Was that no interference of the Ruler of the world?*

"Again, just before the outbreak of this Mutiny, a system of electric telegraphs had just been completed through the length and breadth of British India. What was the result? When that Mutiny broke out in Meerut, and the rebels rushed to Delhi to seize upon the old hereditary seat of empire, a little boy, possessed of the English sense of duty—I trust a Christian sense of duty, but I do not know, and therefore use the words, 'English sense of duty'—that little boy, with that 'English sense of duty,' while the rattle of the cannon and the musketry was rolling around him, telegraphed to Lahore that the rebels had arrived, that the European officers were being murdered, and winding up in this natural way, 'We are off.' Well, that childlike message saved the Punjab, and you all know what the Punjab saved. That message reached Mr. Montgomery at Lahore, and he in counsel with Mr. McLeod, and Brigadier Corbett, a gallant officer, commanding the troops, who has not, that I am aware of, met with the reward which his services deserved—these three gallant men resolved to disarm the native troops. They disarmed them at a few hours' notice, and in doing so they struck the keynote of the preservation

of the Punjab. We took up that keynote, and acted with the same decision in our several places, and thus the Punjab was saved. Well, that telegraph having rendered this great service to our province—having performed its function—was cut by the rebels. Communication was cut off with the Supreme Government; and I consider that we owe much to that telegraph being cut off, because we were thrown upon our own resources, because we were thrown upon our own resolves, because we were thrown upon the men we had in the Punjab, and those men, by the blessing of God, did not fail us in the hour of need, and throughout the anxious months of the struggle of 1857 Sir John Lawrence conducted the government of the Punjab unhampered and unembarrassed.

"Another direct instance of the interposition of Providence in our behalf in that great war was the attitude of the whole of the Punjab during that struggle. You all know that the Punjab was one of our latest acquisitions; and surely it was natural to suppose, arguing from all human reasons, that the yoke which was the newest would gall the most. But what was the result? The Punjab which had been ruled by Sir Henry Lawrence, and Sir John Lawrence, and Robert Montgomery, and Donald McLeod—the Punjab, our late conquest, stood firm and loyal in our hour of trouble. It was the Punjab which despatched its men to the siege of Delhi; the Punjab whose recruits enabled that noble soldier, John Nicholson, to force the walls of Delhi. *I call that the fourth interposition of the Ruler of the world in our behalf.**

* In support of the view here taken of the manifest interpositions of God in our behalf in 1857, I subjoin the following heartfelt acknowledgment by the least feeble, most self-reliant, and most successful of Indian Governors:—

"Lastly, Sir John Lawrence desires to join with Mr. Montgomery in the expression of devout thankfulness to Almighty God. To Him alone is due the praise for our success and for our very safety. His mercy

"The fifth I find in the bearing of the King of Cashmere. Cashmere borders on the Punjab; it tops the map of British India. The ruler of that country was a wily, ambitious, and unscrupulous man. He possessed great influence over all the Sikhs in the Punjab. It had been his ambition to rule the Punjab, and he might have attempted to set himself at the head of the people of the Punjab, to raise the standard of revolt, and to move the people against us. But he did not do so. He rose superior to the temptation. Some men who look merely to human causes may say that he acted in this manner from self-interest. But at a moment when national prejudices and national causes are in the scale men are not apt to be reasonable. They are apt to look only to national causes; they are apt to draw the sword without considering whether the cause is likely to prosper. But the King of Cashmere stood firm and loyal, and sent orders to his troops to assist Sir John Lawrence. *Was that no interference in our behalf?*

"I find another in the conduct of the Afghans. My friends, perhaps there are many in this room whose heart-mourning has not been put off for the losses they suffered in the Afghan War in 1840 and 1841. I dare say there are many here who are capable of understanding that between the Afghan nation and the English there must have reigned a determined hostility, a bitter animosity. That animosity had reigned from the termination of the war till the year 1853. A change then came over the spirit of our Government. Our Government, prompted by some foreshadowing of events, held out to the Afghans the hand of friendship. It did that which it ought to have done

vouchsafed a happy issue to our measures, and confounded the devices of our enemies. Human aid could avail us nothing in that crisis. And it is owing to an overruling Providence, and to that alone, that a single Englishman was left alive in the Punjab."—(Mutiny Report to the Governor-General, Lahore, May 25, 1858.)

in 1840, when, instead of carrying up from his exile in India, Shah Shoojah, the rejected of the Afghan people, and endeavouring to force him upon the throne of Afghanistan, it might have made a friend of Dost Mahommed Khan, the ruling monarch, and the choice of the people. What they did not do in 1840, they did in 1854. They extended to Dost Mahommed Khan the hand of friendship. That treaty was made and confirmed in January, 1857, only three months before the outbreak of the Mutiny. Dost Mahommed Khan at that time was threatened by Persia. We thought that a good opportunity of affirming and proving what our policy really was; and England said to Dost Mahommed Khan, 'Our cause is one—we wish you to keep Afghanistan; we wish to show you that that is our policy. You are threatened with an enemy; we will give you substantial help by paying you £10,000 a month to enable you to raise more troops. We will even give you muskets to arm those troops.' We sent muskets, and did everything we could to assist him in his extremity. And when was this done? When there was not a speck or cloud in the horizon. We did it in a moment of pride and security, when no man could dare to hint that we had in view any object of our own. Three months had not passed after the conclusion of that treaty before the Mutiny broke out. What would have been our position if we had adhered to the wicked and unchristian policy of the old Afghan War? What would have been our position if Dost Mahommed Khan, the able, the wily, the ambitious ruler of Afghanistan, had taken the advice which was daily and hourly offered him?—if he had bound the green turban of the Prophet round his brow, and raised the standard of Mohammed, and summoned the hordes of Central Asia to sweep down on the infidel and drive him out of Asia? If he had given that challenge to the people, it would have been cheerfully answered, and an irresistible host of Tartars

would have swept over the plains, have carried the Punjab and all British India before it, and the English would have been driven into the sea. If that would have been our position in 1857, *I say that friendly treaty and policy which we pursued with regard to Afghanistan was the hand of God interposing on our behalf.*

"Another interposition I find in the bearing of the chiefs of India. You who have made India your study know well that our progress in the empire of India has been over the bodies of the native aristocracy. It was necessarily so. It would have been well and happy for us if we could have welded the native chiefs into our system. But that was a most difficult theory to accomplish. They would not comply with our wishes; they opposed us; and, in self-defence, we deposed them from their places. If, then, there was one class of the population in India from whom we should have naturally expected opposition in the hour of difficulty, it was from the chiefs of British India. But how did they act? Here and there we found one who rose against us; here and there we found a villain like the Nana. But, as a general rule, the chiefs of India rallied round the British standard. It is easy for us, turning to second causes, to say that our cause was theirs, that the contest going on in 1857 was the contest of order against anarchy, the contest of armies against Governments, and that the native chiefs saw that if a British-Indian Government went down before any native army it was impossible that any inferior Government could stand. Infidels will point out that as the cause of the conduct of the chiefs. But, in great struggles, men do not take such matters into consideration, and I can only account for the chiefs of India by saying that *it was put into their hearts by the King of kings.*

"Again, I find another astounding fact. I find that the people of India sided with us. What does that amount to? There were a hundred and eighty if not two hundred millions

of heathen and Mohammedans—aliens in blood, aliens in language, and aliens in religion; they black, and we white; they heathen and Mohammedan, and we Christian; they subjects and conquered, and we conquerors—and yet these two hundred millions sided with their conquerors. Do men want spectacles to read a fact so large as that? I turn again to second causes, and I acknowledge with pride and gratitude the conduct of the old East India Company which has passed away, though it has passed away at least in a certain glory. Around its setting sun there rests a lustre; and although it may not be a Christian lustre, it is, at least, the lustre of a large humanity. If ever there was a Government in history which struggled from first to last to rule for the benefit of its people, I believe that that Government was the East India Company. And it was fit and right that it should reap the harvest of its exertions. It was fitting and right that the people of India, looking at the struggle that was going on in India, seeing the picked heroes of the country, the warriors, the soldier caste struggling for nationality and independence—it was a glorious recompense to this country that the *people* of India should stand aloof and say, 'We have no part in the matter. Although we hate the religion of our conquerors, they have protected our freedom, our property, our lives, our wives, and our children; they have, at least, been just to us, and we will not side with those who oppose them.' But although there are these features in the case, I repudiate this interpretation of the event. *I say we can only look to the God of battles who put it into the hearts of the people of India, who might have smothered us with their very turbans, to stand and spare the handful of white men.*

"Lastly, among other facts, let me call your attention to this fact, that, although this war raged for two years, from first to last, there never rose from the rebel rank one man who could lead them on to victory. In former storms we

had a Hyder Ali to contend with, or a Tippoo Sahib, and we have found native courage not inferior to our own. We have found that an Asiatic army, led on by an Asiatic leader of ability, was no child's play; and had there arisen in 1857 one Hyder Ali or one Tippoo Sahib, I should not probably have stood here to tell you the story. No, we must have been driven out; no earthly power could have saved us in this extremity. And I say, if in these two years no man came forth able to lead our enemies to victory, *it is attributable only to Him who alone can rule the heart, and who chose to confound their counsels.*

"My friends, these things are wonderful. In them indeed, if we may humbly say it, we hear the voice of God. And what says that voice? Does it say that you had errors in your administration? Does it say, Reform your foolish laws—reform those things which were weak in your court polity? Does it say, Disarm the people, if you want to hold the empire? Does it say, Demolish the forts in which these chiefs take refuge, and which give you trouble when the struggles come? Are these the lessons which the Voice proclaims to us? Or does it say, 'India is your *charge.* I am the Lord of the world. I give kingdoms as I list. I gave India into the hands of England. I did not give it solely for your benefit. I gave it for the benefit of My one hundred and eighty millions of creatures. I gave it to you to whom I have given the best thing man can have—the Bible, the knowledge of the only true God. I gave it to you that you might communicate this light and knowledge and truth to these My heathen creatures. You have neglected the charge I gave you. You have ruled India for yourselves, and I have chastened you; I have humbled you in your pride; I have brought you even to the dust—I have brought you within one step of ruin. But I have condoned your offences. I have raised you up. When no mortal hand could save you from the results of your own

policy, I, the God whom you have offended, have come to your assistance. I have lifted you up again, and I say to you, England, that I once more consign this people to your charge. I say to you that I once more put you upon your trial; and I say to you, take warning from the past.'

"And, my friends, let us take warning! Let us not only take warning, but let us take courage. It is not the language of fanaticism which says, 'Christianize your policy.' It is the language of sound wisdom; it is the language of experience. I say that *the Christian policy is the only policy of hope.* I say that hitherto we have been living on in India without a policy at all, that we have been living from hand to mouth, and that now, at this late hour, *we want a policy,* and can only find a sound and hopeful policy for the future in standing forth and boldly *Christianizing our Government.* What, then, shall we do? Let us, let all in our several spheres, men and women, influence our friends. Let us give our votes. Let us, if any of us have a seat in the legislature, open our mouths, and speak the thing which we believe to be true. Let us not be afraid of men. Let us do, as Mr. Wilberforce did, lift our voice in the councils of the nation, and tell these men who are legislating without a god in the midst of them, that in God only can empires and legislatures be safe. You know, my friends, that between us and the Indian people the *great want is the want of a link.* We are *divided by our religions.* There is no amalgamation between the races. There is nothing to twine one within the other and cement our interests. We stand aloof—the heathen on the one side and the Christian on the other—and find nothing in our worldly policy to bridge the space. *We shall only find that link in Christianity.* If we Christianize one man, we have made one friend. If we Christianize a race, we have got an army. If we Christianize a province, we have founded a government. If we Christianize a

people, we have made an empire.* Let us observe that this war of 1857 is one of those great throes in which new eras are produced. A new era has been born to us in 1857, and it is useless for us to try to return to the old order of things. We cannot do it if we would. The Government of India has been transferred to the Crown. Every single operation of this change serves to draw England and India more closely together. All our commerce, all our finance, and the new minister who has been recently sent out to inquire into the subject, draw us nearer and nearer. The people of India are awake. They are not looking to their own kings and rulers. Their ken is abroad. They look to Europe. They understand European war and European alliances. They understand the affairs of Russia, of France, of Constantinople. They perceive now that Asia and Europe are inseparably knit together. Oriental thought is on the march, and you cannot stop it, do what you will. *If you ask me what is safe for the future—if you ask me to indicate a safe and expedient policy to the Government—I say an open Bible.* Put it in your schools. Stand avowedly as a Christian Government. Follow the noble example of your Queen. Declare yourselves, in the face of the Indian people, a Christian nation, as her Majesty has declared herself a Christian Queen, and you will not only do honour to her but to your God, and in that alone you will find that true safety rests."

We can read the words, but it is impossible to recall the scene to the reader, or to describe the rapt attention of the crowd of men and women who thronged the hall, and who hung upon the words as they came with a rich and musical

* The Rev. Behari Lal Sing, a licensed preacher of the Free Church of Scotland in Calcutta, said at Liverpool, in 1860, "I am sorry to say I belong to the rebel race of North-West India; still, if you convert the rebels, they will fight for you; they will become your loyal subjects; they will defend your lives."

clearness and intonation that made them reach to the very furthest corner of the building, and not a word was lost. The slim, graceful, youthful figure of the speaker, with a noble brow that none could look upon and not turn to look again, stood up, with a modesty that thought not of *himself* or of the consequences to himself of such outspoken words, but fired with the fervour of deep feeling and impassioned eloquence, and calmed with the pallor of exhausted health; for he was not yet recovered from the effects of the heavy strain at Peshâwur.

The scene has been described by one who was on the platform on the occasion, and may be quoted here :—

"It was the most heart-stirring oration I ever heard; not so much from its intrinsic eloquence, though there was much of that, as from the electric sympathy of the minds of the four thousand who heard it, with his mind, and who, knowing him to be one of the bravest of the brave, were full of admiration of the hero who, after the perils of Peshâwur and the Mutiny, was no less brave as the soldier of Christ, casting to the winds all ideas of pleasing men, or saying what was politic for himself, and thinking only of the 'King of kings and Lord of lords.' No one who was there will ever forget it.

"I had officially a ticket for a front seat on the platform; but being five minutes late through a slow cab, I lost my front seat, and could only get half a seat, which was kindly ceded to me.

"But it was a thrilling spectacle to see five or six hundred clergy and laity on the platform, losing the equilibrium of their gravity and dignity, and tumultuously rising up to cheer with hands and feet and voice; and when the cheer pealed itself out, reviving it till it rang again through the vast assembly up to its topmost pitch, and was only restrained from another reiteration by the hand of Edwardes raised so as to intimate, 'Hear me further.'

"The two thousand ladies caught the enthusiasm. Their sex could not keep it down, and they, forgetting etiquette, stood on their feet, and numbers of them waved their handkerchiefs.

"Sir John Lawrence also, who came late, but got to a front seat by some one vacating it for him, took part in the

tumult, but with a difference, by the heavy knock of his stick on the floor.

"The grandeur of the scene was far beyond admiration of eloquence as eloquence. It was the depth of the feeling and its unanimity, rejoicing with exceeding joy, that a great man had risen up amongst us as a true exponent of its character and intensity. People shook hands and congratulated one another that they had heard it.

"Nobody thought much about what they did or said, but did or said what their excitement forced them to do or say.

"I espied, after a while, a front seat vacant by Sir Herbert Edwardes, and thinking it better than the uneasy half-seat I had so long occupied, two rows behind, and having a right to it, I passed to it by the side of the chairman (Lord Chichester); and when I found myself by the man of men, I made bold to introduce myself to him, apologizing for the liberty by mentioning that I had lost the introduction at Lord Shaftesbury's table. I hope I shall know him better some day." *

* Extract from "The Life of Rev. Henry Venn Elliott," by Bateman.

CHAPTER VII.

1860—1862.

STAY IN ENGLAND, AND RETURN TO INDIA.

"All growth in wisdom, all pure Love's increase,
All noble daring and endurance meek,
All battles for the Truth, all sighs for Peace,
The presence of the Comforter bespeak."

C. M. N.

CHAPTER VII.

Was Edwardes taking rest—the rest he so much needed, and had waited for so long? It looks more like work than rest! He had written to his wife—

"Life is short, and not worth dallying with. Better to do what seems right for us as responsible beings — as *children*, in short—than play truant and go sorrowing before our Father in heaven." Is it rest, or work?

The request made by the family that he should write the life of Sir Henry Lawrence was responded to with all the ardour and tenderness of a heart that loved Sir Henry deeply, and longed to tell the world how great a life had passed away in him during the struggle for empire in India, in 1857, and to hold up to England's youth the splendid example of such a life. In writing to John Lawrence, Edwardes says— Biography of Sir H. Lawrence.

"There was great *leaven*, so to speak, in your brother's character, and few men have ever exercised a more extended or more enkindling influence over those who came in contact with him. This vitality must still rest in his story, if faithfully given to the world."

How *physically* unequal to the exertion was one who, as Edwardes, was *himself* suffering from his own share in the heavy strain of high responsibility and incessant struggle with evil during those eventful years, it avails not now

to tell. The loving heart would not be dissuaded by such calculations, and the labour of love was undertaken zealously.

A chaos of materials.

But the labour of *preparation only* was literally enormous, owing partly to the vast extent of materials to be reduced to order, and partly to the nature of the materials themselves. These being often fragmentary, undated letters, or scraps of writing, public and private, *im*portant and *un*important, all thrown together and thrust into rough boxes, one part of a subject often found at the bottom of a box, and the other part of it at the top, and these all spreading over a period of many years; for it had been the constant habit of Sir Henry and Lady Lawrence, throughout their busy lives, to preserve *all* letters, however unimportant they might be. Edwardes writes—

"The materials have, indeed, been *too* abundant, for they have wasted more than half my time."

Materials reduced to some form of order.

To this it may be added that the handwriting was a particularly difficult one to decipher—what Lady Lawrence herself called "his own dear, delightful, queer-shaped, illegible letters;" and so they were! Probably, without the key of personal knowledge of the scenes they referred to, which Edwardes had, and also without an intimate knowledge of the handwriting, many of the papers would have been perfectly unintelligible. Masses of papers had to be read; those that were useless set aside, and those that were useful studied and arranged. The work was conceived as a *whole* picture, the outline drawn, the colours arranged, before anything could be written.

Keenly as the subjects interested him, all this was toil eminently unsuited to the exhausted strength that needed the recreation of *change* of thought.

On the return of Edwardes and his wife from Scotland, in the autumn of 1859, to the beginning of summer in the following year, at Eastbourne, the time was steadily devoted to the work, in the peace and joy of home restored to them once more.

Edwardes was dispirited and often distressed at the small hope he felt that England was intending to take the full

advantage that he thought she might do of the great opportunity to benefit India that was offered by the many necessary changes incidental to the transfer of the Indian Government from the "East India Company" to the Crown.

Efforts to guide public opinion for India's good.

Earnest men, both in India and England, who loved the country, lost no opportunity of ventilating the subject, and giving the benefit of their life's experience to assist public opinion to form a right judgment upon many important subjects then pending.

Mr. Donald McLeod, the wise and good man whom we have seen in earlier pages, and who was now Financial Secretary to Government in the Punjab, wrote earnestly to the *Times;* but the letter was never published, though Edwardes says it had "his entire concurrence," and Sir John Lawrence says, "It is like himself—full of knowledge, gentleness, and goodness; but it would require men like himself to work out the scheme he indicates. To do real good, to carry the people with us, we must associate them in our plans. On the other hand, unless we do this with discretion we shall only make the men we employ more powerful for mischief against their own countrymen. Who plundered the poor more than the village punchayets? Who will plunder them more than the talookdars of Oude?"

Sir John Lawrence's comments on Mr. McLeod's proposals.

But Edwardes says—

Strong feeling against old Indianism.

"It is not impossible that the conservative spirit as regards native institutions, and the desire to develop and enlarge them into an efficient representative system, rather than change the whole and pass India through the mill of English thought, may have disinclined the *Times* to give publicity to the letter of Mr. McLeod. The press of India and the press of England re-echoed each other's howls against 'old Indianism' in every shape; and at present there is nothing more certain than that they who have lived in India know nothing about it, and that they who never saw it are the only men to legislate for its wants. The exclusiveness of the old 'Company' has led to this result. There seems no remedy but patience and the recoil.

The resul of the ex- clusivene s

of the old "Company."

The flood of public passion has been let loose, and must sweep over everything till it finds its level."

The introduction of the Bible into the schools in India was a subject deep in Edwardes's heart, as we have already seen; and, loving the Word of God himself, he had no doubt that we had a *right* as well as a *duty* to give to the people of India the best thing we ourselves have by which to steer our way to the eternity that lies before us all.

Loving the people, too, as Edwardes did; being drawn together with them in sympathy and confidence, as we have seen in these pages; often together in times of danger and in toil; in battles, with their lives in their hands, bravely defending each other and their government;—how could he wish to withhold from them the light of life? Knowing so well the spirit of the people, we find Edwardes warmly advocating the introduction of the Bible into the schools in India, and telling the people of England *why* he did so.

And here it may be interesting to record a few expressions from educated natives themselves, who looked at the matter from their own point of view.

Sivaprasâd,* author of the "Thoughts of a Native on the Rebellion," and inspector of Government schools in the Benares Division, writes to his Commissioner, Henry Carre Tucker, who was in England at this time; and we may be allowed to quote a few passages out of his letter, as they express the views of an educated and intelligent native.

"Benares, June 27, 1859.

"DEAR SIR,

Native testimony to missions.

". . . I can assure you so far, that the people of this country will hardly take any notice if the Bible is intro-

* During the last year Sivaprasâd is reported to have diligently visited and inspected "the schools of thirteen districts, comprising an area of 35,879 square miles, and containing a population of 14,559,149 souls, which is almost equal to that of England, more than double that of Ireland, and more than five times that of Scotland." He has, therefore, enjoyed many special advantages for ascertaining the feelings of all connected with education throughout the large tract of country referred to, and his opinions are deserving of the utmost consideration.—"Occasional Papers," Edinburgh.

duced in Government schools. You yourself know how easily it was introduced in Ghazepoor School, where it was supported by the Hindoos themselves. As for the advantages accruing from its introduction, your Christian countrymen ought to be better acquainted than I. I can say so far, that if the Bible be introduced to-day in the Benares College, not a single boy, I think, will leave the college on that account. In fact, the Hindoo religion does not prohibit in any way the study of the Bible. If there is prohibition of any study in the Shastras, it is the study of the Greek *language*, in which the modern pundits now include also Persian and Arabic. The Government may prevent the Bible from being read in colleges, but it cannot prevent its being read in private rooms. I know there are many Hindoo students of the Government colleges who have taken great pains to go through the Bible merely out of curiosity. But the book which they could have read, perhaps, with advantage with good teachers in the colleges, they read with misconstrued meanings, and consequently with contempt and a spirit of antagonism, in their own houses. But I myself, *being not a Christian*, cannot, of course, be expected to agree with you in the *importance* of the mere introduction of a book in the schools. If we have good teachers, the boys themselves will bring in the Bible, notwithstanding any amount of restriction put upon it by the Government. If they acknowledge in England the importance of the education of fourteen crores of natives, they ought not to send out boys to be employed as teachers in the colleges here. They ought to send out for India *the most approved and successful teachers of England*. It will cost more, but it will bring better fruits. Your Church Missionary Society ought to use its influence in the selection of teachers for India.

Native opinion on the Bible.

"As for 'neutrality,' the word is inexplicable to me. I cannot understand its meaning. Our position is this. The Brahmins find the new generations more disrespectful and disobedient to them than the old ones; so impertinent as to discuss with them the possibilities of the existence of oceans of milk and wine, of mountains of gold more than five hundred thousand miles high, and the powers of Brahmins to give salvation to souls, when many of them cannot save themselves from being dragged to gaols.

On neutrality.

Causes of opposition from the Brahmins.

"From being worshipped and fed and considered as gods on earth, the Brahmins have been reduced now to work in the most menial capacities. They cannot bear this: they see plainly that Hindooism is declining every day, and a day will soon come when the Brahmins will be reduced to the same level with the Sudras. They trace and find no other cause of it but the intercourse of the natives with Europeans, *alias*, the advancement of civilization. The Mohammedans killed Brahmins, but they did not undermine the people's belief of their superiority. They themselves believed in so many peers and fakeers and nonsensical things that the Brahmins were quite safe from having any attack on their absurd dogmas. When Aurungzebe demolished the temple of Vishweshwar, his brother Darashikoh lavished wealth on the pundits and sanyasir of Benares.

The natives fail to see the great importance of "this or that book" being introduced.

"Well, the Brahmins trace their downfall, which they term the downfall of Hindooism, to the intercourse of the natives with Europeans, and so they curse the Europeans. *It is not the reading of this or that book, but the civilization itself*, which is opposed to Hindooism.

"The promises of 'neutrality' now and then of the Government mislead the people; they form new hopes, and then, feeling disappointed, curse the Government. It is not the introduction of this or that book, but *the stop of the civilization itself, which they understand by 'neutrality.'*

"They will never give the credit of 'neutrality' to the Government till they find Hindooism prevented from declining. If credit for 'neutrality' is to be obtained from the Hindoos, they must close their hospitals, as the Hindoos cannot, strictly speaking, preserve their caste after swallowing the medicines administered there; they must not allow cows being killed in India, as a Rajput cannot remain a Hindoo if he does not try to save the cow, even at the risk of his life; they must make the institutes of Menoo again the law of the country, and punish severely those who disrespect Brahmins; they must give up their possessions beyond the Indus; and they must not import any book or inculcate any idea which leads one to disobey or disrespect a Brahmin.

What the Hindoos consider

"But if the Lords mean by 'neutrality' merely that no force is to be used in conversion, there is no use of making

any fuss about it; the people know perfectly well, by the experience of a century, that *the Christian religion admits no force.* It is not the force they dread, it is the contact. They are pretty sure now that Hindooism cannot stand before Christianity, and I do not think that anything can make them disbelieve this fact.

"neutrality" to be.

"The means, also, cannot be disputed. The missionaries are not strong enough to take upon themselves the education of fourteen crores of human beings. The people will not take it upon themselves, 'the sacred spark of patriotism is exotic here.' Had they been worthy of doing it, who prevented them hitherto? Why did they not do anything for so long a time? We have not the least hope from the people; and it is the duty of the Government to look after the interest of the rising generation, and to that of the generations to come. The Government *must* educate their children, and make their parents educate them; otherwise *Government cannot expect them to be thankful and contented.* In short, if the natives of India are to be educated, there is no one to educate them but the Government.

The missionaries *cannot*, the *people will not*, educate themselves. Who is to do it?

The arguments resolve themselves into this—the Government *must* educate the children.

"I have the honour, etc.,

"SIVAPRASÂD."

Another remarkable testimony is given in a speech delivered by one who also is not a Christian, but a native Hindoo judge of the highest rank in Benares, Baboo Shama Churn, who thus addressed a company of Europeans and four hundred native boys in a public examination of Jay Narayun's school. The words are taken from his own handwriting.

"Ladies and gentlemen, your presence in this meeting at once shows the good effects of the Christian religion. You are come here for the purpose of improving the welfare and happiness of a race that only a short time ago took up arms against you, and tried to eradicate you from this country; but in return for all that, you are seeking their prosperity and happiness.

"I cannot ascribe this to anything else but the influence of the Christian faith, and I hope that my countrymen will mark this most benevolent and charitable act on your part,

Hope of a Hindoo judge on the subject.

and learn to be grateful and loyal to the British Government; *and I sincerely hope that the moral principles inculcated in the Bible may be taught in all the colleges in India.*

"And to you, my dear boys, I beg to impress on your tender hearts that you can never expect a better Government than the British rule; therefore, you ought to be thankful to the Almighty God for the preservation of the British authority in India."

Here is an Oriental description of the Bible, which, coming from one of their own native journals, the *Sajjana Ranjana,* is instructive. Advocating the introduction of the Bible into Government schools, it describes it, in remarkable language as coming from a heathen, as "the best and the most excellent of all English books, and there is not its like in the English language. As every joint of the sugar-cane, from the root to the top, is full of sweetness, so every page of the Bible is fraught with the most precious instructions. A portion of that book would yield to you more of sound morality than a thousand other treatises on the same subject. In short, if any person studies the English language with a view to gain wisdom, there is not another book which is more worthy of being read than the Bible."

These outspoken thoughts of natives, *not Christians,* but earnestly seeking the welfare of their own countrymen and from their own point of view, are deeply interesting and important as bearing on the argument whether the Bible was to be given to the people or not, and it is well to see how the subject comes home to the educated native mind before we glance at some of the different opinions on the subject which Edwardes sought to ventilate.

The difference with earnest men was not in the main question, but chiefly in the best way of bringing it about. The Government of India was against it; not from unwillingness to the spread of Christianity, especially not on Lord Canning's part and his colleagues, but on account of its practical difficulties.

Archdeacon Pratt saw these difficulties, and, while desiring to see the Bible taught in the schools, he thought there should be no pressure put on the Government to bring them to do what was against their convictions. He advocated "bringing

the despatches of 1854–59 into practical action. Press this on the authorities till they allow voluntary classes for Scripture-reading in the school-houses half an hour *before* school work begins. No *other* religious instruction to be allowed" (viz. the Shastras and Korân); "for ours is a *paternal* not a representative Government, and we should do what is best for the people, and not all that the people may wish."

Opinions culled from other sources also may be glanced at, which suggest thoughts. "Reviewing the past course of Government education" (one writes), "a wonderful spectacle is presented—a foreign power, whose claim to the empire is superior intelligence, labouring to impart that intelligence to its native subjects with the single reservation of Christianity, which alone could prevent the rest of the knowledge from becoming hurtful. This in the face of a warning from Sir John Malcolm against de-Hindooizing and non-Christianizing (Pol., H. II., p. 283). And in the face of the resolution of the House of Commons, 1793, requiring 'the adoption of measures which may tend to their advancement in useful knowledge, etc., and to *their religious and moral improvement.*'

"In 1813 the clause of the Charter Act which enacted the assignment of a lakh of rupees a year, at least, 'for literary and educational purposes,' said nothing of moral and religious training—probably because free admission was, for the first time, given to missionaries.

"The 'lakh' was a dead letter for many years. The Committee of Public Instruction was not formed till 1823.

"In 1816 private enterprise founded the Hindoo college, which gave a tone to all the subsequent efforts of Government. The English managers shrank from introducing our Christian literature. The native managers 'insisted on being taught all that English gentlemen were taught.' But, after all, the people hung back from the college (see Kaye's 'History of East India Company,' p. 591) till H. H. Wilson became visitor, when they believed Hindoo literature would have the predominance.

"In 1829 the Court of Directors sent out a despatch recommending 'education of the higher classes of natives as some compensation for the advantages lost by our rule,' and

education ever since has been regarded as a means of helping natives to advancement in life, *i.e.* getting wealth.

Lord William Bentinck.

"In 1835, however, Lord William Bentinck declared that the great object of the British Government ought to be the promotion of European science and literature among the natives of India.

Macaulay.

"And Macaulay, in his minute of the same year, denounced the existing system as tending to impede *the progress of truth*, and 'giving artificial encouragement to absurd history, absurd metaphysics, absurd physics, and absurd theology.'

"Had a missionary said this, it would have been called violent and uncharitable. After this, the Government system could not be called *neutrality*. No system of education worthy of the name can be neutral. None in India has been so.

"The *Orientalist* prejudiced natives by nervously shrinking from any shape of Christian teaching. The *Anglicists* broke down Hindooism by science and literature. Both are hostile to Christianity and Hindooism; not neutral to either."

These points are collected by Edwardes from opinions chiefly of the Rev. Dr. Kay, Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta; and he gathers up these suggestive thoughts with some notice of the last remarks on *neutrality*. Dr. Kay holds this point important and enlarges on it; admits that some of the patrons of the Government educational system were not indifferent or hostile to Christianity, but regards secular education as 'a schoolmaster to bring them to Christ;' He admits it difficult to say whether the Government education has done more good or evil.

"On the one hand, it has produced a large crop of atheists and voluptuaries. On the other hand, there had been great general improvement, and some conversions to Christianity in Government colleges. *In* 1857, *only one student of the Agra College joined the rebels.*

"But what of the *present*, and what of the *future?* There is a growing feeling in the minds of Government teachers that something more is now required. The Hindoo mind

which has been religious for three thousand years, craves for something more than Shakespeare, Milton, Locke, and Bacon. 'Some moral counterpoise to the unmitigated intellectual strain put on the mind by the Government system' is demanded.

"It is a critical epoch, and either more must be attempted in the way of religious instruction, or the Government must retire from the field altogether. Thus think some of the most eminent teachers of the educational service."

But we must not pursue this theme, though it is a very tempting one, further than to show, that strongly as Edwardes felt himself, that England's duty was clearly to give the open Bible, and teach it too, he respected and carefully weighed the opinions of other men, and considered well their arguments when their *conclusions* differed from his own, which was so in some measure in the case of the Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta.

A conference on missions was held at Liverpool from March 19 to 23 of this year (1860), and Edwardes was invited to join it. His speech at the public meeting there gives us an opportunity of seeing his own views fully on these subjects.

Speech at Liverpool.

"My lord, and ladies, and gentlemen of Liverpool, Our noble chairman (Lord Shaftesbury) has given good advice to all the speakers at this meeting, that they shall speak what they do know; and having myself recently come from the scene of the Indian Mutiny, and believing as I do that that great Mutiny throws a bright, though indeed a lurid, light upon the great object for which this conference is assembled, I think I cannot do better than direct the few remarks with which I shall trouble you to the *lessons* which I think England may learn from that great war. Friends and fellow-countrymen, you know as well as I do the history of India's past. You know that it

Lessons to be derived from the war.

is now somewhat more than a century ago since God gave the empire of India to us on the battle-field of Plassey.

Growth of our Indian Empire.

"Within that century you know well what changes have come over that Empire. It is told in all our histories and in all our schools; it is learned how we found a shivered Empire; how we bound that Empire up; how we absorbed its rebel governors; how we introduced justice where we found violence and crime; how we have abolished some of those cruel and bloody rites which debased the land; how

England's moral triumphs.

the perfidious crime of Thuggee, how the bloody custom of infanticide by which the chiefs of tribes from the mere pride of lineage murdered their infant daughters by thousands, in order to prevent the possibility of their contracting inferior marriages, have, under English rule, been thoroughly abolished.

"With all these things you are familiar. And far be it from me to undervalue those great triumphs of our country's labour.

Effect of our Christianity.

"They are, indeed, noble triumphs of English civilization. They witness to a true heart of humanity; they witness, in spite of ourselves, to a true feeling of Christianity, which we cannot repress, although we try to do so; they tell that the Englishman, wherever he bears rule, will carry with him some of that Christianity which he has drunk in with his mother's milk.

Our duty to India.

"Still, in spite of these efforts, we must all know, if we are honest men, and will dare to look the matter in the face —we must all know that there are duties which we have not performed towards that country.

Why was it given?

"I take it, fellow-countrymen, that that country was not given to us, one hundred and eighty millions of our fellow-creatures were not handed over to our charge, purely for our

Not for ourselves.

benefit. It was not merely that we should enrich our land with commerce; it was not merely that we should provide for our sons and daughters; it was not to gratify the lust of

conquest and the pride of our own nation; nor was it that we should abolish those crimes and hideous customs, and cover the country with roads and telegraphs;—these were not the objects for which God gave empire to us in India.

"I do believe in the bottom of my heart that that Empire was given to England because we were the country of the open Bible. But because we have an open Bible.

"If you look in the page of history, you will see that other foreign nations preceded us to that land, and yet they have not now got a footing in it. We have succeeded to the charge; and why? I conceive it is because we have sternly, and after bloody contests, held fast our Protestantism and our Bible. We have had it open, and insisted on having it open; and fought for it, that our children should hold it; and I conceive God looks down on this people and says, 'Here is a people that values the open Bible, and I will give the charge of that great Empire to them.'

"But have we fulfilled this charge; have we met our responsibilities? I tell you, with the chairman, that it has been from the very first our English policy in India to conceal this Bible and, if possible, hide its light. We have taken up at the very beginning with that devil-fearing, God-dishonouring policy of neutrality in religion. Our Government has endeavoured, if possible, to keep the very name of Christianity from the natives. Have we done our duty? We have hid the Bible.

"Shiploads of missionaries went out, and shiploads were driven back again. The great Judson went out with his brave countrymen; and does it not call a blush on every face when I say that Judson was not sent out from these shores, but from our cousins in America, who have not one acre of land on those shores, but who felt what we have been so slow to feel—the responsibility of Christians and Protestants? Our Government repelled those missionaries. Judson was driven from the shore of India, and where did he go? He landed upon heathen soil, where a heathen king Judson and others expelled.

He went to Burmah.

sat on the throne—the shore of Burmah; and there he was received, and he founded that mission which has now reaped the rich harvest of which you may have heard. A hundred thousand Karens are now the fruit of the labours of the great Judson and his colleagues, and they are now holding prayer-meetings and praying for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on their brethren, just like ourselves.

Our connection with idol-temples.

"These are fruits which we might have had in India, if we had dared to follow a brave and Christian policy. In every shape we have carried out the policy of 'neutrality.' We have held partnership even with Juggernâth; we have collected revenues from that great idol-temple; we have taken into our charge and management the revenues of other temples; we have made our civil officers administer to them. Is that or is it not a shame to Christian England?

Education without the Bible.

"And when Government has attempted to educate the people, has it founded that education upon the only root which education can ever take? Has it struck the roots of education into the Holy Word of God? No; it has declared that the Korân may be in the schools, the Shastras may be in the schools, but the Holy Bible may not be in the schools.

Liberalism in this policy.

"Now, I must do justice to our country, and say that in following this policy they at all events thought they were acting upon some broad principles of justice. They did, at least, think they were giving fair play, as they called it, to the heathen.

The native does not understand this. He is a very religious being.

"But has this been understood by the native? The native has never from the beginning been able to comprehend this policy of our Government. The native is constituted altogether differently from us; his mind is of a totally different construction. Whether he is a Hindoo or a Mohammedan, religion is to the Asiatic the very beginning and the end, the Alpha and the Omega of his existence. Its fibres run through every act of his life. There is no

feast, no fast, no event of happiness or sorrow in that man's family; he never eats or drinks, but in whatever he does, he does it to the glory of his god. Can the people whose heart is thus fixed in its religion—can it understand how the English people can go, as conquerors, perfectly free and unbound, free to follow their own conviction and do as they choose in India? Can they understand how that noble Saxon people can begin their government by abnegating God? And when they see such a phenomenon as that, they argue upon it; and the conclusion to which the people of India has come is, not that England is just and fair and wants to let the light of truth force its own way among them, but the conclusion that the English are a tricky people; that they dare not go straight to the object they have in view, but are approaching it by some sly contrivance of their own. The consequence has been that throughout the length and breadth of India suspicion has gone abroad, and the whole Indian people are always in doubt, always suspecting their Government and rulers, and wondering what next is coming.

Suspicion is widespread.

"Whatever measure of civilization we introduced, we might tell them anything we chose, explain its science, philosophy, and object as we liked, they would look on and think, 'Beneath this there is some contrivance to take our religion from us.' I have been told by natives that some of these days, when the telegraph wires were spread all over India, the Governor-General would pull a string, and those wires would convert the whole of the natives to Christianity!

Illustrations.

"Take another instance. Along the great line of roads from Calcutta to Peshâwur, our Government has established little hostelries for the traveller to rest in at night. Formerly, under the native rulers, there were strong forts along the roads, for the protection of the people from highway robbers; but the roads now are perfectly safe, and mere lodging-places are required. A few years ago, when these hostelries or cara-

Suspicious caravansaries for natives travelling.

vansaries were built on the main line of road, the people asked, 'What can possibly be the object of building all these along the road?' The native, you must know, is a very avaricious creature, and cannot understand how any one could lay out money unless it is to bring him in money in return. Reflecting, then, on these caravansaries, the natives speculated, 'What can be the object in building these places?' At length some wise man knocked out this idea, 'That he should not be at all surprised if some night, when all the travellers, at the season of some great pilgrimage, in passing along the road, had lodged within these hostelries, all on a sudden the Governor-General gave orders that the doors should be shut, and that all of them should be made Christians.'

Moomeai.

"Again, we never take a new country without the report being immediately spread abroad that little babies were being kidnapped by the English. What do you suppose for? They say we are going to make *moomeai* of them. This with them is an ointment—a mysterious ointment—which possesses most extraordinary properties, with which if any person is rubbed he becomes a very *Rustum* in the field, the strongest of heroes. But this mysterious ointment can only be extracted with the most extraordinary incantations; and these poor little babies must be got and hung over a very slow fire, that their poor little innocent fat may be drawn out of them. And actually there is scarcely a population in any province of India that does not, first of all, hail our advent by expecting that we are going to boil their babies!

"These are the suspicions which are entertained in consequence of our indirect proceedings in the matter of religion.

Adulterated flour.

"Another instance just occurs to me. There is scarcely half a year passes over India but you hear the report that all the flour which is in the market has been adulterated with bone-dust, by order of the Government; and that

certain rascals (native confederates of our Government) are going about underselling the really wholesome, sound, good flour—selling it two or three pounds cheaper than the real flour, in order that the poor people may buy the flour adulterated by bone-dust, make their cakes with it, eat it, and every one of them be turned into Christians!

How it might have been.

"Now, my fellow-countrymen, I have mentioned these facts because they speak more in reality than a thousand figures of rhetoric. They tell the real truth. There you get into the very heart of the people; you understand their idiosyncrasies; and you see at once what a fanciful, imaginative, suspicious people the Asiatics are. Now, if you had come forward and told these Indian people that you were Christians; that you came to them in the name of God and of His Son; and that without violence, without persecution, yet with consistency, you desired in all your heart and soul to give them the best thing that you could confer upon them, the most bountiful and best possession God has given to you;—if you had told them that, and encouraged them by all the legitimate means in your power to read the Bible and become Christians, and explained to them how only they could become Christians, they would then have honoured you, have respected you, and have loved you, and would never have feared or suspected you.

"What, then, have been the consequences of this neutral policy which we have pursued?

"Thank God we have had hundreds and thousands of earnest Christian hearts taking a different view of that great question. They have, at their own charges, sent out missionaries to the East, and these missionaries have reaped a harvest which, though small in comparison with the field, is not small in comparison with the means you have employed; for out of one hundred and eighty millions of heathens and Mohammedans, they have made one hundred and twenty thousand Protestant native Christians.

"True, that is only one Christian in fifteen hundred heathens and Mohammedans; but still it is a great reward for their labours, and a great encouragement to you all to send out more labourers into that harvest.

"But while these have been the rewards of the missionaries, you see what the fearful balance of the heathen and Mohammedan population is. The balance of nearly one hundred and eighty millions stares us in the face still unconverted—still, not only unconverted, but looking upon their rulers with suspicion.

Basis of our power—moral.

"Now, let me explain to you in a few words what has been the basis upon which our power in India has been sustained.

"Of course, one great element of our strength in India (thank God!) has been our moral power. I thank God there has gone abroad widely in India an impression that, at all events in secular matters, we do desire to do justice betwixt man and man; and that has certainly been a great moral strength to us. But that moral power could never for a moment enable a handful of Englishmen to hold that vast continent in an imperial sway. It would be impossible for a small band of thirty or forty thousand Englishmen to hold two hundred millions in their hands, and bid them do their will.

The country now held.

"What, then, has been the contrivance?

The native army.

"We have called into our aid a native army. As we, bit by bit, and step by step, advanced in our career of empire, we have added regiment to regiment, brigade to brigade, division to division, army to army, till at last, in the year 1857, there stood three hundred thousand native soldiers under English arms.

Its size in 1857.

"That army was divided between the three presidencies: the army of Bengal, the army of Bombay, and that of Madras.

The Madras army.

"Now, I do not know to what I am to attribute it, that in the Madras Presidency, from the very beginning, there has

reigned for some reason or other a more Christian spirit than has prevailed in the other two presidencies. I suppose it has been attributable originally to some band of real earnest, devoted, and praying Christians, who from the very beginning have prayed to God for the presidency to which they belonged; but certainly, gradually, there have crept into the Madras army numbers of native Christians who have not been expelled from that army; there has been no ban put upon them; and they have been wholly regarded merely in their physical capacity. The consequence is, that the Madras army is largely leavened with the element of native Christianity.

Native Christians in it.

"In the Bombay army, this state of things has not been obtained. But there has been a transition state there. They, too, have been wise in their generation. They have seen the great evil and the great tyranny of caste, and have from the very beginning ignored it, and declared that they will have no caste in the Bombay army.

Bombay army.

"You see the Sirdar and the outcast stand side by side with the proud Brahmin; and here is a lesson. Does the Brahmin refuse to stand by the side of the outcast in the ranks of the Bombay army? No!

The caste mixed.

"There is such a sight as this: a subahdar, or native captain of low caste, commanding a body of one hundred men of mixed races, in which the Brahmin shall be largely seen.

"If that can be done in one army, why not in all? Pass to the Bengal army, and there you will find the very temple of heathenism; there you will find the real refuge and stronghold of caste. From the very beginning this policy was taken up, of respecting the castes of native soldiers; from the very beginning the Government has enjoined upon the officers on no account to do one single thing which shall in any way offend the caste of any one of their sepoys. And the consequence has been that, by degrees, the native army of

Caste carefully kept up in the Bengal army.

this part of India has become more distinguished for its rigid and strict observance of caste than any other portion of the population of Bengal.

"Now, fellow-countrymen, *à priori*, do you consider that a wise or sound policy to pursue? I suppose there is not one man in this room who would not be able, in his own wisdom, without any experience of India, to foretell that no good could come of a policy like that. The results were soon to be seen.

An inflammable army.

"An army thus constituted was like a sheet of gunpowder spread over the land; one single spark of offence might any day set fire to that army. And our Government knew it well. Our Government gradually, as that army grew, and as province was added to province, and new regiments were obliged to be formed, looked with alarm upon that great army growing under its hands.

The monster Frankenstein.

"It was like the old story of Frankenstein, this great monster we had created, and we now viewed it with the utmost horror and alarm. We lived in the greatest dread, lest some day this monster should turn upon us and tear us. Consequently our Government enjoined upon our officers never to offend the natives in this Bengal army; and the native soldier, a very quick-witted, intelligent fellow, soon saw how things lay, and soon saw that he was not the servant but the master of the Government. He began, a very few years ago, to dictate as well as serve. He began to tell our Government that he could march *here*, but that he could not march *there*. He began to tell our Government that there were certain rivers which it was against his caste to cross; and that he could not go into boats, and go down upon certain wars, because he would have to cross the sea. He began, I say, to tell these stories to our Government; and our Government, unable to dispense with him, and lacking the courage to grapple with the difficulty, coaxed the sepoy, begged him to go on board the boats, and even promised

him a little extra money—begged him to go to Afghanistan, and pampered him till the monster grew a hundred times the monster that he was.

The Enfield cartridge.

"At last the year 1857 came round. We, in our desire to complete the organization of our Indian army, and in our extraordinary infatuation perhaps, planned to put that magnificent weapon, the Enfield rifle, into their hands. The Enfield rifle, you all know, is of no use without the Enfield cartridge, and the cartridge is anointed with grease. I suppose a more ingenious device was never laid hold of by the devil himself than to throw out the idea that the Enfield cartridge-grease was made of pigs' fat and beef fat, because it hit at once the prejudices of both the Hindoo and the Mohammedan soldiery.

Hindooism a religion of externals.

"The Hindoo's religion is a religion of externals, and it is not with him as with the Christians. He is not taught that the defilement comes from within; he is not taught that to 'eat with unwashen hands' defileth *not* a man; he is taught, rather, that contact with inferior caste defiles; that he may be defiled by accident; that if by accident he touches an Englishman, he is a defiled being from that moment. It is no uncommon thing for a Mohammedan missionary to find it easier to shut the Korân and take the Hindoo by a trick. He dresses himself as a Hindoo, associates with Hindoos, invites them to dine with him. And after they have freely partaken of dishes which they thought orthodoxly cooked, the host turns round and informs them that he is a good Mohammedan, not a Hindoo, and consequently that every one of them has lost his caste! That is a common thing and tells you at once that this is a people which believe that they can have their religion taken away from them involuntarily, without their heart entering into the matter at all. But why do the Mohammedans enter into that view? They ought to have a true idea of the one living and present God; they ought to have an idea of religion of the heart (and very

many of them have); but they have been conquered by the very customs of the people whom they have conquered themselves. The Hindoos have Hindooized the Mohammedans in India, and the Mohammedans in India are now half Hindoos, and largely subject to this accursed caste. When, therefore, they were told that these cartridges were mixed with beef and pigs' fat, there was no Hindoo in our army but believed that if he once bit off the end of the cartridge (which he was obliged to do before he put it into the barrel), that by that act he would be un-Hindooized; and there was no Mohammedan but believed that by that act he would be turned into a Christian.

"Now, those who have not travelled in the East will find it difficult fully to enter into this; but take the experience of an old Indian, when I tell you that there never was a more unfounded or absurd witticism invented than one pronounced in the House of Commons by one of our most brilliant speakers, when he said that 'Revolutions were not made with grease.'

"The greatest revolution, perhaps, this world has ever seen, the Indian Mutiny of 1857 (if anything in this world was made with material elements), was made with grease.

"I ask you if this misconception could ever have taken place if we had not systematically kept the people of India ignorant of our Christianity? Had you from the very beginning opened your Bible, put the Bible into your Government schools, and made your schoolmasters explain the beautiful doctrines of the Christian religion, it would have gone forth over the land, among your people and among your armies, that the religion of Christ was a religion which could only be made in the heart. There would have been no misconception upon that cardinal point; there would have been perfect safety to us in dealing out that cartridge; you would never have had one man suspecting, at all events, that it was intended to convert your armies to your religion by a material device like that.

"But you did not do it, and you reap the harvest. One hundred thousand sepoys, with your bright arms in their hands, with your discipline and drill, handed down through one hundred years of military exercise, rose like one man against you to drive you out of India.

Numbers against us.

"When they rose, they took us, certainly, at a fearful disadvantage. They were in possession of all our forts, of all our magazines, of all our arms, of two-thirds of our artillery, and they stood sentry over all our private houses. Well might they suppose that it would be an easy thing to drive these English out of the country. They rose, indeed, and took us at a disadvantage; but they little counted that, many as they were against us, there were more with us than there were with them.

Heroism of Englishmen.

"Thank God! our countrymen then recognized the crisis which was at hand. They saw that this was a war of extermination; that it was race against race, religion against religion, Hindooism and Mohammedanism against Christianity, and that we must look up and trust in our God for safety. I trust it was in a Christian spirit that our Englishmen displayed the heroism of which you have read, and which you have applauded whenever it was read. And not only our English men, but let me bear testimony to the heroism of our English women. Then indeed, in that hour of danger, you saw what it was to have a Christian woman put face to face with danger. You had not got the poor girl who from her infancy had been a slave; you had not got the poor creature whose heart had been stunted by tyranny, by idolatry, and by slavery; you had not got the creature whose finest feelings as a wife had been repressed and almost extinguished in her breast; but you found a girl who had come from a country where she had been taught from her earliest infancy to be a Christian wife. She saw the danger that her husband was in, and she rose like a Christian woman, hand in hand, to share it with him.

English women.

Their noble deeds.

And whenever the history of that great war shall come to be written, I do believe that no brighter page, no more affecting passage, will be found in it than that which tells us how our English women bore those extraordinary dangers; how they faced the foe; how they helped their husbands; how they attended the sick; how they disregarded cannon-balls; how they went through all things; and how, with a woman's wish to do honour to the dead soldier to the last, they wound him in his winding-sheet with their own delicate hands, while the roar of a siege was going on. I say, fellow countrymen and countrywomen, that *that* was indeed a spectacle which you may all look on with a hallowed pride. I don't say with an unsanctified pride, but with a hallowed pride; for it is indeed the fruit and savour of Christianity alone.

"Well, this heroism, as it came from God, so also indeed it was blessed by GOD.

"We had our noble soldiers there. We had our Henry Lawrences. We had our Henry Havelocks. We had our John Nicholson. And though Nicholson fell young—at the age of thirty-five—in no army, not only in your own, but in no army that stands afoot in Europe, lived there a soldier in whom the greatest gifts of the warrior were more skilfully and happily and nobly combined with the highest order of humanity, than were welded together in the noble heart and form of John Nicholson, who fell at Delhi. We had, too, our Neil, our William Peel, and our last sacrifice, Adrian Hope. And these heroes did not fall in vain. They, with their blood, won for us a brilliant victory; and in two short years, this mighty army of one hundred thousand soldiers has been subdued, and once more England is master of the British Indian Empire.

Great chastisement.

"But in winning back your empire, my fellow-countrymen, you have had fearful chastisements from the hand of God. Our Queen has lost these noble spirits, these noble generals, whom, indeed, she will find it most difficult to

replace in the hour of danger. There is scarcely a village in our land which does not mourn for fathers, brothers, sisters, wives, and children.

"This awful chastisement must, indeed, fall like a deep shadow upon our hearts; and I would counsel you, as one who has come from those scenes, not to wish to emerge from out that shadow, and get within the glare of your old levity, and frivolity, and carelessness, and indifference about India, but walk all the rest of your lives within the deep shadow of these judgments. I tell you that they come from the hand of the same God that gave you India. They come laden with fatherly advice; they come to tell you that you have neglected the great responsibility that was put upon you; that you have forgotten that one hundred and eighty millions of your fellow-creatures were put into your hands for holy, and not merely for commercial and selfish, purposes; they come to teach you lessons which I trust you will all carry away with you to-night, if you have not read them already for yourselves.

"There are *lessons of mercy* which I will first recount. I tell you that if ever in any war—if ever in the history of any nation the hand of God was seen coming out of the cloud to interfere on behalf of any people, the hand of God was seen fighting for us in British India during this war. Lessons of mercy.

"I will recount to you some instances of it, for they are fresh in my recollection. There were both war and peace on your side. You had made a war with Persia; you had a large division of your army absent there, both native and European. With that army you had two of your best generals, Sir James Outram and Henry Havelock. That war, for no reason that I can see, was brought to a close, and peace was made precisely in time to enable that army to return to India, with Outram and Havelock, to fight against the Indian mutineers. That was peace. By peace.

"Now I will tell you what war did. You made a war By war.

with China. You had a great difference of opinion whether there should be war with China, but it was decided on. You sent out your armies, and they arrived at the threshold of India just as we were in our extremity, and wanted them. Lord Canning put out his hand and drew that Chinese division into India, and they were the first reinforcements which enabled us to hold our own in that country. This I conceive to have been an interposition of Almighty God in our behalf.

Electric telegraphs.

"A third was this—that just before the Mutiny broke out, the system of electric telegraphs had been completed over the surface of British India. When the mutineers came over from Meerut, and were cutting the throats of the Europeans in every part of the cantonment, a boy employed in the telegraph office at Delhi had the presence of mind to send off a message to Lahore to Mr. Montgomery, the Judicial Commissioner there, to tell him that the mutineers had arrived and had killed this civilian and that officer, and wound up his message with the significant words, 'We're off!' That was the end of the message.

"Just look at the courage and sense of duty which made that little boy, with shots and cannon all around him, manipulate that message, which, I do not hesitate to say, was the means of the salvation of the Punjab.

The telegraphic message to Lahore.

"When that message reached Lahore, it enabled Mr. Montgomery and the general to disarm the native troops before they had received one word of intelligence on the subject. The same message was flashed from Lahore to Peshâwur, and we took our measures there in the same way. And before any of the mutineers or Hindoostanee regiments had the opportunity of laying their plans, we had taken all ours, and were able to defeat them when the hour of difficulty arose.

The native princes.

"Another interposition I consider to have been, that the chiefs of India as a body sided with the English. Now, if

there is one class of Indian people from whom we should have least expected assistance, surely that class was the Indian aristocracy. It was the very necessity of the case that English rule should crush the aristocracy. We could not help it. It would have been a happier and a kindlier thing if, in our career of empire, we could have welded the aristocracy into our system; but they would not let us. They were the people we found in power; they were the very people we were obliged to depose; and the whole of our system, from beginning to end, has operated to reduce the aristocracy, and to elevate the people. Thus, in the hour of danger, the class from whom we should *least* have expected assistance were the native chiefs of India. But what has been the result? This very class has stood firm and loyal to the English.

The Maharajah of Cashmere.

"Another blessing to us was that the King of Cashmere, that great country which is above the Punjab, stood firm. Had he chosen to revolt, had he chosen to call upon the Sikhs, his late comrades in the Punjab, to rise against us, no doubt they would have risen at his command, and we should have been unable to hold that province. But he remained firm from beginning to end, and I consider this, among others, to have been an interposition of Providence in our behalf.

"Another, perhaps still more remarkable, was this, that the Afghan people never once moved from their fastnesses to come down upon us as enemies. You all know the history of the old Cabul War, and I will not repeat it. You know it was a most unhallowed, unrighteous, causeless war, and that we reaped the reward which those deserve who enter upon and carry on such unrighteous wars. We lost a whole army of twelve thousand men among the fastnesses of Afghanistan, and from that time forward there had reigned in the hearts, both of the Afghans and the English, a mutual enmity and hostility. But it pleased God, fore-

seeing these events, to put into the hearts of your rulers to make peace beforehand with these Afghans, to review the events of the past, and, feeling ashamed of the Afghan War, to stretch out across the border the right hand of fellowship; and in our hour of security and power, before one speck of danger had appeared in the horizon, when we could do it with dignity and honour, we came forward in the hour of difficulty to Afghanistan, stretched out our hand to them, and gave them a subsidy of a lac of rupees a month, to enable them to defend their frontier against the encroachments of Persia. That treaty was made with Dost Mahommed in January, 1857.

"Scarcely had he returned to his own capital, when the Indian War broke out. What would have been our position had we *not* made the treaty; and if that great wily chief had raised the standard of his faith, bound the green turban of the Prophet around his brows, and called upon his hordes of barbarians to rise in a Crescentade against the infidel and the Christian? We should have been unable to maintain our position at Peshawur, and, swept away by that great avalanche, we should have been carried through the Punjab down to Delhi; Delhi would never have been taken, and the English would have been driven helpless to the sea.

The *people* were with us.

"Another interposition was this. Not only did the chiefs of India side with us, but, in general, *the people* of India sided with us too. I announce this fact without the slightest hesitation. Let party men for their own party purposes, let men with peculiar crotchets and peculiar views of their own, try to disseminate this view throughout England, that this was a *rebellion of the Indian people*, and not a *mutiny of the Indian army;* but I tell you, on the honour and word of an English soldier, that this was not the case; and I say that however sad are the consequences of that war for England, however melancholy a page that will be in our history hereafter—I say that it will be a bright spot

in it to find that the Indian people as a mass, over whom we had ruled for a century, stood aloof from this great contest, and showed, at least, that *they* did not think that we had been tyrants and oppressors. They did not think us tyrants.

"Had they not been satisfied that our rule was at least beneficent; had they not thought that at all events the English conquerors were animated by a sentiment of humanity and justice; would they not, when they saw the heroes and leaders of their country, the armed soldiers rising to fight the national battle—would they not have joined them, with their agricultural implements in their hands? Of course they would; they would have risen like one man; and with a handful of thirty or forty or fifty thousand English standing in the midst of two hundred millions of heathen and Mohammedans, what possible hope could we have had, except in a miracle? Then, I say, this is a proud thing for England to look back to, as it shows that our countrymen have done justice in India. But it should also be a humbling thing, a cause of humble gratitude to Almighty God, that He has enabled us, at all events, with all our shortcomings, to sow those seeds of gratitude in the hearts of that great people.

"A farther interposition was this: that no leader—no able native leader—arose in that great army of mutineers. Is it not a most astounding and extraordinary thing that one hundred thousand native soldiers, drilled and disciplined, with magnificent arms all our own, and with a knowledge of war, should turn upon us, burning with hatred, and every desire of nationality in their hearts, desiring to win their country back, and expel us from their land, and yet from out their ranks not one single man should come forward to lead them on to victory? Not one man appeared from out those rebel ranks whose military talents were in the least above mediocrity. No leaders.

"Had there come forth a Tippoo Saib, had there come

forth a Hyder Ali, I say there would have been no hope for the English, except, indeed, it was in God. But it was the pleasure of our God that it should not be so; and this infatuated army fought without management, without wisdom, without advice of any kind, and so came on like sheep to the slaughter.

Their counsels confounded.

"We won the victory by this confounding of the counsels of our enemies.

The Punjab on our side.

"Once more. Was it not strange that the Punjab Province, the last province which we had acquired in India, the last in our series of annexations, instead of being (as you might suppose) raw and galled under the new yoke of conquest, should stand up and be, under God, the main means of our salvation in British India? It was from that province that we drew our new army to fight against the mutineers; it was from these heroes that that very man, whose name I call upon you to receive, with the honour it should always meet from every Englishman—it was from that province that Sir John Lawrence drew the noble army which, under the command of that noble soldier, John Nicholson, went down and carried the breach of Delhi.

"It was that army which went down to supplement the exertions of our own noble English soldiers. A handful of English soldiers alone could never have done the work; but supplemented by that brave Punjab army, eight thousand soldiers, led by John Nicholson, dared to enter into a breach which was defended by twenty-five thousand of the rebel mutineers.

Lessons.

"And now, when these have been the interpositions of our God in our behalf, what are the lessons which we, as Englishmen, are to learn from this great page of history?

The Giver of empires is God.

"I say that, first, we are to learn, and take it much to heart, that the Giver of empires is our God. Let us no longer go on with the godless, heartless, senseless theory that you can have a nation without a national feeling of religion. I say

that if you allow this cold, demoralizing, denationalizing principle to take root amongst you, you will have no national actors in future in your history; and you will find that some day—you, who choose to act without your God, will find that you *shall* act without your God, and that you will be deserted in your hour of need.

India given that it may be blessed by us, nationally.

"Learn, secondly, that that God has given India into your charge in order that you may confer upon it the benefits that He has conferred upon you.

"Learn, thirdly, that you must, in that Empire, begin your labours by honouring the God who gave it to you. I counsel you, fellow-countrymen, if you look forward to any future in India; if you hope, indeed, to attach that great country to your own; if you hope, indeed, to weld it into this Empire, and to proclaim your good and great Queen Victoria as the Empress of Hindostan;—if you have that in your hearts as Englishmen, I counsel you to lay your foundations in the Holy Bible. I counsel you to begin as a nation, not as individuals; I counsel you as a *nation* to begin to declare that in the schools for which you pay, and to which you attach your name as an *English Government*, the very first book, always the first book that is put into the hands of the native scholar, shall be the *best* book that you can put into them.

With the Bible.

The native religions are not to be despised and neglected.

"Fourthly, let us all learn that Hindooism and Mohammedanism are not things which can be neglected. Let us learn that these are not names; let us learn that they are principles. Let us learn, too, that Christianity is a principle. Let us learn that these great things lead on to great ends.

They are a power and a principle with the people.

"Let us look at what Hindooism has shown itself to be in that great land.

"I would add my testimony to that of others, and not be behind in feelings of kindliness towards the natives of India. Some of the happiest days of my life have been passed amongst that people, and if God has been pleased to put honour upon me to render any measure of usefulness to my

countrymen in that land, it has been solely through the instrumentality of those good, kind, and noble men, the natives of British India. I say they are a people who will respond to our kindness; I say their humanity is a great humanity; I say that they have warm hearts, and can return gratitude for kindness, and that they are impressible to every kind act you like to bestow on them. But still, in spite of this, which I feel and am ready to admit, I tell you that beneath all this goodness and amiability, beneath all this charming exterior, there lies a substratum in their hearts of Hindooism and Mohammedanism. And when the hour of trouble comes, and you reach that substratum, and stir it with a feeling which appeals to the deepest thoughts they have within them, you will find that people will leave you in your extremity; and you will find no man to stand by you when your real hour of distress comes, except the native Christian, who shares with you the faith of the Redeemer.

Natives are swayed by these religions.

"And now, lastly, let me tell you, if these things be true, what we can all of us do. I have told you what we can do nationally. Now let each individual resolve, at least, to do something for himself.

What is our part, if all this be true?

"I tell you as individuals that every one of you here can come forth with a resolve this night that, by the help of God, you will assist missions for the future. Those who have means can consecrate their riches by giving a large portion of them to the missionary labours of your countrymen. To each man who has a sphere of labour in India, I say, let us endeavour, by God's help in the future, in the new era which is opening to us in India—let us endeavour to lead more Christian lives than we have done. Let us endeavour, if we have been kind before, to be kinder still; if we have been Christians before, to be more Christian; and if not Christian before, let us endeavour to be Christians now, in order to set before the heathen and the Mohammedan a life and an epistle which can be read and known of all men.

Christian example to the natives.

"I ask you, also, to remember that in that country you have not only the souls of the heathen and Mohammedans to care for, but the souls of your fellow-countrymen, the British soldiery, to look after. I tell you that in India the machinery for Christianizing the British army is a weak, inefficient, and inadequate machinery; and I counsel you each, to the extent of your power, to send out Christian readers to your regiments, in order that these men may carry into the heart of the regiment, into the hospital and barrack, that Bible, which alone will teach them the plan of salvation, and make them true soldiers of their country.

Care for the English soldier in India.

"Yet once more, I ask you, as individuals, to perform one of the most sacred rites which you as Englishmen can perform. We have talked to-night somewhat of the blame which attaches to our country as a nation, and the blame which attaches to our Government, as a government; but I tell you that you cannot blame your Government, you must blame yourselves. You, as Englishmen, live under a representative system. You are not Frenchmen, living under a despot; you are not Russian serfs; you are not Austrians, living under a worse tyranny still; but, thank God! you are Englishmen, living under a representative system, and under an accessible, a condescending, and a gracious Queen. Your Government is not your master; your Government is the climax of yourselves. Your Government is just what you choose to make it. If Government has not acted a Christian part in India, you men of Liverpool have not acted a Christian part in India."

Do not blame your Government, but blame yourselves.

This full, outspoken testimony, from one who had been face to face with the dangers and had stemmed the torrent which had all but cost him his life, was received and welcomed by his hearers, and was well supported by the noble chairman on the occasion, from whose speech we may extract a few valuable remarks.

Obligations felt during the Mutiny.

Lord Shaftesbury said, in the course of his speech, "Well do I remember the time when the Mutiny in India had carried terror to every man's heart. Well do I recollect that many men, who cared no more for Christianity than they did for the ground they walked on—many such men said to me, 'Clear it is that nothing is left for the saving of that empire, but that the people should be Christianized. We must introduce the Christian religion among them. This will be the true conservative principle, and will bind the people of India to the throne of Queen Victoria.' Ay, they said that; many said it in sincerity and with deep devotion; many said it in mere policy and as a temporary expedient. The Mutiny subsided, and so subsided their convictions, and a greater deadness ensued after the Mutiny than existed before it; and soon—ay, and rapidly soon—shall we lapse into that nondescript, that inconceivable, that wild condition called 'Government neutrality.' Recollect, my friends, that Government neutrality will shortly become national neutrality; that Government indifference will shortly become national indifference; ay, and that Government sin will shortly become national sin. After all, what is neutrality? Neutrality is a word you may read in the dictionary, and neutrality is a thing you may find in the grammar; but neutrality in the moral life of a man is a thing that cannot have existence. Politicians talk of neutrality because they delight in mutual mystifications. But neutrality in religion is *impossible*. A man must either believe or disbelieve. If he disbelieves, he is an infidel, and that is an end of the matter; if he believes, he is bound, by every consideration of heaven and earth, with all his soul, with all his heart, with all his mind, with all that he possesses, with all that he covets, with all that he can lay his hand upon, by every energy of body and soul,—he is bound to do all that in him lies, in a legitimate way, to labour that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified.

Convictions have grown dull.

Union existing among all branches of the Church.

"This union of all evangelical and orthodox denominations is a great sign of the times; it shows that there is a mighty effort directed to one single view, and that the holiest and the purest that can enter into the mind of man. Setting aside all externals that are non-essential, and looking to the

internal that is indispensable, these Churches set before them the one single object of preaching Christ crucified to every ignorant soul on the surface of God's earth. . . . This great union is one mighty protest against idolatry, against indifference, against sluggishness in all matters of religion. Nay, it is more than a protest against them; it is a great combination; it is one great aggression against the strongholds of Satan. The time is past when we should stand in an attitude of resistance. The time is come when we should go forward and show that the kingdom of heaven may suffer violence, and that the violent may take it by force.

We must not only defend, but attack.

"The attitude of resistance sometimes is necessary, but it is always more or less the attitude of weakness. I remember well the great Duke of Wellington saying to me one day, when discussing the question of the frontier between our provinces and those of the Burman Empire, 'I advise the Government to take that point; because, take my word for it, no point is ever good for defence unless it is equally good for attack.' And if that be true in military matters, it is still more true in religious matters. Let us no longer stand in this attitude of resistance—in this quiet attitude of waiting what may come; but let us go forth boldly and courageously to attack all that is before us, and there is no doubt that the whole thing will fall—ay, and more speedily than we are aware of—before the united efforts of this combined attack."

Extracts from Lord Shaftesbury's speech.

These are extracts merely, from a noble speech, for we have not space to enlarge farther. There was a strong effort made at this time to rouse England in the great cause—to do her duty in taking care that an *educated India* should not become an *infidel India* in our hands and by our means.

It was useless for those who loved Edwardes and trembled for his strength to say to him, "take rest," while he could raise his voice in the many good causes he had so much at heart.

The study of such subjects as these, and writing the Life of Sir Henry Lawrence in all leisure intervals, occupied Edwardes very fully at Eastbourne till the summer came. Then the waters of Kissengen, in Bavaria, being strongly recommended for his wife, Edwardes determined to take her

thither. They started on July 1, going by way of Brussels, Waterloo-field (which it interested Edwardes to see), Antwerp, Cologne, and Frankfort.

Edwardes had hoped to have had another year in England, to have enabled him to finish the Life of Sir Henry Lawrence without pressure; but before leaving England for the continent, he received from Sir Robert Montgomery, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, the offer of the appointment of Commissioner of Umballa and Governor-General's Agent for the Cis-Sutlej States. Sir Robert added that he could not keep it open for him, and if he wished to accept it, he must return at the beginning of the following year.

As this appointment offered the best climate that he could look for in India, by giving Umballa in the cold weather, and Kussowlee and Simla in the hot season, it became a very perplexing difficulty to decide on what course to take. But a good climate was so necessary for both Edwardes and his wife, that it was judged right to accept the offer, and Edwardes hoped that, by taking his papers with him, he could finish Sir Henry Lawrence's Life at Kissengen. But this proved to be a vain attempt. Seeing that the Kissengen waters were working wonders in recovering his wife's health, he thought they must suit him too; and after three weeks he, unfortunately, began to take them himself, without sufficiently (or at all) attending to the rules laid down at such places for perfect *rest* of body and mind.

He applied himself closely to his mental work as usual, at the same time, and the consequence was that he suddenly became ill, and in a few hours his life was in danger. An inefficient German doctor was the only help at hand, and even he failed; for after a day or two, he sent a message "that he had hurt his eye and could not go out."

The situation was a terrible one for Edwardes and his wife, *entirely alone*. After three weeks of anxious watching, day and night, without any assistance, one day the door opened, and an English physician walked into the room. He had noticed Edwardes at the public table of the hotel some time before, and, returning again after an absence, had inquired about him, and was told that he was dangerously ill in the hotel. It was like an angel sent to lead him out

of his prison. To this good Dr. Staunton, Edwardes owed his life, and, with God's blessing on his skill, he was able in about a week's time to leave Kissengen. It was recommended that the journey should be taken by Switzerland, it being thought that mountain air would strengthen him more surely than returning at once to England.

His friend, John Becher, joined them at Nüremberg, and accompanied Edwardes and his wife through Switzerland.

It was an anxious journey home, and a slow recovery.

It would have been better could he have taken longer leave from India, and entire rest; but rest was impossible to him, for he felt so strongly the desire to finish the work he had undertaken, that he would not lay it aside.

But the time was too short to do it in, and he had at last to leave it for his return to India.

Edwardes wrote to Mr. McLeod from Kissengen, in July, before his illness—

"Were it not for Sir Henry's 'Life,' I should wish not to wait another year; for I shall be happier at work in a sphere where every friend of the natives can do, perhaps, more good than ever, in these transition days.

"How changed is the old Punjab becoming! and yet I would myself rather go back to it than to any other part of India for a higher post. It is not merely one's own countrymen who make it so home-like, but the hundreds and thousands of friends among the people whom one has picked up in the labours of fifteen years, whose mokûdmahs" (cases) "one knows by heart, and whose very grievances fit one like an old shoe. Poor fellows! they must be glad to see an old friend come back again from that all-absorbing 'London,' to which hâkim after hâkim takes his flight, leaving the past a blank!

"Good-bye, my dear friend. Emma adds her best love to mine, and hopes we may soon see you and find you well, and I am ever

"Yours affectionately,

"Herbert B. Edwardes."

These were some of the feelings with which Edwardes turned his steps once more to India, to take up work again where he thought he could do *most* good. He had resisted the temptation to remain in England and enter Parliament from the same feeling and desire not to seek his own ease, and from his love for India. He was, indeed, quite *unable* to think of his own interest or comfort, so that even what ought to have been a complete rest and holiday in England had been a time of unceasing labour and exertion.

1857 had laid a heavy hand upon him, and he never really rallied from its effects, and the long-sustained strain *after* it, until 1859, which did him more injury than the year of the Mutiny itself. Had he come home at once, it seems likely he might have recovered vigour again.

In the first week of January, 1862, Edwardes and his wife set sail for India once more, amid the regrets of many friends, who saw that he was still in delicate health. But he himself looked forward hopefully to the effect of the good climate of the Himalayas.

A night or two before he left England, he was invited by Mr. Henry Venn, of the Church Missionay Society, to meet a party of friends at the house of Mr. Venn's relative, Mr. W. H. Elliott, in London, Upper Hyde Park Gardens. Mr. Venn wrote—

"Many of our friends have a great desire to meet you once more before you leave for India, and to wish you a hearty and Christian God-speed!"

He found a large party assembled to show their sympathy and affection for him, and it was a happy memory to carry away with him to fresh labours. Before the party dispersed, Mr. Venn was made the spokesman of a farewell address to him, which expresses the true kindness of the general feeling. He said—

"Sir Herbert Edwardes must now permit the offering of a few parting words to himself personally from those amongst us who have taken a public part in religious

questions connected with India. We avail ourselves of this last opportunity of tendering to him the expression of our Christian sympathy, and of our grateful remembrance of the powerful assistance which he has given to our cause during his sojourn in England.

"We offer no formal address, but only the frank and cordial expressions of Christian friendship. The words are read, because they proceed from many hearts, and are not the mere utterances of the humble individual who now delivers them.

"We look back, Sir Herbert, to the high and responsible positions which you have formerly held in India with so much advantage to the State. We recognize the special goodness of God which gave you those opportunities at an early period of your Indian career of distinguishing yourself; but we recognize more gratefully the grace given to you to dedicate to His glory your abilities and influence in military and political employments.

"On the eve of our separation, however, we seem to lose sight of the public distinctions you have won, and may yet win from her Majesty's Government, in the contemplation of higher and more Christian topics.

"We thank God for the noble declaration which proceeded from the chief authorities of the Punjab, that the Mutiny had taught a lesson from God to the statesmen of India, touching their Christian duty. We congratulate you upon having been one of that band who, both in word and in deed, exercised a bold but wise and just influence in favour of Christian truth.

"God has put His signature upon the righteous policy, by making the Punjab in His providence the chief stay of India's safety in the hour of peril, and one of the brightest jewels of the Indian crown then placed upon the head of our most gracious sovereign.

"You are returning to share once more the responsi-

bilities of the administration of the Punjab. We pray that your return may not only strengthen the hearts and hands of colleagues, but bring with it an increase of wisdom, strength, and blessing from above.

"Would that we could cheer you, in this parting hour, by the hope that measures are in progress at home for ensuring the safe and legitimate exercise of the influence of a Christian government on the side of Christian truth among the Indian subjects of a Christian Queen!

"But this we cannot do. We must confess that the one Christian measure which it has been attempted to carry at home, since the Mutiny, has failed, namely, the removal of the authoritative interdict upon the Bible in Government education.

"In the hour of peril, the whole Christian public of Great Britain seemed to recognize the wisdom, not to say the political necessity, of such a public recognition of the only standard of truth and morals; but partly by the slackening of zeal when a providential judgment is removed, and partly by the revival of a traditional policy, the Christian measure was defeated, and the interdict remains. Yet you have been yourself witness to a declaration by Lord Palmerston, as Prime Minister of the Crown, the Secretary of State for India standing by his side, that our principle is admitted, and that the interdict does not prevent a voluntary Bible-class in school-houses, provided it be held half an hour before or after school hours.

"We are sure that the country is still with us on this great question, and should an occasion arise, the voice of the public would make itself heard. But we are compelled to confess that we see no immediate prospect of such an occasion arising at home, but that it may be created by events in India.

"Our hopes under God rest upon Christian statesmen in India, and especially upon the bold line of Christian policy

maintained by the authorities of the Punjab. Any practical measure which may be adopted in India, if wise and legitimate, would be sure of support at home. For though the Christian feeling of Great Britain has proved too weak to carry a practical measure here, it would rise with a giant's strength to uphold and vindicate any such measure of Christian policy originating in India.

"We wish you, Sir Herbert, farewell in the name of that Lord who has upheld and will uphold you by His grace in the arduous and honourable position which He has called you to sustain. Our prayers and desires for you are summed up in familiar but comprehensive terms, that you may continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto your life's end.

"(Signed) H. W. Elliott.
Henry Venn.

"42, Upper Hyde Park Gardens, London,
"January 3, 1862."

A day or two after this kind farewell found Edwardes and his wife on the way eastward, and a pleasant voyage to India afforded Edwardes almost more of *rest* than he had yet allowed himself to take.

Loving farewells at home were quickly succeeded by warm greetings that awaited him in India. Before landing at Calcutta, a true Punjabee welcome met him from his long-loved friend, Sir Robert Napier (now Lord Napier of Magdala), who sent a messenger on board with a letter.

"A carriage is waiting for you on shore, and I send this messenger to conduct you to my house. I have rooms prepared for you; and the welcome waiting for you and Lady Edwardes is most warm and sincere, so pray come to us at once."

So the sojourn at Calcutta was made a delightful return to the renewed sympathies of former happy days. Welcomes

came in from every side, to make him feel that he was loved and gladly greeted again in India (as a pile of affectionate letters still remains to show).

Dr. Duff writes—

"In case I find you out when I call to-day, I write simply to say how earnestly, with many others, I followed your career at home, and how I rejoiced at the many noble testimonies you were enabled to bear to the cause of truth and righteousness in this dark land. With earnest wishes and prayers for your continued health, and success in all your undertakings,

"Yours very sincerely,

"ALEXANDER DUFF."

Colonel John Becher writes from Dera Ismail Khan, where he was now Commissioner—

"Welcome! welcome! a hundred welcomes to you. I am so glad you are come back. I feel your presence though you are far off and we may not meet for years. When? Heaven knows!

"But the thought that I can write and hear from you, and that we can have points of sympathy, makes green to me even this windy-dusty arid plain of Dera Ismail Khan! Perhaps by-and-by I shall like it, like my work. Just now my eye is too little accustomed to 'dust-colour.'

"The pores of my skin revolt against being filled by the agency of dust-storms, and I do not like to be able to write my name on the table in sand, or to sit among flies!

"The people are interesting, and I feel a great pleasure in being with them after all their good service, and knowing the affectionate interest which you feel for them.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"(Signed) JOHN BECHER."

And his friend Sir Neville Chamberlain was not behind in greeting. He writes—

"All your friends, both black and white, will welcome you back with real warmth, but none with more earnestness than I feel, and Donald McLeod, Colonel James Abbott, and Mr. Montgomery, and many more."

It is pleasant even now to read over the pile of letters still preserved, and see that there was much left to sweeten toil in India to Edwardes, in the affection of his Indian friends and fellow-labourers.

After a short stay in Calcutta, the journey up the country was made, and Umballa reached, and Edwardes took up his new appointment of "Commissioner of Umballa, and Governor-General's Agent for the Cis-Sutlej States."

During Edwardes's stay in England, 1860, he received the honour of knighthood, K.C.B., for his services, and the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the University of Cambridge in the same year 1860.

CHAPTER VIII.

1862—1863.

UMBALLA—KUSSOWLEE.

"O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailèd hand,
And I am strong again.

"The star of the unconquered will
He rises in my breast
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

"Oh! fear not, in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

From "The Light of Stars," LONGFELLOW.

CHAPTER VIII.

First meeting with Lord Elgin.

Umballa was reached on March 8, 1862, and the new work was taken up. There was yet time to go into camp and visit a portion of the division; and as Lord Elgin shortly after made his progress through the country, on his way to Simla for the hot season, it was the Commissioner's duty to join his Excellency's camp; and this afforded Sir Herbert the opportunity that was desirable, of becoming personally acquainted with the new Governor-General.

This acquaintance was further improved by a stay at Simla in September, and they both had time to become well acquainted with each other's views on political matters.

It was in one of these private conversations that Lord Elgin, observing generally on frontier affairs, said, "It has often been to me a surprise what *could* have caused the entire change of our former relations with Cabul, that was of such immense advantage to us in 1857. Have you any idea *at all*, Sir Herbert, by what means the great change was brought about?" Lord Elgin's infinite *surprise* when he heard the details of facts, from the very person who had originated and carried out the work, revealed how entirely the secret had been kept.

And it seems to have been still fated to be obscured, for the publication about this time of a valuable work, and one which ought to be an authority upon the subject of "Treaties," by C. Aitcheson,* drew from Sir Herbert the following letter:

* Now Sir Charles Aitcheson, the present Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab (1885).

"Simla, May 14, 1863.

"My dear Aitcheson,

Aitcheson's "Treaties."

"I am very much obliged to you for so kindly presenting me with a copy of your two published volumes of 'Treaties,' which are very valuable.

"I have of course read, with *interested curiosity*, page 427 of vol. ii.; and though it is *no fault of yours*, yet I feel a natural pang that a policy which I alone conceived, proposed, brought about, and upheld in six years of great labour, which in 1857 proved of nothing less than *vital* consequence to the Indian Government, and which has reaped the peacemaker's blessing in strengthening both sides equally, adding Candahar, and probably Herat, to Cabul, should have had its history so utterly forgotten in both the foreign and the Punjab offices.

"In Cabul and Peshâwur, I think every child knows the facts. So much for demi-official labours!

"It is probably too late now for you to add a note to the chapter; but for my own satisfaction I propose, when I return to Kussowlee, to hunt out the correspondence between Lord Dalhousie, Sir John Lawrence, Lord Canning, and myself, whilst the matter was in progress, and send it up for you and Durand's perusal.

"Believe me, with many thanks,

"Yours sincerely,

"Herbert B. Edwardes."

Kussowlee.

The home for the summer months was at Kussowlee, which was a lovely spot, at an elevation of six or seven thousand feet.

It was in a good climate and beautiful scenery, and had the great advantage to busy people of quiet and retirement, instead of the bustle and distractions of the large society at Simla; while, from the closer vicinity to the plains, the Commissioner's court was more accessible there to the people from below.

Placed on a spur of the hill that seems to stand like a sentinel at the entrance of the glorious ranges of the higher Himalayas, the view on one side extends over the distant plains, which stretch out like a level sea into a boundless distance of glowing heat; whilst, on the other side, the mountains are heaped range over range like the stormy ocean, wave over wave coursing each other higher and still higher, tinted with all glorious hues of purple and gold, and throwing thin veils of shadow and gleams of light in every possible variety of beauty and matchless perfection, till at length the whole glory of the scene is bound in by long ranges of snowy mountains that rise nearest to heaven, and seem to have paled their light from earthly glory, and stand eternal in their unsullied whiteness against the clear blue of day, or the golden sky of sunset.

This is the view from Kussowlee; dear, beautiful Kussowlee!

The houses all lie ensconced in small forests of Chîl fir-trees, which give out a delicious fragrance, and remind us of England. Oaks and chestnuts, too, abound; so that the rich mountain-colouring is set in a frame of sheltering foliage, gaze whichever way you turn.

Sanâwur Lawrence Asylum.

Looking across from Kussowlee to an opposite hill is the Sanâwur Lawrence Asylum, which was the first of those blessings to the English soldiers' children which the philanthropy of Sir Henry Lawrence called forth in 1847, and in which Edwardes heartily assisted him in those early days, in the superintendence of the buildings and arrangements of its first establishment.

This was a suitable and a congenial place for Sir Herbert to come to, bringing him back to the scenes of his first coming to India; for Subâthoo, where his regiment was stationed soon after he first joined it as a subaltern, lies like a flock of sheep nestled on the next hillside.

It seems as if things in this world often work in circles,—and now Edwardes is brought, in the last scenes of his public life in India, to the very same place from which he started.

The supervising of the interests of the Lawrence Asylum came into his duties *ex-officio*, and that to him this was a labour of love it is almost needless to say.

Simla.

The road on to Simla from Kussowlee lies along these ranges, often descending into the valleys between, and then rising again as it winds its tortuous way to Simla, which stands like a queen among the countless glorious hills that surround it and lie at its feet. You seem there to be looking down upon a vast ocean of mountain-*tops*, range over range; for there is no table-land in sight anywhere. The hills are studded with good English houses, perched in all possible points that often look inaccessible, and surrounded by a wealth of flowers and glorious trees and shrubs that is beyond all description.

Now and then a hillside looks in a blaze with large *forest trees* of rhododendron, which throw out blossoms of every imaginable shade, from pink to crimson, and white.

This is quite a different scene to Kussowlee, and, in passing on beyond Simla into the interior, the scene again changes entirely. There you get, after a few marches, really *among* the glorious mountains that you have been gazing at with wonder and astonishment at Simla, and you find yourself on a narrow pathway overhanging stupendous precipices, and, looking up, you see the mountains towering high, and the snow-peaks, with untrodden glaciers in their bosoms, rising up above your head into the bright blue sky. The scene seems fairyland! In the depths below, the foaming torrent of the Sutlej river looks only like a silver thread.

Sometimes, in such a scene, we could but stop and let our people pass on, and sit together and drink in the loveliness.

The Deputy-Commissioner at Simla was Colonel Richard Lawrence,* so that again the toil of public work was lightened by the pleasant ties of friendship.

After the summer spent in work at Kussowlee, in effecting changes in the omlah † (whom Sir Herbert says, "I never saw the like of in the Punjab"), and studying the politics of the several Cis-Sutlej and hills states, and their

* Sir Henry Lawrence's youngest brother.

† *Anglice*, Native office clerks.

difficulties, the affairs of one of the hill chiefs, the Rajah of Bussahir, being in a very unsatisfactory state, Sir Herbert and Colonel Lawrence wished to investigate matters on the spot.

March into the interior.

This led Sir Herbert and his wife and Colonel Lawrence, in October, as soon as the rains were over, to take a march into the interior as far as Cheenee, on the Tibet road, after a stay in Simla for September.

Into these glorious scenes just spoken of, it was a delight to penetrate. The air, after the rains are over, is deliciously pure and exhilarating, so clear that it is difficult to reckon distances by the eye; and an eagle or any large bird flying across the valley casts his shadow clearly upon the rock as he passes. Stupendous rocks and dizzy precipices in such a climate, with a wealth of deodar (large forest trees, not the shrubs we have in England) and evergreen ilex, and beautiful trees and flowers of many different sorts;—one could wish that Turner had been tempted out there to give us, in this cold colourless land, some lasting transcript of its beauty. It is a pleasure only to *think* of the delight he would have felt in such scenes, and what pictures he would have brought away from them! His *imagination* would have recognized its own natural element.

Scenes for Turner's brush and pencil.

Return to Umballa.

As soon as this march was ended, the time had come to return to Umballa, and to visit the other part of the division that was in the plains during the cold weather.

Although Sir Herbert was soon able to throw himself heartily into the interests of his new charge, still he missed many of the friends of his former days, and the free and honest roughness of the frontier men, the chiefs with whom both he and they were used to have such pleasant intercourse.

There is an entry here which takes us back in memory to Peshâwur, and points the contrast. In the year after the Mutiny was over, the winter of 1858, when Sir Herbert used to open his house to receive many of the chiefs and khans of the Derajât and other frontiers, who had crowded into Peshâwur with their levies, or on other errands, and loved to pay him visits, Sir Herbert found he could treat them courteously and show them honour at a less expenditure of time by receiving them all together. So he invited them to a kind

of informal *levée* once a fortnight, which they greatly enjoyed.

Of this Sir Herbert wrote to his wife at the time—

The Mooltânee khans.

"I am overrun with so many khans and chiefs that it is impossible to control the eccentric places of their chairs. They have, I see by their faces, considered it high honour and enjoyment to be admitted to sit in our drawing-rooms; and their marvellous astonishment at some of our furniture never seems to wear off. Nor are the Mooltânee khans ever weary of looking at Nicholson's picture, and laughing like children at the perfect likeness, as they think it. 'See his eyes!' says one. 'Look at his mouth! he is going to speak!' says another. And then they exclaim, 'O God! it is wonderful!' in simple and sincere admiration of the gift of imitation which they know the painter got from God. This always strikes me in the Mohammedans. Their creed seems to have stamped on them the great *truth* of an All-powerful God in a way that is only seen in our best Christians; but our worst Christians are better fearers of God in their lives, which, of course, comes from a false code of morality. The lesson we have to learn from the Mohammedans is sincerity and earnestness. What they have to learn from us is what to be earnest about."

The people he was amongst now are of a different type altogether (*Sikhism* is a form of Hindooism).

But his friends did not forget him, either black or white, and Kussowlee was a kind of shrine to which the former liked to make a pilgrimage whenever a holiday-time came round. And often from time to time would they come for a visit of a day or two, from the Derajât, or Peshâwur, or other parts, to satisfy themselves that "Edwardes Sahib" had really come back again, and to take back reports of "how he looked," and that he met them with the same kind confidence as ever, though the cruel fates had removed him from *them*.

And often, alas! the report was that "he was looking

ill." For we have seen how little he ever really gathered strength again since the overstrain of 1858; and the ever-constant work, like the treadmill, could allow of no stopping to rest to gather fresh strength.

Some letters of this time are like the pleasant rustle of the leaves in a forest on a summer day, and tell how he was remembered.

From Colonel John Becher, the Commissioner, Dera Ismail Khan, to Mrs. Edwardes.

"October, 1862.

Extracts from Colonel Becher's letters.

"....When I think of Edwardes and Nicholson having been in the Derajât, it becomes bright and radiant, as the stony hills grow beautiful when the sun turns them into purple and vermilion which defy copying. How wonderfully beautiful all nature is! even a single stone, with all its hues and quaint outline. . . . Edwardes and Nicholson, I assure you the names are as fresh as ever! I turn them up in old pages. I meet the old signatures in ancient missals. I hear of water disputes they settled, of good they wrought; and then I forget the disagreeable side, and think only of the privilege one may have in India to be individualized and remembered; and then the post recalls me to the recollection that the good days have gone, when one worked certain of support, and not thinking only how to push it off."

Again—

"Eesa Kheyl was not without its associations. Here, as I got on the top of the fort, the khans talked of Edwardes and Mooltân, and his first coming to Eesa Kheyl; and a fine young man told how his father, Shah Nawâz Khan, fell, charging the guns.*

"Next to being at Lahore to meet you and the Lakes, I would rather have been here and alone on Christmas Day."

Death of Charles Nicholson.

About this time there was a great disappointment to all his friends in the death of Captain Charles Nicholson, the younger brother of John Nicholson, of whom we have told before. The Commander-in-Chief (then Sir Hugh Rose) had given him the command of a Goorkha regiment, in kind

* The story may be remembered at Kinyéree.

appreciation both of his own and his brother's merits, and it was hoped that the hill climate might restore his health. But it was too late. Consumption had claimed him as a victim, and his friends who were looking for him were grieved with the news of his death in a dák bungalow, on his way up the country to join Sir Herbert, before taking up his appointment.

This correspondent, who we have quoted before, writes—

"I do feel greatly interested in Charles Nicholson; he seemed to me so like his brother, and his life's story is so pathetic. It is pleasant to hear the khans even talk of the affection of the two brothers. Poor fellow! I earnestly hope the Indian hills will save him."

But, alas! only a few days afterwards he writes again on the news reaching him—

"How sad a knell is sounded in your letter! It touches my heart very mournfully. So young, so earnest, and generous, and brave. Gone—quite gone from us. Poor Charles Nicholson! and yet—gone to join the brother he loved so well! I was very deeply impressed by him. I only saw him once, but I felt as if he were an old friend; my nature instinctively did homage to his, and reverenced something noble and great. How painfully these blank spaces present themselves in our little company of friends! Another, and then another, till we stand almost alone. But it must be so as we near the end of the fight. . . . It is my best pleasure here, far away from the few friends I have, to think that I am where they have been, where a portion of their hearts must be. But there is little nowadays to be done, great disappointments and chastenings, little field for sympathy or assistance; all will be over soon; meantime endure, and work, and wait. . . .

Specimens of Punjab brotherhood.

"I begin to sigh for independence and time to myself, to think of Beachy Head and the tumbling sea and the briny air of Eastbourne. . . .

"I can't tell you the pleasure your letters give me. I devour them, as in my school-days I relished a jam tartlet. . . .

"To find you really delighting in your new mountain-home, its scenery, and its flowers, and its tranquil happiness!

Oh, for a peep at you, in fresh-aired Kussowlee! Why, 'tis better than Berne, or Zurich's fair waters. Oh, my friends, how I wish I could transport myself to that bower of Kussowlee! a great heavy load would at once fall off. I should feel ten years younger! The son of the Nawâb of Tâk has been to see you; he hasn't yet come back. I long to hear his account. There is some mesmerism which is communicated by those who have actually seen in the flesh, although they may not have much to say.

"I hope and think you will succeed to the rule of the Punjab, and a piece of poetical justice will be done. You will be in the place of Henry Lawrence, to accomplish his purposes as far as may be, and then to finish his life.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"JOHN BECHER."

Letters of this time, from Donald McLeod and many others, are full of allusions to this expectation, which was very general in the Punjab.

Conference at Lahore.

A missionary conference was arranged to be held at Lahore, at Christmas-time, 1862, and Donald McLeod, now Financial Commissioner of the Punjab, writes to Sir Herbert, inviting him to come and pay him a visit then.

He writes—

"Rooms, and I need not say the warmest of welcomes, will be in readiness for you and your wife at my house, as well as for the Lakes. That week I devoutly trust may prove not only a happy but a profitable one. Sir Robert, I fear, feels it an embarrassment."

Donald McLeod took great interest in all the proceedings, and was president, and opened the conference on the first day.

The views of public men on these questions are always interesting, and useful as a guide for future times, and in this view Sir John Lawrence's remarks will have an interest, although he was at the present time in the Indian Council at home in England. Writing to Sir Herbert, he says—

Sir John Lawrence's view of the conference.

"I am rejoiced to find that the conference went off so well on every account. There were people who believed that it was an unwise proceeding and productive of mischief. Lord Elgin wrote to the Secretary of State that he would not interfere; and I counselled in the same spirit.

"I have no doubt that the whole affair will do much good. It is by such interchange of ideas and views that we can hope to exercise a legitimate influence both with the missionaries and the people.

(Signed) "JOHN LAWRENCE."

Christmas at Lahore, 1862.

The invitation was accepted, and, after work at Umballa and the march was over, the gathering of friends at Christmas was refreshing to all.

It was a remarkable sight to see a missionary conference gathered in the capital of the Punjab, where the strain had lately been so great in resistance and danger; and the very men who were now engaging in conference with the missionaries were the same men who had been so valiant for their Queen and country, now showing themselves valiant for their God. It called for some bravery, for all know that there are always some who would put a mark against the name of a public servant who openly declares his faith, as these men did. An honourable mark indeed! "A white stone," it will be found to be at last.

The Punjab a source of strength and a source of blessing.

The Punjab had been made a bulwark for the British power in India, a source of *strength* instead of a weapon of destruction; and from the Punjab had sounded out, after the Mutiny, that appeal asking men to set apart the second week in the opening year for prayer. That invitation from Loodianah was responded to all over the world—in England, Ireland, Wales, Scotland, and America; and who can tell what great, grand *blessings*, too, may have flowed down from Heaven's treasury through this instrumentality?

"Prayer, the sublimest sounds that reach
The Majesty on high."

Prayer moves the Hand that guides the world.

We give Sir Herbert's words in a closing address:—

Address at Lahore.

"I wish to press home upon you the thought which has been thrown out by my friend and comrade of old days, Colonel Edward Lake—the lesson of contrast between to-day and the day when the English dictated peace to the Sikh nation, under the now-dismantled battlements of Lahore. Seventeen years ago, the Sikhs, in their military pride, invaded British India, and were driven back across the Sutlej, after four desperate pitched battles. In February, 1846, the victorious army of Lord Gough encamped under these walls. The little Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, then eight years old, came forth with his warriors and his nobles to make submission. Lord Hardinge took the boy upon his knee, and while he spoke in lion tones of sternness and reproof to the Sikh chiefs and councillors, he kindly promised to be a guardian to their unoffending prince. And so he would have been had the Sikh soldiers let him! But God willed it otherwise. Lord Hardinge's first measure was to appoint Henry Lawrence Resident at Lahore. And how did the new Resident begin his work? By a thank-offering to God, who had given England victory. Before Lord Gough's army left Lahore, Henry Lawrence called a public meeting in his tent, and founded the asylum for soldiers' children in the Himalaya, which now bears his name. That was how our public work began in the Punjab.

"Two years passed on, and the mortified Sikh soldiery rose a second time to tussle with the British for the empire of Hindoostan. They fought it out stoutly, like brave men as they are; but a second time they were disastrously defeated, and the great Khâlsa power was broken. No further forbearance could be shown, and the whole Sikh army laid down their arms and guns before Lord Gough, many a greybeard weeping as he did it.

"Not only the army, but the nation was disarmed; and the Punjab became a province of India.

"How was its administration entered on? in what spirit? One of the earliest measures of the great men who were set over us was to establish a Christian mission at the very capital of the Sikh religion. May its name—Umritsur—prove a happy omen; may it be indeed a *fountain of immortality*, and foretell the baptism of the people! Soon followed the crisis of 1857, and the Sikhs rose once more—but rose this time to help us!

"Side by side the Englishman and the Punjabee, but lately such enemies, beat down the Mutiny. It tells like a fable; but it is simply the story of a blessing. And now the new year of 1863 finds this Christian conference gathered at Lahore to promote the truest welfare of the people and the glory of God. A Sikh Rajah and his family are present in the room. The boy-King of 1846 is a Christian nobleman in our own country, honoured by our sovereign, and, we may trust, heir to a crown far brighter than the one he lost.

"It has been indeed a happy Christmas! The old year has gone down with prayer, and the new year has risen with prayer again for the extension of the kingdom of our Lord. May it be a token for good. God works by means. May He have great things in store for us.

"I have lived so long in the Punjab that I am half a Punjabee and half an Englishman, and I cannot but wish that it may be given to the noble races of our province to take the lead in the regeneration of India.

"And the practical lesson which I would draw from the retrospect of the Punjab struggles—the last thought which I would leave with you, is this, that, it is the duty of every Englishman to realize the purpose for which he and his countrymen have been brought across the seas, and throw away the conceited thought that God brought us here for any material progress. It was not for *that* that the Saxon was required. The Asiatic intellect is as keen as ours.

Ours has indeed more thew and sinew; but whence did the vigour come? Not from our geography, but from our faith. It came from Christianity. It came from our getting a grasp of the *truth;* and this is the strength which we English have come here to wield, and in the wielding of which we shall be blessed as we have been blessed in the Punjab. We have come to conquer India, it is true; but let each one of us go home with the thought that we have not come to conquer it for ourselves; our mission here is to conquer it for God?"

Has the time arrived for a standard version of the Bible?

One subject under consideration during this conference was the advisability of getting a standard authorized version of the Holy Scriptures. A plea was drawn up, and it was decided at last, in consultation with different authorities in the matter, that the time had not arrived for the attempt to be made. Is not the need *still* felt of one standard authorized version? And, if so, may not the question be asked now, Has not the time yet arrived?

About this time Sir Herbert received a letter from the Church Missionary Society, acquainting him that he had been elected a Vice-President of the Society.

"14, Salisbury Square, London, May 26, 1863.

"My dear Sir Herbert,

"The committee ventured to propose your name at the late anniversary meeting as one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society.

"The cordial and universal response of all our friends to this proposition makes the committee feel that they have rather to apologize to their friends for delaying to take this step than to yourself for doing so without having had your previous consent.

"The committee have not, they are aware, any mission now within the limits of your government, but they regard the advantage of your well-known advocacy of the dis-

tinctive principles of the society as an advantage which extends throughout the whole field of our missions.

"I am, my dear Sir Herbert

"Yours faithfully,

(Signed) "CHICHESTER,

"President."

To which Sir Herbert replied—

"Kussowlee, July 27, 1863.

"MY DEAR LORD CHICHESTER,

"I write to thank you for the kind terms of your letter of May 26, communicating my nomination to be one of the Vice-Presidents of that venerable and great society over which you preside, and to ask you kindly to say to the committee that I wish I were really worthy to sit down among them.

"It is naturally a regret to me that, as you say, I have not now one of our own C. M. S. missions within the limits of my charge. But there is in each of my three districts one of the stations of our good American brethren of the Loodiana missions, doing the same work for the same Master.

"How all are working together in the Punjab you will have seen in the last Christmas conference at Lahore.

"And the committee will be glad to hear that, since returning to India, I can perceive the strongest indications of its people being *on the march* from the stronghold of their old ideas.

"There is a marked activity of thought in the *educated* classes, especially the Hindoos—a sudden recognition of being wrong or not quite right, and a desire to advance to new things under cover of old names; a sort of shame-faced reformation, tending away from idolatry and towards Christian belief through the halfway house of Christian

morals. And all coming from native exponents declaring this is not Hindooism, nor that, and must be put away; but never telling *where* they get the light—from the feeble tapers which your society and others have kept flickering alive in scattered mission houses for sixty years, amid darkness and discouragement and scorn.

"Missions in India have begun to tell. God grant that we may see their triumph in our day.

"Believe me, my dear Lord Chichester,

"Yours very faithfully,

"HERBERT B. EDWARDES."

The trial of the Wahâbees.

In the month of April a very important piece of political work was done in the state trial of eleven prisoners, tried, proved guilty of treason, and sentenced at Umballa. The details of the trial of the Wahâbees are too lengthy to be inserted here, but can be found in the records of the Sessions Court of Umballa by any one in India who is interested in tracing one of those great conspiracies which from time to time still rise up among us and bring us face to face with Mohammedan fanaticism. The intricacies of this treasonable conspiracy were worked out carefully and laboriously by Sir Herbert Edwardes, and his final judgment was given in the Umballa Court, May 2, 1864.

The conspiracy.

The Indian newspaper, the *Englishman*, gives a concise sketch of the facts, which we will quote from.

"Few persons will read the remarkable and deeply interesting state trial of Mahomed Shuffee and his associates without learning a good deal of the feelings and doings of the Mohammedans of India. The character of the Wahâbee sect, men actuated by the desire of restoring to its primitive purity the worship of Islam, and fired with fanatical aspiration for the political supremacy of the followers of the faithful, is vividly pourtrayed in the well-written judgment of Sir Herbert Edwardes. The most skilful artist could scarcely have grouped together as the plot of his story a set of incidents so full of true dramatic interest as the trial of these zealots and their followers. Taking the rise of the energetic and astute Mahomed Jaffir, of Umballa, from his original

obscurity to a position of influence among his countrymen; his meeting with Moonshee Tufail Ali, who initiated him in the tenets of the Wahâbees; his conversion from a mere writer of petitions into an ardent and dangerous religious enthusiast, and his consequent association with the conspirators of Patna; his assumption of the character of a Ghazee in the ranks of the mutineers at Delhi; the accidental meeting of Ghuzzun Khan, the Sikh, with the four mysterious Bengalees from Mulkah; the contemptuous receptions of his information by the Magistrate,* leading to their escape and goading him to renewed inquiries, which ended at last in the disclosure of a wide-spread and thoroughly organized conspiracy and the apprehension of the chief conspirators, including Jaffir himself. Taking all these incidents and the final catastrophe that is to crown them, we have every essential which the most scrupulous critic could require for a tale of sustained interest and perfect dramatic excellence.

"As a chapter of history full of instruction to the Indian statesman, the narrative is as important as it is, in a dramatic point of view, interesting. It will be no longer possible for any one to shut his eyes to the true state of Mohammedan feeling against the Frank. However calm and unruffled the surface of events, however still the air of popular opinion above ground, it will always be felt that beneath there are enemies industriously mining to subvert us. To be forewarned is to be forearmed.

"Public officers, one and all, may learn from this trial the important lesson that the most trivial circumstances may be connected with designs of the last importance, and that no matter is too insignificant for investigation. The greater part of the discoveries now made might probably have been made six years ago. In the month of May, 1858, information of a wide-spread and well-organized system of subscriptions for a jehad,† organized from the 'Little Godown,' of the Wahâbees, and extending over the greater part of Bengal, was given by a confederate to the joint magistrate of Jungipore. This officer was fully aware of the importance of these disclosures, and the matter was inquired into.

* Captain Tighe, Deputy-Commissioner of Umballa.

† A religious war.

"Houses of confederates at Berhampore were searched, and their papers seized, and the matter was reported to the superior officer of the division. Satisfactory evidence, however, was not obtained against the conspirators, and the matter dropped.

"A great deal, however, was learned which, had it met with the credit that would now attach to similar information, and been perseveringly followed up, would have led to important results. Who can say that it might not have prevented the second Sittâna War.

"It is not a little remarkable that these discoveries were made at the very period when we were in collision with the Sittâna people for the first time; and though Sittâna was not at that time referred to by the informant, or in any of the papers found, as being connected with the subscriptions, it is by no means unlikely that these subscriptions, which were then understood to be remitted from Patna to the north-west, were destined for that nest of sedition.

"There is one not unimportant feature in the events narrated in Sir Herbert Edwardes's judgments which may, perhaps, afford us some consolation. Notwithstanding the settled animosity to British rule on the part of the Mohammedan community, notwithstanding the existence of secret institutions throughout the country, notwithstanding the organization of a well-devised system of collecting money and recruits and disseminating seditious doctrines and precepts with secrecy among our subjects, the conspirators had not the ability or the courage to develop the plans into action within our own territories. They were obliged to hire others to do their work, or, at all events, to commence it. They evidently felt us too strong in bayonets to renew the attempt they made in 1857 in a similar way, and have shown themselves nothing more than a set of cowards, who have carefully kept in the background, under the guise of income tax assessors and meat contractors, and who must have been as much astonished as dismayed at their unlooked-for discovery.

"The people of Hindoostan are quite incapable of performing the active part of a rebellion; and had we not organized an army for them, they would have got no farther in 1857 than they have now done in 1864.

"It is a remarkable coincidence that we are again indebted to the Punjab for the discomfiture of our adversaries.

"In 1857 it was the Punjab that saved us from having to reconquer India; and in 1864, again the Punjab has enabled us to nip, if not in the bud, at all events in the blossom, a most dangerous conspiracy."

This extract shows the feeling at the time of the great importance of this trial, by which eleven traitors were brought to punishment; some to death, and some to transportation, and all to confiscation of property. The value of this may scarcely be appreciated by the English reader, but there was no doubt in India of its vast importance, and it is a link in the chain of events that make up the story of Sir Herbert Edwardes's life. And it is interesting to mark that the same man who held the anchor at Peshâwur in 1857 was the same who, very ably assisted by his Deputy-Commissioner at Umballa, Captain Tighe (who is the "Magistrate" spoken of by the *Englishman*), now tracked the Wahâbees to their lair, and crushed out a conspiracy of treason which would have grown to greater mischief. Some reader in India, more interested in Wahâbee schemes than we are in England, may like to turn up the details of the conspiracy out of the office of the Commissioner at Umballa for future use.

There is an interesting question that we may touch upon before we pass on, which also engaged Sir Herbert's attention about this time—the enlistment of native Christians in the army.

He writes to the Financial Commissioner in his office of President of the Lay Committee of the Church Missionary Society at Lahore—

"Kussowlee, June 5, 1863.

"My dear McLeod,

"I have had rather a long correspondence with Sir Hugh Rose this last month at Simla, on the subject of throwing open the ranks of our native army to the class of native Christians as much as to any other class of natives, and keeping them together, when enlisted, in native Christian regiments, companies, or sub-divisions according to numbers.

"Sir Hugh Rose is, I am happy to say, strongly inclined to it (on grounds of policy as well as, we may hope, better feelings). And he is now asking the supreme Government for leave to make the move. But he doubts our getting the native Christians to enlist on Sepoy pay, as they have often got a smattering of English education, and look to be clerks, etc.

"So I have promised to ask the Lay Committee, of which I believe you are the president, to inquire about this and let the Commander-in-Chief know the result.

"At present no *offer* can be made. All that can be done is to inquire from the missionaries whether their *assailants*, who apply to them so persistently for 'nokuree'* and 'goozâra,' would or would not jump at military service if secured from *persecution* by being classed together.

"Will you lay this note before the Committee, and say I regard it as a most important and critical matter? If now we can get the door of our honourable service open to our native converts, what a lift in the social scale it will be! and what results may it not bring about!

"I wish I could send you the correspondence, which is full of interest; but it is too bulky.

"Yours affectionately,

"HERBERT B. EDWARDES."

To this letter Mr. McLeod replied—

"Lahore, July 8, 1863.

"MY DEAR EDWARDES,

". . . On receipt of your letter regarding enlistment of native Christians, I asked Mr. Forman to collect the opinions of some of his brethren for me, which he kindly did, and I sent the replies, with extract of your letter, to MacMahon, who is now collecting further opinions, and

* Service.

will then bring the whole before the first meeting of our committee.

"Some difficulties or evils are anticipated by most, but the general feeling is very decided, so far as I have yet learned, that the move is a most important and beneficial one, and I think there can be no doubt of that. Mr. Forman supplied me with a list of the number of converts at the several mission stations so far as known, and from this it appears that Delhi single-handed could supply a company. . . .

"D. F. McLeod."

We give Sir Herbert's letter on the subject, which states his views fully; but space will not allow of going deeply into the correspondence, except to say that Sir Hugh Rose cordially co-operated and agreed with Sir Herbert on the desirability of having Christian regiments, and in believing that they would be, politically, a strength to the empire. A few extracts from the Commander-in-Chief's reply will follow Sir Herbert's letter.

"Simla, May 24, 1863.

"My dear Sir Hugh Rose,

"There is a subject which I am anxious to bring under your consideration at this time, while the permanent reorganization of our native Indian army is being settled.

"1. During the Mutiny of 1857, there were, I believe, two small bodies of native Christian soldiers organized, which still exist, viz. the battery of Artillery now on the Jyntea frontier, and a troop in the Central India Horse. I have never heard exactly what led to these bodies being formed, or how they have answered, but it is very significant *that they were formed in our hour of danger;* and the principle is of such very great importance with respect to the future, that, instead of losing sight of it, or allowing it to rest where it is, I venture strongly to urge its expansion into a shape which would, at any rate, give the experiment a fair trial.

"2. I find it stated in 'Statistics of Indian Missions in 1862,' lately drawn up by the Rev. Dr. Mullens, of Calcutta, that the total number * of Protestant native Christians in India, Ceylon, and Burmah is 213,182. Not having the work itself before me, but only a notice of it in a periodical, I am unable to separate from this total the share of Ceylon, which is not under the Government of India; but from another work (the 'Church Missionary Atlas,' 1862) I deduce that the Singalese and Tamil Protestant native Christians together may amount to about 17,500, so that the Indian Government has at this moment in India and Burmah upwards of 195,000 Protestant native Christians under its rule.

"3. This suggests the questions—Are we turning this great fact to account? Are we making the best possible use of this material?

"I will not presume to give an answer to these questions, because I have not the full means of judging; but there is, I fear, such very reasonable doubt about it that it is well to bring the matter before those who have the power, the will, and the public interest to sift it.

"4. My general notion about the state of the case is this —that in the native armies of Bombay and Madras, caste being to a great extent ignored, native Christians are as eligible for enlistment as any other natives, and there is consequently a very large sprinkling of them in the Bombay army, and a still larger in the Madras army; but that in both armies the native Christian soldiers are mixed up with the Hindoo and Mohammedan and other soldiers. And, passing to our own Bengal Presidency, that here our native army has been made the very *asylum of caste;* that a Sepoy becoming a Christian was equivalent to leaving the army; that the so-called Christian element was, previous to 1857,

* The number *now* is much greater. Last census (1881) gives it as 492,882, excluding Ceylon, with its 35,708.

represented by a few poor half-caste band-boys and buglers; that during the Mutiny, at our wits' end for friends, and thrust by the cartridge question into the very old fact that *there is a force in creeds*, we bethought ourselves of all hues of Christianity, and huddled together as many native Christians and Eurasians as we could find; but that, as the tide of trouble turned, and victory and security came back, the old caste feeling of our subjects came over *us* again, the lesson of 1857 was half forgotten, and the great policy of balancing races and creeds in the native army was actually limited to Hindoos and Mussulmans, as though these were in truth the only materials for counterpoise at our disposal, as though all we could do was to set one of these against the other, whereas there was a *third* who could be set against *both*.

"5. Not only have we not advanced in Bengal since the Mutiny days, but we have gone back.

"While we have not added to those two small bodies of Cavalry and Artillery, we have given a positive check to the Christian movement among the Muzzubee pioneers. The strange history of that movement, which began under the walls of Delhi, is well known to your Excellency, and how at one time there seemed every probability that the whole regiment would become Christians.

"But the action of Lord Canning's Government unavoidably left the impression on the men that Government was not only not favourable, but strongly opposed to its native soldiers embracing Christianity; and I believe I am correct in saying that now, in the regiment alluded to, there are only about twenty Christians, and *those few broken up and divided among the whole of the companies, so as to make them as personally uncomfortable and as socially and politically weak as possible.*

"6. I can remember well when Sir Henry Lawrence (who was one of those who foresaw what the native army was

coming to) pressed successfully upon Government the prudence of enlisting a certain proportion of our new race of Sikhs in every Sepoy corps; and I remember, too, how it was nullified by the cunning of the Hindoostanees and the unsuspiciousness of our English officers.

"The Sepoys induced their commanding officers to break up the two hundred Sikhs into twenty men per company.

"An example of the fatal consequences came under my own observation when that day of trial came for which those Sikhs had been enlisted.

"The 55th Native Infantry broke out at Nowshera and Hotee-Murdan in the Peshâwur valley, and the two hundred raw Sikh recruits (for every Sepoy regiment had put off the carrying-out of the order to enlist Sikhs till the last) sent the sergeant-major to the colonel to say that if he would take them out of the companies and put them all together and give them arms, they and the British officers and sergeants would fight the rest of the regiment!

"But not even then, when all shams and veils went down, and the naked truth stared men horribly in the face—not even then would that brave and good but infatuated officer listen to common sense. He refused to suspect his men and separate the Sikhs. The Hindoostanees burst into open revolt as they saw a small British force approaching, and they marched off into foreign territory, sweeping with them the majority of the unarmed Sikh recruits, who, however, returned as soon as ever they could escape.

"And that brave, unsuspecting colonel could not endure to survive the shame.

"Are we or are we not to remember these things?

"The commanding officer who has divided that little band of twenty native Christians among all his companies seems to have forgotten them.

"7. I do not personally know him, or even his name, or

any one of the officers, that I am aware of; but I venture to say that no one of them is *hostile* to Christianity. It is not *that.*

"It is that they allow themselves to be made the tools of their own men, and get wheedled gradually into arrangements under one pretext or another, which are in reality Hindoo and Mohammedan arrangements for the persecution and discouragement of native Christians, and for the political weakening of the white man's Government.

"8. The regiment in question being a Muzzubee regiment, composed of Hindoos of little or no caste, converted to Sikhism, affords the strongest instance of the difficulty felt by Government and by its officers in dealing, as their own Christian predilections and political foresight would naturally incline them to deal, fairly and kindly with these exceptional cases of native soldiers turning to Christianity *while in a regiment of Hindoo, Sikh, or Mohammedan comrades.*

"And I would beg your Excellency's attention to it as an additional reason for now carrying out, more adequately to the wants and claims of the growing class of native Christians in India, the principle which has been already adopted in the Jyntea Artillery—I mean that of having *totally separate corps in each arm for native Christian soldiers.*

"9. In the progress of our empire, we have come upon distinct races whom we have found it indispensable or politic to enlist for a time, at least, in corps of their own; such as the Bheels, the Boondelas, the Goorkhas, etc., and long after our first connection with new races we have not desired to go farther with the principle of admixture in a native regiment than three companies of one race, three of another, two of another, and so on. We see and feel instinctively that by such segregation of races the men themselves are happier and we are safer.

"10. What I would urge is, the application of this to native Christians, *to such an extent as their numbers may*

justify, or their taste for military service prove to be expedient.

"11. Out of the 195,000 Protestant native Christians, who in round numbers seem to have been, in 1862, in India and Burmah, it appears that about 19,000 are in the Bengal Presidency, and upwards of 50,000 in Burmah, chiefly, I suppose, among the aboriginal Karens.

"12. It would seem, therefore, that in Bombay and Madras there are very large numbers of native Christians, that the ranks of the native army are already open to them,* and that all that remains is to take the farther step of having separate corps for them. While in Pegu there is a remote corner, Pegu, with a peculiar aboriginal race, containing large numbers of native Christians, from whom a local corps might be raised, and the remainder being the main body of this immense presidency, has but a limited number of native Christians, and those much dispersed; but to this class of natives, whatever its numbers, our native army cannot yet be said to be opened.† Here, then, in Bengal, separate corps for native Christian soldiers are as urgently demanded from motives of bare *justice* to that section of the people as they are in Bombay and Madras from motives of *kindness* to them, and of *policy* on the part of Government.

"13. When one remembers that even such a bigoted Government as that of Turkey, Asiatic in race, and Moham-

* At least, such is my impression; but it might be worth while to ascertain exactly how the case stands.

† A note here may be added to remark that the numbers of native Christians have greatly *increased* since this proposal was made (in 1863). "The population of *Protestant* native Christians by last census (1881) was 492,882, including 75,510 in British Burmah, but *not* the 35,708 in Ceylon." (This is quoted from "The History of Protestant Missions in India," by Rev. Dr. Sherring, revised by Rev. E. Storrow).

The subject is a very important one, and the arguments are all greatly strengthened by the enormous increase in the numbers of native Christians.

medan in faith, has, to satisfy the demands of our own European opinion, thrown open the ranks of its army to its Christian subjects, it does seem matter for self-reproach that we English, transplanted from that tolerant Europe to an Asiatic empire, should be less tolerant than Turks, and, when brought under the pressure of non-Christian numbers, do not act upon the enlightened maxims which we force upon weaker powers.

"14. So long as a Christian native of this side of India cannot get enlisted in a native regiment, and a Hindoo or Mohammedan Sepoy, turning Christian after enlistment, gets either bullied out of the corps or made wretched therein, and can find no organized body of fellow creeds-men, however small, into which he can be drafted, it must be confessed that though we have in civil life passed an Act by which no native shall suffer disabilities by reason of change of creed, we yet in military life do impose disabilities upon the native Christians, and it is these disabilities that I would bring to your Excellency's notice, and ask you to remove at this most appropriate time, when your native army is under reorganization, and when all men, black and white, admit that we have reason to put a new trust in our own faith, and not rely exclusively on others.

"15. There are many other branches of this important subject which bear directly upon our political interests in India, and which will readily suggest themselves to your Excellency, but I will just instance the low position which is forced upon the class of native Christians by a combination of prejudice. Hindoos and Mohammedans cannot be expected to favour them. But even we English shun them. Our household servants dislike them because they have no caste, and because their example tends to destroy the Magna Charta of laziness, by which every Indian servant is privileged to do only one thing in the world, and to declare that any other work would defile him.

"Therefore, the whole household is against the employment of a single native Christian, and, for our own personal peace and comfort, we give way to the clamour. The result is, that the native who turns Christian bids farewell to his own people, and finds that English Christians (with the exception of a few missionaries and self-denying men) will not receive, employ, or help him. Is it wonderful that very often native Christians thus situated fall into unchristian ways, and bring disgrace not only on themselves, but, unhappily, on *us?* And is it not, therefore, a matter of policy for us to do anything which a Government, keeping within the straitest views of its own province, properly *can* to remove an actual disability, and open to native Christians at once an honest livelihood and an honourable career?

"16. In forming native Christian soldiers into such separate corps, care should be taken not to raise their rate of pay above that of other native soldiers of the same arm. There is nothing inherent in their Christian creed to make their mode of life more expensive than that of any other natives who are allowed to eat animal food; and the same motives of justice and policy which plead for their free enlistment and separate organization forbid a higher rate of pay than is given to Hindoo and Mohammedan soldiers.

"What I am pleading for is *equality of privilege*, and the *removal of exclusion and disability* on account of Christian creed.

"17. In the same way that every Sikh corps has its 'grunthee' paid by Government, the native Christian regiment should have its native pastor. It would then be self-contained, and provided with the means of decently maintaining the Sabbath day and all other ordinances of a Christian community wherever it marched.

"18. There might probably be difficulty at first in filling the ranks of an Infantry regiment of native Christians on our Bengal side of India, so dispersed and depressed

is the class. But your Excellency would, of course, select the officer who was to raise it, and see that he was one who could understand and sympathize with the object in view, and who would patiently surmount the obstacles besetting the outset of every new principle. Elevation in the social scale; admission for the first time to perfect equality with other natives in the profession of arms, which they regard as the most honourable; a secured livelihood; a hopeful future; freedom from persecution; the society of co-religionists; public worship; the dignity of their title asserted now for the first time, with their own consequent self-respect; the enforced respect of all classes of their countrymen—these are powerful inducements which could not fail before long to fill the ranks of the native Christian regiment. Every year would improve its constitution and raise its tone; enlistment in it would become an honour. We should have done justice to an increasing section of our native subjects, and we should have removed a reproach from our own creed.

"19. In any event, I am sure that your Excellency will excuse my having brought these thoughts before you in days when the State of Europe makes the constitution of our Indian forces a matter of increasing interest.

"I remain, my dear Sir Hugh Rose,

"Very sincerely yours,

"HERBERT B. EDWARDES.

"To His Excellency, General Sir H. Rose, G.C.B.,
"Commander-in-Chief in India."

The Commander-in-Chief's replies were most cordially agreeing with Sir Herbert's opinions. He had himself been battling the cause already, and had saved some threatened reductions and disbandments.

He writes—

"Simla, May, 1863.

"My dear Sir Herbert,

"I have more than anticipated your wishes respecting native Christian troops. As a Christian and a military politician, I entirely approved what I thought was the policy of the Government; that is, to set on foot a Christian native force. . . I can only say that I shall be most sincerely grateful for any amount of Christians you send me, willing to enlist on native pay; that I will place them in separate companies, and look on them as the apple of my eye. . . .

"It is a *very important question.* I believe that if we give up the Christian Infantry, and allow it to be disbanded, we sacrifice two great advantages.

"1. The means of developing and increasing the Christian interest in India.

"2. Militarily and politically speaking, we lose a guarantee of our hold of India, a co-religionist armed force, which must always, and will always, be with us against Indian elements of intrigue and revolt.

"Ever yours very sincerely.

"H. Rose."

We must leave this subject, which was one of so great interest both to Lord Strathnairn and to Sir Herbert Edwardes that it could not well be left out; and it may be suggestive even now to the inquiry, What has been done to encourage such a movement?

A return to work at Umballa, work harassing and fatiguing, and without the intense interest of the old frontier life, made it often doubtful if the return to India had been wisely decided on. For as the year advanced came fever constantly, and even the good climate and pleasant home at Kussowlee seemed not all that was needed for recovery. But the year was full of schemes for good—unravelling more links of the chain of Wahâbee intrigues, plans for the benefit of the Lawrence Asylum, correspondence about the native Christians in the army, and endless work in the anxieties of

the management of the native courts under his guidance, besides the ordinary work of the Commissioner's office at Umballa.

It also afforded many opportunities of seeing much of Lord Elgin, in marching with him, and visiting Simla; and Sir Herbert rejoiced in finding his lordship to be one whose abilities, character, and policy he could so highly esteem. Lord Elgin left Simla in September 1863, to march across the hills to Kangra, intending to see the Punjab for himself, and, after proceeding to the frontier of Peshâwur, return to Lahore by the time of the new year, for an "army of observation" and "camp of exercise" proposed to be gathered there, and to open an exhibition at Lahore.

But all plans were cut short in an unexpected manner by the sudden news of his Excellency's serious illness. He had reached Dhurumsâlah and was lying dangerously ill. The news came to Sir Herbert from Mr. McLeod, in a letter dated—

"Dhurumsâlah, November 8, 1863.

"Dear Edwardes,

Illness of Lord Elgin.

"You will, I am sure, be grieved and shocked to learn that Lord Elgin has been given up by all the medical men, and is not expected to live over to-morrow at latest. Poor Lady Elgin has been up here herself this morning, and, in company with Lake, has selected a spot in the corner of our little church-compound in which he shall be buried.

"It was proposed that his body should be removed elsewhere for burial, but his answer was that 'where the tree falls, there it should lie;' and he has requested that his burial may be divested of all pomp, and be quite private. He will be carried up from the house at the foot of the hill where he has been residing by relays of English soldiers.

"The trip to Rotug appears to have been highly injudicious. The rarity of the atmosphere, often at the height of twelve thousand feet above the sea, appears to have aggravated a tendency, previously existing, to heart disease, and to

which, no doubt, it is attributable that Simla appeared not to suit him. . . . It would not seem to have been until two or three days ago that he or those around him became fully aware of the very serious character of his illness. Poor Lady Elgin, when looking down from the spot she had selected, on the magnificent view of the valley and hills beyond—looking to-day more than usually beautiful and calm—remarked, bathed in tears, 'He could not be laid in a more calm and tranquil spot; but, however calm and tranquil, I can assure you it cannot be more so than his spirit at the present time.' The day before yesterday, Mr. Merk was sent for, and Lord Elgin received the Sacrament. The whole of his household and staff joining him, at his special desire.

Lord Elgin's death.

"What an unlooked-for termination to all the hopes entertained for India from his extensive and growing experience, and his love of what is honest and true! But, doubtless, all has been wisely ordered. How sad an end for one of his status and prospects, to die in a strange, remote land, separated even from the bulk of his own people! albeit, his poor wife is happily with him; which must have been an exceeding comfort to both.

"Ever, dear Edwardes,

"Yours very affectionately,

"D. F. McLeod."

This news was received with great sorrow, and sympathy, and personal disappointment. Both Lord and Lady Elgin had won for themselves the love and respect of all who had become acquainted with their high qualities, both of head and heart. Now what a heartrending time for her! She has the sympathy of all who know her.

Sir Herbert, too, was ill about this time; the grind of office work was very injurious to him; it was wasting a valuable life by drudgery, very much like working a highly bred racer in a plough. It sometimes seemed better to go home till some more suitable sphere opened to him.

The Lieutenant-Governor writes to him—

"I am truly concerned to hear you have been ailing and require change, and it would be a calamity if you are forced to go home. I very earnestly trust this may not be. What a changing scene this is! a solemn thought that all is fading and withering. I feel *my* time must *soon* come, and life and the world is so heartless and unsatisfying, so struggling and wearisome, that had we not a sure and better hope and look-forward, the present, even with its unnumbered and undeserved mercies, would be a sad blank.

"Our kind love to yourself and your dear wife.

"Ever yours affectionately,

(Signed) "R. MONTGOMERY."

The serious blow of the death of Lord Elgin changed all things. The intended "camp of exercise" at Lahore was given up. But there was a great gathering there for the opening of the exhibition, which was to be at the beginning of the year.

In the midst of all the uncertainty and wondering who was to take up the reins of government that had so suddenly and so unexpectedly dropped from Lord Elgin's hands, came a telegram, dated December 31, 1863.

From Secretary to Government, Calcutta, to the Commissioner of Umballa.

"Clear the line!

"Sir John Lawrence has been appointed Governor-General, and is expected at Calcutta on January 13."

And this was followed on January 13, 1864, by a telegram from himself.

From Sir John Lawrence, Calcutta, to Sir Herbert Edwardes, Umballa.

"I arrived yesterday morning. All well. My wife remains in England. Tell my brother. Thanks for your letter. I will write."

Here was a wonderful turn in the wheel! and the Punjab hailed an old friend, and all India welcomed a strong hand and a stout heart, and hoped great things for good everywhere. It was a welcome sound to hear that John Lawrence was come back with renewed health; and warm welcomes greeted him from his old friends.

A cheery letter from him, dated January 13, confirmed the news.

"My dear Edwardes,

"I arrived here last night at six o'clock, and was immediately sworn in. With the exception of Beadon, Trevelyan, Roberts, and Napier, there is scarcely a man here whom I knew in former days, so rapidly do men change. . . . I was very sorry to see from your letter, which was put into my hands as I landed, that your health had not been good. You must write and tell me all about yourself. I had no end of kind messages from old friends in Southgate and London for you both. My wife will come out in October or November. . . .

"Give my love to your wife, and kind regards to all old friends and comrades.

"Yours affectionately,

"John Lawrence."

It gave a fresh impetus to have an old friend back again, and the Punjab rejoiced. For things had slidden away from some of their old vigour, and many of the old workers were disheartened. One of them writes—

"The Hazara people seem to have come to grief, for I see by the paper that a force is to be assembled at Huereepoor. Is it come to this? Must the 'happy valley' lose all its primitive and patriarchal character, and only be ruled by force, and cold circulars, and laws, and stern policemen? How the political element is disappearing from the Punjab! Very soon we shall have all the estrangement, and class-feel-

ing, and ignorance, of the old North-West Provinces. It passes my comprehension to find how things have gone exactly the wrong way. How palpably every one felt during the Mutiny that India ought to be *un*regulationized, yet it has ended by a greater flood of regulations, and yet all, I believe, with the best possible intentions. We must always be doctoring and giving medicine to these dear children of ours. Their soul abhors it; and they hate the sight of the doctor, and kick at the castor oil, even in its 'silver boat!'"

True, there were many who felt that the political element was being too much lost sight of for the government of the military races of the Punjab, and the *vital point* of the Punjab's excellence was being forgotten in a race for paper-work and office forms, more suited to the quiet races and longer settled portions of the empire than for the Punjab and its soldier-people; and the hand of a Lawrence again at the helm was welcomed as a strength in the right direction. He came out strong and well for the work, but on February 10, he writes—

"I have not been very well—hard work at the heavy arrears—but I am better, and, please God, hope to get away to Simla early in April. My wife is so miserable, that I feel I did quite wrong in coming out.

"Yours affectionately,

"JOHN LAWRENCE."

Sir Herbert had been talked of for Hydrabad, offered Rajpootana, and, as we have seen, was generally spoken of for the Punjab, and the other posts would not have tempted him to remain in India.

There is a beautiful episode that comes out in the correspondence that goes on now in its close and friendly relations between John Lawrence and Herbert Edwardes, which was just as natural and unfettered as it was wont to be in old days, and all subjects were canvassed and talked

over without restraint, as before he was Governor-General of India.

This letter has probably never been seen, except by themselves; but it was so important in its results, and is so beautiful in its spirit, that it can hardly be suppressed here; for it comes naturally into the record of the character and life which we are tracing in these pages. It was induced by Sir Herbert feeling that his own generally acknowledged claims to the succession to the government of the Punjab were accepted by Sir John, and that they were standing in the way of Donald McLeod, who was his friend, and whom he loved better than himself; and it is only true to the character of his life, and in harmony with many another noble action that we have been recording, to find that he himself stepped in, and with his own hand set free the Governor-General to put aside his own claims in favour of his friend, who, being an older man than himself, Sir Herbert felt that this would be his only chance. A few extracts will suffice.

"Umballa, January 26, 1864.

"My dear John,

". . . . There is no post in India which I really care for, except the Lieutenant-Governorship of the Punjab—no other which would keep me in India after I had earned my pension. . . . I would repeat now, with all my heart, what I have said often to you at home, and in letters, that if my voice could get the Punjab for Donald McLeod, he should have it. Most truly do I consider that not only his claim is *first*, but that he is the *best* man for the Punjab.

"There may be a point, or two at most, in which I might have some advantage over him in ruling this frontier province, but in how many—how very many, he is my superior! It is one of the proofs of the muddle this world is in, that when you hear men speculating as to who will succeed Montgomery, they never think of McLeod. There he is in the midst of them, with all his accomplished intellect; his knowledge of India; his intimate acquaintance with the Punjab itself; his

mastery of all branches of civil administration; his ripe wisdom; his perception of the wants of our native subjects, and of things which they are *supposed* to want, but *don't;* his capacity for diffusing around him the high tone of his own views; and, lastly, the respect of *all*, black and white, in the Punjab, and the warm affection of the best, and yet it never occurs to the many-headed multitude to name him for their Governor, because he is so humble himself. But *you* know him and value him fully, and my impression is that you will desire to crown his long and beautiful career of unselfish public service with this great and just reward.

"*When done,* all will approve it, and wonder how it never occurred to them before that 'the meek' could 'inherit the earth.' None, at any rate, will rejoice at it more than I shall. I should then feel that there is nothing I could have done for the Punjab in bringing back, or trying to bring back, a high tone of public life, in doing justice, that Donald would not do better; and I should then go home, about the close of 1865, please God to spare me, perfectly happy and contented.

"Whether Donald could ever be persuaded to take the Punjab is, I think, a question. He has been rather anxious to press on me and on my wife that he regards himself as unfit for it, and if ever offered to him, which in those days he thought unlikely, he should decline it.

"But this is just like him, to wish any one else to get it before himself. And I hope still, that should you wish him to take it, you will be able to persuade him.

"For my own part, I have assured him over and over that I would much rather see him get the Punjab than get it myself.

"All this explanation may not be unwelcome to you. It may clear your own way in judging what to do, and I have no fear that you will think I want to urge my claims upon you. What they amount to more or less, you know better even

than I do myself; and if I know my own heart, I desire that for me no injustice should be done to any one in the service, and that the Province in which I have a life-long interest should get for its future ruler the man who is most likely to do good to its people.

"Yours very affectionately,

"HERBERT B. EDWARDES."

Those who have attributed the fact that the appointment was in the end not given in Sir Herbert's favour, "because of his Christianity views" (as they called them), are, perhaps, not aware that without this generous expression of Sir Herbert's feelings the Governor-General would probably not have felt himself at liberty to overlook his undoubted claims. They forget, too, that Donald McLeod was proud to take the *same* position as a Christian man, and to give his full support to missions. *That* argument, therefore, has no weight. But if it had, no reader of Sir Herbert Edwardes's life, and certainly no one who knew him and appreciated his character, would doubt that he would have sacrificed all the appointments in the world before he would sacrifice his principles or his belief.

But the matter is disposed of by the fact, that when, in 1868, there seemed to be a prospect of the vacancy again occurring, the Governor-General telegraphed to England to ask Sir Herbert to take the post.

A passage may be quoted here from the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (ninth edition), which, in speaking of Sir Herbert Edwardes, says, "... Sir Herbert Edwardes, great in council and great in war, and singularly beloved by personal friends, was generous and unselfish to a high degree. He was also a man of deep religious convictions, and naturally desired and hoped for the evangelization of India. But his zeal was under the restraint of knowledge, and he knew how to reconcile private aspiration with public duty. ..."

On April 29, Sir John Lawrence rode up the hill to Kussowlee to spend a day with Sir Herbert there, on his way to Simla for the hot weather—right glad to be up in the hills again, and to meet his brother Richard and Sir Herbert,

and to get free from the heat of the plains and the enforced state of the Calcutta life. Sir John would have to spend the summer without his wife, for Lady Lawrence could not come till he took up his winter quarters again in Calcutta, in December. He missed her greatly, and was not happy without his home. Very soon an urgent appeal came to Sir Herbert that he would pay him a visit, and on the 14th of June Sir Herbert and his wife joined him at Simla. There was a pleasant party in the house, a happy gathering of old friends. An element of great happiness, and the blending together of old interests and new, met in the person of *one* of the inmates—Sir Alexander Lawrence, the eldest son of Sir Henry Lawrence. He and his young wife and a sweet babe of six months old were spending the summer months with Sir John; for his health was delicate in the plains, and he was ordered to the hills to recover from the effects of a serious illness he had at Lahore. Sir Alexander Lawrence was much beloved, from his many personal attractions and highly honourable qualities, which found a place of warm affection and of ready sympathy in the hearts of all his father's and his mother's friends. And in coming out in the civil service to the Punjab, he was welcomed by all as a legacy from them.

Sir Alexander Lawrence.

And Colonel John Becher, at Dera Ismail Khan, was strongly urged by the Viceroy to join the gathering, and, thus commanded, he could not disobey. For he was too much of a recluse—against his nature, for he was formed to be a charm to every society he was in, and few men were more beloved or sought for by their friends. But he had a stern sense of horror at the accumulation of "Papers" to be worked off, and used to describe it as rolling a heavy weight up-hill, that if ever he took his hand off it rolled back upon him and swept him down to the bottom again. So he, like many another in the Punjab in those days, ruined his health by a devotion which at the time was absorbing, but which cannot but be regretted, as shortening most valuable lives and services. But now he writes—

Colonel John Becher.

"Dera Ismail Khan, July 6, 1864.

"My dear Edwardes,

"A kind letter from Sir John has set at rest all my uncertainties, and resolved me to be happy, and come and see you, and take a holiday. At the very thought of it I feel a new life. I am more tired of this eternal drudgery than I can express! But now I shall be thinking of kind voices, and cool breezes, and fir-trees, and the memories of old days come fast on me. What mad men we are to go on toiling and never resting! But 'hurrah!' for Simla. It seems a pleasure beyond hope of realization. With such meetings, and a little rest, India would be a pleasant working-place where one might do some good!" And nature had not made this man for "a recluse;" he had all the qualities that made him a good companion. Here is a glimpse of him that his friends will recognize.

"I want to hear an account of —— [a mutual friend]. How we are separated—even we who have each returned to India, and yet are so far off! Did he seem happy at the thought of being free, and the green English fields and meadows? His is a very fresh elastic mind; and what a character he would be if one could paint him in a fiction! How I should like some days of quiet, pleased retirement to try and paint in words! And this makes me think of Thackeray.

Thackeray.

"I cannot describe what to me was the inexpressible charm and freshness and grace of his writings—a strain of noble melancholy. His sarcasm was only the momentary discord of 'sweet bells jangled,' forgotten in the gentle, tender music, which moved like tears in loving eyes. You see how all speak of him who knew him, and you will join in the opinion that Colonel Newcome stands out one of the noblest portraits ever drawn—a greater than Sir Roger de Coverley of Addison.

"There must be great delight in this power of creation—

a poet, a painter, a sculptor, a musician. Yet there, in *that trunk*, lies a character far greater than that of Colonel Newcome—the picture of a great Indian character, Henry Lawrence. Oh, how I wish it were further advanced on the canvas, that all might see and admire! But when will that day come? What fine heroic pictures one has seen in this India, if they could only be painted broad and brilliant, with Titian's brush!"

This allusion to "the trunk" was the fact that Sir Herbert had brought out his half-written "Life of Sir Henry Lawrence," hoping that he might be able to go on with it; but had never had a moment to touch it, and "there it lay in the trunk!" It was a great disappointment to him. He had asked leave for three months to remain in England to finish it before he came out. But that was not allowed by the Punjab Government, which was much to be regretted, as the work was never finished, except by another hand.

A visit of a fortnight was all that was intended at first; but the Viceroy was urgent that Sir Herbert should stay, so the office was brought up to Simla, and the stay was prolonged.

But there came a terrible end to it. When the rains were over, at the end of August or beginning of September, Colonel Richard Lawrence's duties taking him into the interior, Sir Alexander Lawrence accompanied him for the pleasure of the trip. All went well till they were nearly about retracing their steps. About ten marches from Simla there happened a terrible accident.

Sir Alexander, who was riding a large English horse he was fond of, was ahead of his uncle, and had turned a point in the road which hid him from sight.

Colonel Lawrence heard a sound like a falling tree, and then a perfect stillness. He hurried on his horse, and turned the corner. Nothing was to be seen, nor did he see Sir Alexander. He rode on, scarcely knowing what to fear, till he came to a part of the road where a few planks seemed gone, and Sir Alexander's little dog was on the other side, looking down and whining.

Colonel Lawrence looked down, but could see nothing. The bottom was a sheer depth of thousands of feet below. The rock was a precipice; and the road had been made like a gallery against a wall, supported by stakes driven into the rock, as is the ordinary way of building these mountain roads in such places.

After some time, Colonel Lawrence found (by getting some natives to clamber down the rocks, who brought back the report) that one man and a horse were lying at the very bottom—deep down below! Who can tell the horror of the situation of the poor uncle! He had to get the body brought up the rocks, and for four days and nights he travelled incessantly to get back to Simla. The dreadful news had not anticipated him, as he intended it should. But his love had outrun the messenger's zeal, and he had to break the sad tidings himself. In the early morning of the fourth day he arrived, and sent to Edwardes first, to know if he had got his letter. But no; the day had brought the dreadful tidings; the evening must see the burial. And all that day was all that was left for the widow to see her husband's face.

It was a terrible and awful shock. To Sir Alexander it was a moment, and—

> "He had reached his home and rest
> Ere he knew that he was there!
> But think of the sweet surprise,
> The sudden and strange delight
> He felt as he met his Saviour's smile
> And walked with Him, robed in white!"

For he was one *who was ready*. And there was no *pain*, for there was a happy smile upon his face, that spoke of joy. He must have parted from his horse soon, for the saddle was caught in a tree not very far down. But in swiftly passing through the air, Sir Alexander must have lost all *consciousness*, and therefore it was a painless translation. But for the dear widow and the fatherless boy, God's help alone could avail!

A dear friend of Sir Henry and Lady Lawrence, Sir Robert Napier, writes—

"Was all poor Lady Lawrence's teaching and good

training of Alexander only to prepare him for such a sudden removal, instead of, as she affectionately thought, a career emulating his father's? Who can approach these mysteries? We can only bow our heads humbly, and watch and pray.

"It is hard to carry one's mind away from that lone precipice—the dreadful crash — and the poor form so shattered, without any hand stretched out to save. Death must have been instantaneous. . . ."

And now the effect of all this upon Sir Herbert's plans must be told.

The sudden news had come to him first, and he had to break it to Sir John; and then the poor widow had to be ministered to. Lady Edwardes had been ill with fever at the time, but forgot it in the requirements of that dreadful day. And after that, for a fortnight longer. Then she could no longer hold out, and Sir Herbert and his wife returned to Kussowlee.

They thought, to rest and recruit. But her strength had been strained too long. Then came the crash, the sudden collapse, on the night of their arrival at home.

With ice on her head, and all light and sound excluded from the room, she was watched over for six weeks with that wonderful tenderness, "passing the love of woman." Who can tell it? *None.*

This subject would not find an entrance here, except to tell Sir Herbert's life; but it cannot be left out of *that*, for it was a part of his beautiful nature.

The doctors said, "It is a case, not for medicines, but for nursing. One foot is in the grave. Good nursing may bring her back; *without it*, there is but one result to be looked for."

Sir Herbert asked no more. But day and night he watched and tended, as only *he* could do!

It was a time of waiting—upon "the border-land."

Happy, peaceful brightness (for there was never any pain or delirium), and the darkened room was bright with heavenly light, and tender, gentle ministering.

And when the blessing of God upon such ministering brought her back again, and she could leave her bed, Sir Herbert's mind was made up. "The most precious posses-

sion I have in the world," as he used to call his wife, must be taken home before another Indian summer came.

He used to say, "A throne would be nothing to me if I lost my Emma." This brought him home. But the trial to himself had been so great, that when the wife thought she could stay on, and did not wish to disturb Sir Herbert before he was ready to leave India, the doctors said to her, "If you wish Sir Herbert not to go home on *your* account, you must go with him *on his own*, for he needs rest as much as you do." This seemed to remove all further doubt, and Kussowlee was left on January 1, 1865, for the last return to England.

CHAPTER IX.

1865—1866.

AT HOME IN ENGLAND.

"Thy zeal's pure flame
Hath e'en consumed thee! on the Master's breast
Take what with us thou wouldst not—thy sweet rest!
Bright with Faith's golden memories thy name,
Along our dim and dusty way shall shine,
Pointing the upward road to life divine."

BARRETT BROWNING.

CHAPTER IX.

"THERE are some men in India whom the public cannot see turn their backs upon the country without a pang of regret, and some melancholy thoughts as to whether they will look upon their like again!

Expression of the public feeling on Sir Herbert's departure.

"Sir Herbert Edwardes is one of them," writes a contemporary observer, the *Delhi Gazette*. "The services he has rendered to the British power, and the lustre that he and those of his stamp have shed around the British name and character, have scarcely been surpassed by any of the historic band of whom England is proud. Kaye does no more than justice to his character in his 'History of the Sepoy War.' Ill, indeed, can India afford at this juncture to lose any of her men of mark. . . . The empire of British India may fairly be said to owe one-half its safety to the Treaty which Sir Herbert made with Cabul, by which he sealed his renown as a political administrator, and to the fact of Sir Herbert being at Peshâwur in 1857. So far and so wide was his influence, that at his beck, during the first shock of the Mutiny, bands of stalwart warriors from Mooltân, from Tawana, and the hardy mountaineer tribes, crowded to his rendezvous, alert to serve such a man and the nation from which he sprang, and proud, too, to have been once more remembered.

His influence in 1857.

"It mattered not where; the allegiance of their hearts had been won, and where they were wanted they proffered to go, and go they did. Thus was turned against the mutineers and the rebels a warlike crowd which they had not counted upon meeting, and the excitement and disquiet, which would gradually have troubled the homesteads of these wild tribes, and endangered the peace of the Punjab frontiers, found,

through Sir Herbert Edwardes's magic influence, their legitimate safety-valve when discharged upon enemies. Before Delhi they fought as bravely and bled as freely as the best of those arrayed against the rebellious city. . . .

The Wahâbee conspiracy in 1862.

"Again, in 1862, the great event of the administration of the Punjab was the triumphant way in which he rooted out the nest of the Wahâbees . . . . It was simply from the intuition of genius and from a facility born of long practice in dealing with Asiatic chicanery that Sir Herbert was enabled to grapple with the occasion and bring the offenders to punishment. We are writing only of the more prominent works of a man of rare endowments.

"Wherever Edwardes has gone, he appears to have enlisted the affections and the sympathies of the people.

"Emphatically we repeat, that the respect to the British Government has never failed to be enhanced of the people who were with him and under his instruction and control. His name alone is a tower of strength to the Government.

"Never oblivious of those who have done him and through him the Government good service, he has done more than any other officer in the North-West of India to strengthen and consolidate our power.

"As was Henry Lawrence, so is Herbert Edwardes, a man after God's own heart; one, indeed, in whom there is no guile; revered by the natives for his simple and pious ways, and for his earnest devotion to the Christian faith. We refuse to believe that the connection of this great and good man is to cease now thus early, while he is in the prime of his faculties. . . . In the far future time, when the story comes to be told how the Punjab was conquered, then pacified, and its warlike battalions hurled upon Hindostan, no name will shine with a brighter and purer lustre among all who have upheld England's honour and added fresh glory to her banners than that of Sir Herbert Edwardes."

This was the expression of public feeling that saw Sir Herbert depart in 1865; for himself, not without a secret satisfaction in the thought that by so doing he was leaving an open field for his friend, Donald McLeod, to be appointed to the vacant Lieutenant-Governorship of the Punjab.

The latest edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica"

speaks of Herbert Edwardes as "one of the noblest names on the roll of the soldier-statesmen of the British Indian Empire;" and Sir John Lawrence, grieving over his departure, called him "a born ruler of men."

The Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab records that he "regards with great regret the departure, even for a time, of one whose name is so honourably associated with the history of the province," and expresses "his concern that it should be necessitated by impaired health, the result of the arduous services you have rendered to the state, both in war and peace." *

Sir Herbert came home on twenty months' leave of absence on sick certificate.

A friend has asked, "Have you brought out Sir Herbert's *religious character?*"

His religious character.

The answer to this inquiry would be, that to tell the story of his life is to bring out his "religious character," for every subject that he touched he adorned with the spirit of holiness. His *life* was his *religion*, which with him was not a garment put on and worn on Sundays and saints'-days or great occasions, but the *permeating influence of every action*. He had never been brought up in a religious school, he had been taught nothing of it as a child, he knew nothing of the forms and the mannerisms of it; perhaps this was one reason why everything he did was so simple, so original, and so earnest.

It was all *God's workmanship*. Of old it was said, when the world was created, "Let there be light;" and the same command is repeated when souls are converted.

It may come as the light from the East, silently and gradually, till it spreads over all the plain and bathes it in beauty; and as you gaze on the loveliness everywhere around, you never think of asking "Has the sun risen?" Just so it was with Sir Herbert. Though with many another it may flash like the light which dazzled and blinded Paul, or as it came to Lydia—opening her heart like a flower.

In whatever way it comes, it is *divine;* for "we are His

* Public letter of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, January 6, 1865, on receiving Sir Herbert Edwardes's announcement that he had made over the charge of his office.

workmanship, *created unto* good works." This is why he was always ready to rise to any great question at once, with deep and earnest interest, and give it his best attention, and to meet a great, good man (like Lord Shaftesbury, whom he greatly honoured) with the kindling joy of congenial hearts.

What is "the higher life?"

There is a great deal written and said, which puzzles people often, about "the higher life;" but surely it is this "life hid with Christ in God." What can be "higher" than *that?*

There seems an illustration of it in the beautiful story of the slave-girl in the American slave-market, who was seen weeping, and she was asked, "Why are you weeping?" She replied, "Because I do not know who will be my master, or where I shall go to." When her turn came to be put up for sale, this inquirer purchased her. Finding her still weeping, he said to her, "I have bought you, and paid for you; but I have not bought you for a slave, but to give you your freedom. Now you are free; you may go and live where you like." "Then," she replied, "I will live with *you* and go where you go!"

This was the motive power with Sir Herbert. It was very simple to him when he knew God's will in a matter, and his *acts* of goodness were no effort to him to perform. *Not as a duty*—no; they were the natural outflow of his nature, which was responsive to the attractive force of his Saviour's love.

The only *limit* that he knew, was his *power* for accomplishing good; and, in the last few weeks or days of his earthly life, it seemed as if his nature and capacities expanded so rapidly that the *desire* pressed almost painfully upon him to be able to carry out great thoughts and plans of good for others that came thronging into his mind.

So interested and earnest was he, and his thoughts flowed out with such clearness and vigour in what were really the last few days of his life (little as it was dreamed of to be so), that it was evident to the one who sat by his side and shared his every thought, that he was prepared for still higher aspirations, and seemed ready to enter into the life of grander and nobler service, for which this (in which he felt himself fettered) had been his training-ground.

So strongly did she feel this, that she said to him one day, "Herbert, dear, you frighten me!" "I frighten you, my darling! how *can* I ever frighten you?" "You look like an angel pluming your wings to fly," said the poor wife. Upon which, with a lovely smile and a deprecating voice, he looked at her and said, "Oh, my darling wife, poor angel I!" His lowliness of heart and true humility never forsook him.

But though he thought so little himself, to see him then was to be reminded of Tennyson's words—

> "And doubtless unto thee is given
> A life that bears immortal fruit,
> In such great offices as suit
> The full-grown energies of Heaven."

But we are anticipating, and must return to take up the thread where we left it before this digression.

Return to England.

We have seen Sir Herbert leave Kussowlee, and now, after a farewell visit to Government House in Calcutta for a few weeks, the homeward journey began. To avoid the cold of the English winter, Sir Herbert and his wife lingered in Italy and Switzerland until May. Messina, Naples, Rome, Venice, and Florence were visited; and soon after arriving in England and visiting among relations, the home was taken up once more at Eastbourne.

The life of Sir Henry Lawrence had to be laid aside on Sir Herbert's return to India, and this was the first opportunity that had offered to take it up again. The absorbing duties of public life in India had left no margin for any other claims.

Sir Herbert's time was fully taken up with this work, and the first record found of public speaking in this year is in the Proceedings of the Church Missionary Society, in Salisbury Square, quoted as follows:—

"*General Committee, Monday, June* 12.

Present state of India, 1865.

"Sir Herbert Edwardes, K.C.B., took his seat in the Committee as a Vice-President of the Society. He said that he should characterize the present state of India as one of activity and thought.

"A general thaw seemed to have set in, and the native

mind to be set free. The Mutiny of the Indian army has been one great cause of this. Before that event there was a kind of instinctive feeling in Indian society that trouble was impending, and wealthy natives held back and hoarded their money till they could see the issue. The native army was the impending trouble. It had overgrown the European element, and at last it turned upon its masters, and tried to drive them out of India.

"The Sepoys had everything in their favour, yet they failed; and every disaffected class in India confessed the failure and accepted the situation. The whole country felt that the struggle was over, at any rate for the present. The air was cleared, peace was restored, and progress became possible. The result has been a marked activity in commerce, administration, education, material prosperity, and religious movement.

In commerce.

"In *commerce* money has been unlocked and unearthed, and embarked in a perfect revulsion of enterprise.

"The American War arose at this very crisis. The cotton demand ensued. European capital flowed into India; and in Bombay alone it is calculated that thirty millions sterling of clear profit have been reaped, chiefly by native capitalists, in the last three years. Nor was the profit confined to the capitalists. Happily, the agricultural classes had shared largely in the harvest. They found out the use of the telegraph once more.

"In Umritsur, the commercial capital of the Punjab, the daily telegram from Bombay as to the state of the market had been looked for with the keenest excitement, and the quotations soon spread into the villages. The cultivators never met a European official without eagerly inquiring the latest news from America, and thus incidentally the minds of the whole people had been opened to the vast importance of both Europe and America and the dependence of all countries on each other. The great

influx of Europeans into India in all branches of enterprise, and unconnected with Government, though it had its attendant evils, undoubtedly on the whole did good.

"The undertakings which were set on foot throughout the country associated natives and Europeans together in the common bond of self-interest. There is a tendency for the stronger to overpower the weaker race, but laws are stronger than either; and there is and has been, in the highest quarters, a thorough determination to do justice between the races, without fear or favour.

In its administration.

"In the departments of *administration*, the Government itself was setting the example of activity. It was preparing steadily for the permanent settlement of the Land Revenue, a measure which by its results would constitute a new era, and advance alike the prosperity of natives and Europeans. The reforms in the judicial department were so extensive, and the improvements daily demanded by the European voice were so many and refined, that a result little expected would ensue, viz. the increased admission of natives to both bar and bench.

"The revenues of India could never meet the demands of the judicial reformers if the English element were to be increased.

Its material prosperity.

"The *material prosperity* of the country was being yearly developed in an astonishing manner by the progress of the great system of railroads, opening up new parts of the country, bringing produce to new markets, equalizing prices, diminishing famine, and leading natives to travel.

"The very merit of pilgrimages was being smoothed away. *Education* was both impelling and being impelled by all these changes. There was a perfect avidity for learning English. Self-interest, as usual, was at the bottom of it.

"Sir Herbert remembered, some years ago, a native

pupil in the Peshâwur Mission School writing in his copy-book that 'Knowledge was the root of all money;' and nowadays knowledge of English is found to be the root of all employment in the judicial and railway departments.

"At present, the Bengalees, having got the start in education, were profiting by the demand for natives who can read and write English. In Sir Herbert's own district of Umballa, the American missionaries had opened a night school, to give instruction in English to adults after all the labours of the day, and amongst the pupils were middle-aged Government officials, trying to keep up with the age.

Religious movement in the country.

"And, lastly, as to the *religions* of the country, both Mohammedans and Hindoos were agitated by reforming movements, though of widely different character. The Mohammedan reform was an aggressive movement. Its authors were the Wahâbees, who strove to revive the Korân in all its strictness and bigotry. They called on the Moslem to lay aside all worship of saints and relics; to cease to attribute to them the powers of healing and of miracles, which belonged only to the One Creator; and to draw off from all connection with infidels.

"This latter doctrine is aimed at the English, and has already produced much political trouble. A Crescentade has been preached throughout the villages of Bengal; hundreds of disciples have been deluded into leaving their country, and going to a Wahâbee colony in Afghanistan, beyond the British border; thence to make attacks upon the British Government at feasible moments, and unsettle the mind of India. The Hindoo reformers, the Brahma Somaj, were not actuated by hostility to the English. On the contrary, they had learnt from the English to reform manners and customs, reject caste and many obnoxious usages. So earnest are they, that they send out their ablest men to Madras and Bombay to spread the movement; and though

they do not admit that they have drawn their inspiration from anywhere but their own ancient books, Sir Herbert considered it the greatest homage to Christianity that had yet been paid in India.

"On the whole, Sir Herbert regarded the activity of thought now to be seen in India as most hopeful for mission work. Efforts should be doubled, not relaxed, at such a crisis; and education, both religious and secular, should be helped by all as a powerful agency for good. He hoped and believed we might all live to see Christianity indigenous in India." Hopeful aspects.

It will be interesting to trace, as far as possible, the occupations and subjects of thought that employed Sir Herbert's time after his return home in this short while that remains.

To a relative, whose son had just entered Sandhurst, he writes a letter that may interest other boys:—

"My dear ——

"I am very glad to see that your son has come out nineteenth out of eighty-nine successful candidates for Sandhurst. May this, please God, be a happy omen for his career as a soldier! Now is the time to press upon him that, in the long run, 'high commands and staff posts' fall to officers who have *studied their profession and cultivated their minds.* Hints to a young boy on studying for the army.

"English pluck and knowledge of routine regimental duties suffice only to carry a man through his service like a gentleman. He must lay in a store of higher qualifications if he aspires, as I hope he does, to be distinguished among the able and useful of his day. The prizes of military life are nowadays twofold—military commands and civil governments in the colonies and dependencies of the Crown. The wise thing is, therefore, *firstly*, to make a study of the profession of a soldier while in the way of it

at a military college, with a military library and museum at command; not to be content with the regular course of the lecture rooms, but to read and make notes of the best works in the library on the art of war. He is going into the Infantry, I suppose; but an officer can never shine in *command* of any force, however small, of all arms unless he has studied the *working* of all arms separately and together —guns, cavalry, and infantry; for on making the best use of all three *combined*, the completeness of success against an enemy depends.

"And, secondly (when the above has been done, and a sound and broad *military* foundation laid), to make a habit of cultivating the mind in the 'direction of *civil and political life*,' by reading at leisure times some good works on political economy, the *principles* of law, international law, constitutional history, history of modern Europe, histories of the colonies, etc., and making notes of them.

"Every modern language which he can pick up is so much future usefulness; but in any European war no officer can shine who does not master French so as to be able to act with Frenchmen, either as allies or enemies. A first staff-appointment may depend upon this one acquisition.

"And if nothing else should come of these studies, H—— will find himself, in any position of life, an accomplished and useful man, able to understand and enter into the questions of his own country and time.

"As a minor matter, it occurs to me that few English officers know anything of *the use of their swords*. They are supposed to learn it, but it is perfunctorily and insufficiently done, and nine out of ten in a *mêlée* use their sword as they would an oak stick. Most European continental officers are 'masters of fence,' and so are most savage and Oriental races. Learning to fence scientifically and use the single-stick as an instrument now may some day save an arm or a leg, if not life.

"I have heard that there is a good deal of vicious life going on at Sandhurst. May H—— have that within him which will enable him to pass through it unscathed, like a Christian soldier and a gentleman! . . .

"Yours ever,

"HERBERT B. EDWARDES."

The following are some of Sir Herbert's thoughts on dreams—

"If dreams be *echoes* of our hearts, they tell a sad tale—the utter mastery of the seen over the unseen. They are filled with the present and the past, and give little room to the hereafter. 'The blessed household countenances' recur again and again: some cleansed from the dishonours of the grave, some in bright youth; some rosy and happy, some pale and sad. The good men with whom we are working; the bad men with whom we are fighting; the incidents of our daily lot—triumphs, humiliations, desires, and disappointments,—all come up before us; not quite truly, perhaps, but spectrally, projected in long shadows along the moonlit brain, yet all unmistakably our own. Let the kaleidoscope change as it will, each figure is made up of the same dozen bits of stained glass and two straws of our present life. And where, all the while, is our faith? Where are the amazing certainties of the world beyond? Are they indeed certainties to us? Or have we as yet only tentatively sketched them on our hearts in pale pencil outline? Surely, if we had filled them in with a rapture of azure and silver and gold, we should often see them shining through the night."

Sir Herbert had not been at home long when there came a fresh call to work, but in a different form. A very dear sister of Sir John Lawrence (Mrs. Hayes), who had taken charge of all his family in England, died quite unex-

pectedly, and Sir John telegraphed to Sir Herbert on the 26th of November, "Will you go and live at Southgate House and take charge of my children?" And the telegraph took back his reply, "Keep your mind at ease; I will take charge for you." Letters explained in due course that unless he could do so Lady Lawrence must return to England to look after her children. Sir Herbert's chivalry rose to the occasion, and he accepted at once the call to benefit his friend, at whatever sacrifice of his own plans and intentions. Arrangements were made to give up his own house, and Sir Herbert and Lady Edwardes removed to Southgate, and took on themselves the care of a family of six children.

Before leaving Eastbourne to take up his abode at Southgate, Sir Herbert took part in the week of prayer at the beginning of the new year, and his address may be given.

"My friends, this is a happy day for us, a happy harbinger for the opening year. . . . We have here various sections of the Protestant Church. The Christian flock is not yet gathered into one fold, but in scattered numbers roams at large over the pastures of God's Word, seeking its food where it wills, in Christian liberty.

"I am not one of those who expect it ever to be otherwise till our Lord comes again, and 'there shall be one flock and one shepherd.'

"But though *externally* there is much division, *internally* there is, I venture to say, more unity. And it is a comfort to think that the external divisions will one day perish, but the internal unity will endure for ever. All Protestant Christians hold their articles of belief in common; and owning one common Head, the Lord Jesus Christ, they have at all times a basis on which they can meet together. That basis is united prayer.

"And surely it must be well pleasing to God, and will not go without His blessing, that not only here, but in hundreds of towns and villages in England, and in many parts of the world besides, this second week of the new

year sees Christians of all denominations lifting up their hands together in the Christian fellowship of united prayer. May it tend, when the week has passed away, to a lasting increase of brotherly love and kindness.

"The two subjects chosen for this opening day are 'Acknowledgments of divine mercies' and 'Confession of sins.' And most appropriate they are to the occasion; for it is impossible for any Christian, of any station in life, to approach his heavenly Father's throne and not find the outer courts strewn over with his own sins and the mercies of God. Over those sharp, thorny memories, what bleeding human foot could make its way, had not the bleeding hands of our Saviour covered them softly over with the ever-springing, everlasting flowers of Atonement, Pardon, and Peace?

"And now let us settle with ourselves, in the first place, what are 'mercies?' for we are apt to be very indistinct, and perhaps rebellious, in this matter.

"Do we call 'mercies' all that has gone smooth with us in life for body and soul; all the health, and happiness, and prosperity, and honour, and peace which have been showered on us; all, in short, of God's dealings with us which we *liked?* Or have we got the length of admitting also to be 'mercies' all the trials and chastisements which have been put upon us? Have we experienced yet that 'whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth,' and that 'though no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, nevertheless, *afterwards* it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby'?

"An old writer (Flavel) quaintly says, 'Providence is like a curious piece of tapestry, made up of a thousand shreds, which single we know not what to make of, but put together and stitched up orderly they represent a beautiful history to the eye.' If we look back in this spirit on the wondrously complex pattern of our lives, we shall this day

include in our acknowledgment of God's mercies the *whole* of His dealings with us—all the blessings He has given, all the blessings He has taken away, all the blessings He has withheld, all the chastisements He has commanded, all the trials He has permitted, the day and the night, the sunshine and the storm, from our childhood until now.

"Let us remember, too, that God's mercies are shown to *nations* collectively as well as to individuals, and that no country in all the world has been more graciously and mercifully dealt with than our dear old England—'merrie England,' as our fathers called it—this great, free, and prosperous England, and, with all its sins of infidelity and idolatry, we may surely still say this *Christian* England. So let us heartily thank God for our good Queen and country, and pray that God's mercies may still rest upon them, and shield us in the evil days that are coming on the earth.

"And now, what of our sins? They, too, are both *national* and *individual*, and both have mighty need to be confessed. But as the special subject for one of our days of prayer is the temporal and spiritual welfare of nations, we shall be better able to-day to limit ourselves (if the word 'limit' may be used) to the sins of our own individual hearts.

"What a theme! Who is there in this room who can count them or number the sands upon the Eastbourne beach? Not only can human tongue never tell them, but human memory is too weak to recall them, and perhaps human conscience has been too dull to feel them all. The last great day alone can call them up in full array in the light of truth—in their full enormity before the mirror of holiness.

Isa. i. 18. "But whether at that solemn judgment-day our shame shall still be 'as scarlet,' or shall be 'white as snow,' 'red like crimson,' or 'be as wool,' depends upon the reality of

our present sense of guilt, the sincerity of our contrition, and the simple faith with which we come to Him 'who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood.'

"Let us, then, to-day dwell on these two solemn thoughts —God's mercies, and our own sins—so that, having made one common confession, and realized one common forgiveness, we may pass on with humble and thankful hearts to the other subjects of united prayer which have been chosen for the rest of the week."

Thus began the year 1866, which was spent at Southgate House, earnestly engaged and interesting himself with the work he had undertaken, hoping still to find some leisure in which to finish the life of Sir Henry, in which he had been already so often hindered. But Sir Herbert felt very happy in being useful to his friend Lord Lawrence, and in easing his arduous public duties as Governor-General by relieving him of anxiety about his children, and at the same time enabling him to keep his wife by his side. Sir John wrote—

"We would decide definitely that Lady Lawrence goes home in February or March, 1867; then, what we want is to make some effective and trustworthy arrangement for the interval between this time and April, 1867."

Sir John writes—

"It was an immense satisfaction to us all to get your telegram with the intimation that you would take charge of the children. I am very anxious that my wife should stay out here for another year, when, please God, she and the girls will go home and relieve you both."

And the wife writes—

"How can we ever thank you, our kind friends, for enabling us to be together for this year?"

In March, Sir Herbert received from her Majesty's

Government, "as a reward for distinguished and meritorious service, a good service pension of £100 a year."

Although Sir Herbert's strength was not restored, he was often asked to speak for different good causes, to which he gladly gave his testimony. And in this year we find he pleaded at Enfield for the London City Mission, and took the chair at a meeting, February 28, 1866. We add a condensed outline of his address.

"My friends, I have much pleasure in taking the chair at this meeting, because I am convinced that (1) the institution is urgently needed; (2) that it is admirably adapted to its purpose; (3) that it is our duty, both as Englishmen and as Christians, to help to extend its usefulness.

"The need of the City Mission consists in this, that the population of London and its suburbs has reached to about three millions; and that I believe there are not churches and chapels enough to allow ten per cent. of these three millions to attend public worship.

"The result is, that masses of the people, and those chiefly the poor, never see the inside of a church or chapel; while the clergy, of all Protestant denominations put together, are too few to visit them in their homes.

"The consequence of this exclusion (partly voluntary, partly compulsory) from all religious influences is an amount of infidelity, godlessness, vice, crime, and unnecessary misery which, if it could be dragged to light and collected into one spot, would appal the heart of the stoutest patriot, and melt the heart of every Christian Englishman. The plague among our cattle is comparatively as nothing to the moral plague among our people.

The London City Mission.

"The London City Mission was founded thirty years ago to supply some remedy to this tremendous evil. And any one who looks into its records will satisfy himself, as

I have done, that it is most admirably suited to its purpose.

"Its declared object is 'to extend the knowledge of the Gospel among the inhabitants of London and its vicinity (especially the poor), without any reference to denominational distinctions.' And to effect this it is employing 395 missionaries, in visiting from house to house, reading the Scriptures, holding meetings, urging those who are living in the neglect of religion to observe the Lord's day and attend public worship, distributing tracts, getting Scriptural education for the children, visiting the sick and dying in their homes and hospitals, etc.

"These missionaries are chosen from any Protestant denomination. They are forbidden to hold controversies of any kind, and they act in the most catholic spirit, seeking to make no recruits for this or that sect, or church, or chapel, but winning souls to Christ alone.

"The very committee of the society consists of an equal number of Churchmen and Dissenters.

"And no tracts but those of the Religious Tract Society (which is founded on the same unsectarian model) are allowed to be distributed without special order.

"The consequence of this admirable organization has been *eminent success*. Every one who knows it feels a confidence in the working of the Mission. . . ."

(The statistics are omitted as useless for the present, at this distance of time.)

"Now, when we find a society labouring on these broad Christian principles and effecting these practical results, it is both a duty and a pleasure to every Christian man, and every one who has the general weal at heart, to help to extend its usefulness; for its usefulness is only limited by its means.

"I find from the last year's report that though the

missionaries paid more than two million visits in the year in the districts assigned to them, they have left more than one-half of the accessible portions of the people unvisited for want of means.

"The work, in fact, is as yet only *half done*. What is wanted, therefore, is to double the income of the London City Mission.

"It is our duty as Englishmen to make these efforts, because every godless member of the community who can be brought under religious influence is a public gain.

"You see it in a small village or a small street. What a pest is one single drunkard or bad character of any kind! How he disturbs all his neighbours! He is like the dead fly in the apothecary's ointment. But when it is not a single godless man, but *thousands* of such characters, we know that the whole metropolis must be poisoned by them, and that the peace and security of society is endangered.

"But let the city missionary once gain the ear of such men—search them out in the haunts of vice, and bring them the fearful news that they have an undying soul, and the glad tidings that they have a risen Saviour—and straightway the men are changed; they arise "clothed and in their right mind," and go forth to honest labour as sober, industrious, God-fearing citizens, useful to their families and neighbours, and the strength and pride of their country.

"Not only is this our duty and interest as Englishmen, it is, above all, our duty as Christians.

"When John the Baptist sent messengers to our Saviour to ask, 'Art thou He that should come, or look we for another?' our Lord pointed to His works—'how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to *the poor the gospel is preached*.' If, therefore, we desire to be faithful servants of our Lord and Master, and to carry on that work of His

upon the earth which He pronounced to be divine, we must not rest content with administering of our abundance to the temporal wants of our fellow-countrymen, but must add to all our other works of charity this crowning grace of love, that '*the poor have the gospel preached to them.*'

"Eighteen hundred years ago this was the highest proof of the true Christ, and still it remains the highest office of the true Christian."

Address on the same subject given in the drawing-room at Southgate House, July 26, 1866.

Real poverty.

"What strikes me in all the reports of the City Mission work is the enormous mass of poverty which stands revealed to us in London. I don't mean ordinary poverty, comparative poverty, poverty which only butters its bread on one side, or picturesque poverty which grows roses over a decent cottage door, but downright have-nothing-at-all poverty, utter destitution, whose highest decency is rags, and whose daily life, from the cradle to the grave, is want, and beggary, and crime.

What is the meaning of it?

"What is the meaning of it? Why should there be all this wretchedness in the very metropolis of a country whose commerce is said to add seventy or eighty millions sterling annually to the accumulated wealth of England?

"Is this the legitimate issue of our boasted nineteenth century civilization? *Must* wealth be distributed with such fearful inequality? Can it be that the rich as a class have no sympathy for the poor? Will the poor not be helped? Is it all hopeless and inevitable? Has God Himself ruled that His own image should be thus defaced in the souls and bodies of so many of His creatures? No; I will never believe it!

"There are mysteries in God's government of the world which the deep sea-bed of man's philosophy cannot fathom, and *poverty* is one of them.

"More than three thousand years ago God said, 'The poor shall never cease out of the land;' * and they never have, and surely never will.

"Probably the truth lies hid in the parable of Lazarus and Dives: that this world is not the end; that another world of final recompense and award awaits us all; and that meanwhile poverty and riches are our respective states of trial.

"The same text that says 'the poor shall never cease out of the land,' adds, '*therefore*, I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thy hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy, in thy land.'

Psa. ix. 18. "And the Psalmist says, 'For the needy shall not alway be forgotten: the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever.'

"But it is one thing to be poor, and another to be abject. It is one thing to get one's bread by the honest sweat of one's brow, and another not to get it at all, or if at all, dishonestly. It is one thing to live in a two-roomed cottage and come to church on Sundays in a smock-frock or a linsey gown, and another to sleep under the dry arch of a bridge or on the step of a door with fever for a blanket, and never to have heard the name of God except in a curse.

"Yet *this* is the kind of poverty of which the City Mission tells us in the heart of London; and we cannot but feel as we hear it that this is *not* the kind of poverty that a God of love agrees to, or is likely to forget, but is the kind of poverty in which He sympathises, and of which He will one day say, 'Inasmuch as ye did it *not* to one of the least of these, ye did it not to *me*.'

What is to be done? "What, then, is to be done? Is this a poverty and a

* Deut. xv. 11. B.C. 1451
A.D. 1866

Total 3317 years ago.

misery which can be satisfactorily dealt with by the Poor Law and the relieving officer?

"There are already thirty thousand indoor paupers in the workhouses of London. Shall we build more workhouses and take in more paupers? I believe that this would not touch the evil. I believe that if the hearts of all the wealthy men in London were moved to take sacks of gold and empty them in these alleys, and cellars, and garrets, it would not meet the case, though it would palliate it for a moment.

"Time was when the Christian Church was in its infancy, and, from the smallness of its numbers, was capable of easy organization and close union; 'when all that believed were together, and had all things common, and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need.'

"But now the Church has spread over Europe and the world; the simplicity of faith has been destroyed by numbers and by differences of opinion; and in our own country especially, a civilization has grown up so complex, so superficial, and so hybrid in its mixture of Christianity and utter worldliness, that all hope of common action is at an end; and it remains for 'those who believe' not simply to think of the wants of the Christian poor, but of a poorer poor, who, down in the depths of their degradation, like men lost in the shaft of some old mine, feel nothing of earth around them but what is hard and rugged, and above them scarce catch a glimpse of heaven and hope. Misery.

"The very pinch and horror of this poverty is its spiritual darkness and desertion; and however right, and kind, and good it is to do what we can to relieve their bodily wants, the root of the matter lies in awakening and elevating their souls. Spiritual darkness.

"I don't know if you were ever struck with our Saviour's remedy for poverty, in Matt. xi. 5, where, in proof of the The only remedy.

divinity of His mission, He adduces His treatment of human sorrows and calamities. 'The blind,' He says, 'receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the *poor*'—what of the poor? The opposite of poverty is wealth; but He does not say, 'The poor are made rich.' He says something of far deeper meaning: 'The poor have the gospel preached to them.'

"There was one of those rays of light with which Christianity broke in upon the darkness and hopelessness of heathen philosophy. Good tidings for the poor!

"I believe, then, that this City Mission has got hold of the true Scripture principle, and is labouring at the root of the mass of poverty and godless ignorance which is festering in the very heart of our country—a reproach and a danger to Christian England, and a dishonour to God, who has given us both prosperity and light.

A danger. "I say 'a danger,' and I think the events which have been going on in London during the present week throw a light upon this side of the question which we must be blind to overlook.

"The income of the City Mission so decreased last year that twenty-four missionaries had to be struck off, and Lord Shaftesbury, in alluding to this reduction at the annual meeting of the society in London, on May 3, declared that those twenty-four missionaries did more to keep the metropolis in order than twenty-four thousand soldiers. And now, at the end of July, we are, unhappily, better able to see the truth and the wisdom of his lordship's views. The riots are political riots; but the applicants of an extension suffrage say they have not been the rioters. The rioters, they say, are the scum of the back-slums of London.

"In other words, they are the classes to whom the City Mission would send missionaries by fifties, if it had the funds. And I cannot but think that to find these funds is

becoming not only a matter of Christian duty, but of patriotism and public safety.

"Depend upon it, there is nothing in physical force, whether police or military, which can restrain crime and lawlessness as effectually as religion in the heart.

The Bible the mainstay of social order.

"One of the saddest features of our day is the spread of infidelity and attacks upon the Bible. Should the Bible ever really lose its hold upon the people of England, the bonds, not simply of the Protestant Church, but of social order and civil liberty, will be dissolved. No negative unauthorized morality can hold a community together. Selfishness will soon break loose; it will be every man for himself, and every institution of the country must go down before vice, licentiousness, and cruelty, as it did in France in the great Revolution. The struggle which underlies the whole question, not only of maintaining the City Mission, but every other society for the spread of the gospel, is the old struggle which will end only at Armageddon, the struggle for mastery between Good and Evil, Truth and Falsehood, Peace or Anarchy, God or Satan.

And England's struggle.

True patriotism.

"By every motive, then, which can actuate a patriot or a Christian, I would urge you from this day forth to take a new and redoubled interest in the London City Mission. Enlarge your sympathy with misery and ignorance. Remember who it was who sympathized with *us;* who bore *our* sorrows; with whose stripes *we* are healed; whose name we bear; whose compassionate example we are pledged to follow; and who has given us a message of forgiving love to deliver to His weakest, poorest, and most rebellious creatures."

Christ's example.

In May, 1866, he spoke in Exeter Hall, at a meeting of the Church Missionary Society, on the subject of 'The prospect of triumph of Christianity in India.' It is spoken of thus: "The most telling address of the day was by that gallant soldier

and devoted Christian, Sir Herbert Edwardes, who vindicated, amidst enthusiastic applause, the character of the missionaries in India and the success of missions, and warmly advocated the appointment of native bishops over the native Churches." Colonel Sir H. B. Edwardes said—

"My Lord,—The resolution which I have been asked now to move is as follows: 'That the speedy triumph of Christianity in British India becomes every day more hopeful, if the proclamation of the gospel be viewed in connection with the momentous changes which are going forward in the political, social, and intellectual habits of the people.' And though I could wish that I had more strength to do justice to so great a subject, I assure you that I undertake the duty with the greatest pleasure—firstly, because it is well that from time to time the earnest Christian community of this country should hear from competent eye-witnesses (and more especially, if possible, from laymen) how the work of missions is progressing; and, secondly, because, in my judgment, the words of this resolution most happily and truthfully describe the present situation in India.

"The battle of India has now been fought. Clive's battle of Plassey, in 1757, founded the British Empire; but it was not completed till the Sepoy War of 1857, and the total reorganization of the native army and increase of the European army, which succeeded that great effort to expel us. All ranks, from the Rajah to the mercenary soldier; all classes, from the millionaire banker to the tiller of the soil; all creeds—Hindoo, Mohammedan, Parsee, native Christian and European Christian—alike feel this to be the case, and act upon it; some with disappointment, some with relief, some with fear, some with hope, but all with a new impulse and conviction.

"The native chiefs are now busy in securing or extending their rights under English title-deeds. The military

classes see their occupation slipping away, and are betaking themselves to other callings.

"Capital, of which the timidity is proverbial (and which we have just seen spreading its affrighted wings in Ireland at the approach of Fenianism), has unlocked its hoards in India since 1857, and is trading no longer village with village and province with province, but with all the countries of the world. And what is to be noted is the novel association of natives and Europeans in large schemes of commerce, which forms a new bond of union.

"One of the most marked results of an assured state of peace is the extraordinary struggle for land which is now going on in India, as if the whole population were animated by an instinct to take root, and perceived that it must be done now or never. Every squatter of unquiet times is now engaged in obtaining from the English courts a title derived from occupation; every old proprietor, who had left the paternal acres to go off soldiering at native courts, is now reappearing at his home, and spending his last rupee in trying to oust the squatter and establish a title from hereditary right. Every tenant-at-will is trying to convert himself into a landlord, and every landlord is trying to evict his tenant-at-will. The struggle is intensified by two classes—the native merchants and bankers and the European settler. The native merchant, like the merchant in England, desires the status in the country which land carries with it; and the European settler, believing in a prosperous and peaceful future, wants land for tea, coffee, sugar, cotton, flax, and indigo, and calls on the Government of India to redeem the land-tax in perpetuity, that there may be no fetters on his enterprise.

"Then we have the telegraph from every corner of India to the three capitals, and from the capitals to Europe, spreading intelligence, encouraging enterprise, awakening human sympathies, and carrying with it political education.

"The great system of railroads projected under the East India Company is now rapidly approaching development in the union of all the capitals with each other and with the farthest frontiers, bringing province into communication with province in a way unknown before to the stagnant East, and raising the prices of all agricultural produce for the benefit of the people, while it places in the hands of Government a fresh security for peace throughout the empire.

"New works of irrigation are increasing year by year the area of cultivation. Great public works are raising the demand for labour; so that one of the most thickly populated countries in the world can no longer afford to send coolies to the Mauritius or the West Indies, but wants every man at home.

"I do not expatiate upon these changes which are going on in the political life of India. I do but hastily marshal them before you. You are well able to think them out for yourselves; and all I ask you to realize is, that the great Mutiny of 1857 fell like a landslip from the mountains across the current of British power; that, by God's help, the dammed-up flood rose and rose till it prevailed, and, clearing its way through piled-up rock and forest, scattered them in broken splinters over the land, and is now flowing on in broader, deeper, swifter streams than ever of fertility, progress, and civilization.

"Let us now turn and see what changes are going on in the 'social and intellectual habits of the people.' They are so intertwined together that I will not attempt to separate them. The great fact that stands out from all others is this, that Western education has begun to tell at last upon the Eastern mind; and that, after centuries of stagnation, it may now be said joyfully of the intellect of India, as the hearty English crowd shouted the other day at the launch of the *Northumberland*, 'She's off! She's off!'

"In using the term 'Western education,' I speak advisedly, in order to include education of all kinds, secular and religious, that given by the State and that given by missionary societies. It is estimated that there are in all 30,000,000 of children in India who should be at school; and the Government statistics for 1863–64 show that, in all India, the number of pupils in strictly Government institutions in that year was 209,142; besides whom, 92,838 pupils were in Halquabundi, or village-circle schools under Government inspection; making a total of 301,980. Add to these upwards of 100,000 in missionary schools, and we get a grand total of more than 400,000 pupils under the influence of Western education, secular and religious. This seems very little out of 30,000,000 children; but it is as large as the leaven which raises a baking of bread. After all, it is only a small knot of thinkers who ever raise their country out of ignorance. And what we have to look to is not so much the number of the scholars as the kind of ideas which are being taught and spread abroad in the country.

"Now, what are the ideas of the educated natives of the day? Let us take the Hindoos, for they are nine-tenths of the population of India, are the most thoughtful race, and are doubtless the race through whom India will be regenerated.

"It may surprise many of you—but no one who knows the India of to-day will deny what I now state—that a school of thoughtful and proselytizing reformers has sprung up, who are actively engaged in what they call the reformation of Hindooism. The points on which they mainly insist are —renunciation of idolatry and polytheism, and adoption of a pure Deism; abolition of caste; abolition of polygamy; abolition of infant marriages; female education, and general introduction of women into society; purity of morals.

"A still more advanced school have a dawning consciousness that even Deism is but a halting-place, and real

reformers must push on to a higher faith. The centre of all this movement has been the association called the Brahmo Somâj in Calcutta; and what marks the vitality of their impulse is their missionary zeal. The Brahmo Somâj are most active proselytizers, and have sent missionaries of their own to the other two capitals of India to preach the reformation they have in hand. To bring home to you what is thus being done, I will read to you, from the *Missionary News* of April 14, the covenant which is subscribed by every Hindoo who joins the movement at Madras:—

"'1. I shall worship through love of Him, and the performance of the work He loveth, the Supreme Being, the Creator, Preserver, the Destroyer, the Giver of Salvation, the Omniscient, the Omnipotent, the Blissful, the Good, the Formless, the only one without a second, and none of the created objects, subject to the following conditions:—

"'2. I shall labour to compose and gradually bring into practice a ritual agreeable to the spirit of pure Theism, and free from the superstitions and absurdities'—[mark, these are not my words, they are the words of the Hindoos themselves]—'which at present characterize Hindoo ceremonies.

"'3. In the mean time I shall observe the ceremonies now in use, but only in cases where ceremonies are indispensable, as in marriages and funerals, or where their omission will do more violence to the feelings of Hindoo community than is consistent with the proper interests of the Veda Somâj, as in Sradhas. And I shall go through such ceremonies, where they are not conformable to pure Theism, as mere matters of routine, destitute of all religious significance, as a lifeless remains of a superstition which has passed away.

"'4. This sacrifice, and this only, shall I make to existing prejudices. But I shall never endeavour to deceive

any one as to my religious opinions, and never stoop to equivocation or hypocrisy in order to avoid unpopularity.' [By the way, it would be well if some of our teachers of new things would conform to this rule; but there is a monstrous difference in their practice. As you read them, they warm up and warm up, and, as the boys say, they get hotter and hotter in approaching the secret of their belief; but just as you think they are about to tell you what they mean, and what creed they are proposing to build up out of the ruins of your faith, they elude your grasp, disappear under a cloud of words, and their opinions remain as incomprehensible as ever. The covenant goes on to say—]

"'5. I shall discard all sectarian views and animosities, and never offer any encouragement to them.

"'6. I shall, as a first step, give up all distinctions, and amalgamate the different branches of the same caste.

"'7. Rigidly as I shall adhere to all these rules, I shall be perfectly tolerant to the views of strangers, and never intentionally give offence to their feelings.

"'8. I shall never violate the duties and virtues of humanity, justice, veracity, temperance, and chastity.' [There is a catalogue of virtues for you.]

"'9. I shall never hold or attend or pay for nautches [that is, native dances], or otherwise hold out encouragement for prostitution.

"'10. I shall encourage and promote, to the best of my power, the re-marriage of widows, and discourage early marriages.

"'11. I shall never be guilty of bigamy or polygamy.

"'12. I shall grant my aid towards the issue, in the vernaculars, of elementary prayer-books and religious tracts, and also of a monthly journal, whose chief object shall be to improve the social and moral condition of the community.

"'13. I shall advance the cause of general and female education and enlightenment, and particularly in my own family circle.

"'14. I shall study the Sanskrit language and its literature (especially theological), and promote the cultivation of it by means not calculated to promote superstition.

"'To-day, being the —— day of the month of —— of the Kalyabda ——, I hereby embrace the faith of the Veda Somâj, and in witness thereof I set my hand to this.'

"Nor are these movements entirely confined to the Brahmo Somâj and its branches. The very last mails from India have brought us accounts of a petition having been presented to the Bengal Government, praying for the emancipation of the 'females of Bengal from the pains, cruelties, and attendant crimes of the debasing custom of polygamy.' This petition was signed by twenty-one thousand Hindoos, among whom, says the *Friend of India*, 'are the highest in rank, learning, wealth, and sanctity in Bengal.' Every question connected with the degraded state of woman in India is just now being thoroughly canvassed by the natives themselves; and I doubt not that some decided movement like this against polygamy will soon be made against infant marriages.

"Last year, Lord Shaftesbury, whose sympathies are as warm for the people of India as for those of his own country, invited to dinner all the native gentlemen who were in London studying for the bar or the civil service of India. And you little know the sacrifices they have made in doing so; for every one who has the courage to cross the seas becomes, by that act, an outcast from the rest of his countrymen. Some of them brought the ladies of their family. Altogether, perhaps, there may have been twelve or fourteen.

"Lord Shaftesbury's object was to let them see the better side of English social life, and not merely what might be

picked up at Cremorne or such places. I had the pleasure of being present; and certainly it was a most instructive scene. Some of the native gentlemen were Parsees, some Brahmins, some of other Hindoo sects. I don't think there were any Mohammedans. One was a native Christian from Ceylon, just called to the English bar; and he brought with him his wife, an English lady. They all joined in the English meal—that seems nothing to you, but to me it was the most wonderful sight that I ever saw—without one thought of caste, and conversed in English like well-educated and enlightened men.

"I particularly questioned them as to the effect on their minds of their stay in England; and they said that, one by one, their views had changed on almost every point. But they dwelt chiefly and earnestly on the evils of domestic life in India, and implored all who had influence to move the Legislature to abolish polygamy and infant marriages, and educate the women.

"Now, each of these young men will go back to India, either as a barrister or a civil servant, with all the prestige of learning and position; and every one of them will be practically a missionary of civilization, preparing the minds of his countrymen for Christianity. The Parsees of Bombay are carrying on very similar reforms in their own body. The Mohammedans still remain the most difficult to move, and they are in danger of dropping into the rear and being left behind in all departments by the educated Hindoos. Still, here and there we hear of some Mohammedan like Safdar Ali, who has the courage to inquire for himself, and become a Christian.

"The last mail mentions two incidents of great independence among Mohammedans. The first is the establishment of female schools throughout his territory by the Nawab of Rampore, in Rohilkund; and the second is the prayer for the royal family being offered up (it is

believed for the first time in India) in the great mosque at Lahore, in the name of Queen Victoria. Belonging as I do to the Punjab province, I am glad that this act of loyalty was done at Lahore.

"I alluded just now to a more advanced school of Hindoo reformers than the Brahmo Somâj of Calcutta, or the Veda Somâj at Madras, as a school who feel that Deism, though a step in advance of Polytheism, is no resting-place for the soul. The best illustration I can give of this is an extract from the *Indu Prakash*, a native Bombay newspaper, which is, to my mind, full of pathos, and seems to me like a cry from the very edge of the bottomless pit. It comes from the very heart of a great people, from whose eyes the veil has fallen, and they find themselves without God in the world.

"'We are not despising the young Babu's teachings' [that is, the missionary sent by the Brahmo Somâj], 'who so recently electrified us out of our five senses' [you see how soon they catch our European slang] 'by his fervid eloquence in the Town Hall. Let us lay his burning words to heart, and let them there rekindle our convictions of truths, moral and spiritual, so that we can take no rest until we realize them in our lives individually, and, so far as practicable, socially. Let us examine ourselves conscientiously, that we may make certain of the sincerity of our convictions, and that we may make certain that we are not restrained by moral cowardice, but by the just sense only of what is safe and practicable in the glorious cause of social and religious reform.

"'We must allow that there is something deficient in the progress of Bombay. We abound in wealth, in philanthropy, and in public spirit. Education has spread widely, and the educated exert great influence. Some, indeed, of our educated fellow-citizens, who have only their brains to depend on, enjoy greater influence in Bombay than the greatest wealth can by itself command.

"'Above all, there is a widespread hatred of caste; and yet it is clear that we must still despair of any widespread movement against caste and idolatry. This must be due to some weakness in our convictions. This is proved also by the very anxiety we exhibit to make the anti-caste movement general. We will not move unless others move with us. Now, if our convictions were stronger, they would be the only support we should require; our consciences would force us to throw up caste, regardless of consequences, and, acting for ourselves alone, and not forcing a social change on our fellow-countrymen against their wishes, no mischief would result to the community.

"'Very strangely, too, we daily see Hindoos of every caste becoming Christians and devoted "missionaries of the Cross."' [Some people say we never see this; the natives, you see, tell a different tale.] 'They make an infinitely greater personal sacrifice than we, as Hindoo reformers, are called upon to make. They give up Hindooism and their lives, to protesting against it without any compromise; and they do it in spite of every family tie, and the active hatred sure to be excited against themselves for their apostasy. But they cannot help themselves. Truth, or what they believe to be truth, is dearer to them than all the tender sanctities of parent, husband, wife, and child, than all the happiness of life, than very life itself. Strange that there should be such a difference between men of the same race, tongue, and caste! We begin to recognize this difference, and to inquire anxiously for its cause. It is evident that these men, who are so brave and single-minded for what they believe to be the truth, receive a new faith for the faith which education has destroyed within them.

"'On the other hand, education provided by the State simply destroys Hindooism; it gives nothing in its place. It is founded on the benevolent principle of non-interference with religion, but in reality it is *the negation of God in life.*

It is forgotten that, while interference in Christian countries would be a tyranny, in an idolatrous country education itself is interference with the established religion.

"'Christians, holding a faith pure and rational in its essentials, may receive the highest education, and be only the more confirmed in their faith and more tolerant of each other's minor differences. But education must destroy idolatry, and the State education of India, benevolent in its idea, practically teaches Atheism. It leaves its victims faithless. Our young men are, many of them, forced by it into the unhappy position of the sceptics and infidels of Europe.

"'Well may the reorganization of society seem impossible under such circumstances. As soon as this is generally perceived and felt, the cry will go up to England, "Father, Father, give us faith!" Knowledge alone does not suffice for men, nor material prosperity, nor good government; the things of this life are fleeting, the life to come is eternal; and men and nations can only be happy in recognizing and acting righteously on this divine fact. Without faith life is without aim, death without hope, and there can be neither individual happiness nor national greatness. If England will not hear our cry, and, indeed, anticipate it, then will the shriek go up to our Father in heaven, "Father, Father, give us faith!"'

"Now, my Lord, I think it will readily be admitted that here are proofs, in the language of the resolution before us, that 'momentous changes are going forward in the social and intellectual habits of the people.' And what I wish to ask of this assembly is, whence do they spring, and whither are they leading the people of India? I maintain that from Christianity they come, and in Christianity they will find their consummation. I do not deny that the secular education imparted by the State has had a large share in this good work, as well as direct missionary labour.

But what is the secular education of the nineteenth century? It is an amalgam of ancient learning, modern science, and Christian ethics. Alone it cannot give the Christian faith; but neither is it hostile to Christianity; rather it prepares the way, and welcomes fuller light and truth when it arrives. That secular education and civilization will ever regenerate a nation I do not believe. It does not go to the root of the matter. It is a police force at best. It does much to suppress crime between man and man; but it does nothing for sin between man and his Maker. Undoubtedly it softens what is brutal in human nature; but it leaves untouched what is Satanic.

"It was well said by one of the ablest missionaries in India (Dr. Mullens) that 'He alone can make a new nation who can form a new man.' That He is forming a new nation in India is clear to every thoughtful mind. While the Hindoos are busy pulling down their own religion, the Christian Church is rising above the horizon. Amidst a dense population of two hundred millions of heathen the little flock of two hundred thousand native Christians may seem like a speck; but surely it is that 'little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand,' which tells that there is to be 'a great rain.'

"Every other faith in India is decaying. Christianity alone is beginning to run its course. It has taken long to plant, but it has now taken root, and, by God's grace, will never be uprooted. The Christian converts have already been tested by persecution and martyrdom, in 1857, and stood the test without apostasy; and I believe that if the English were driven out of India to-morrow, Christianity would remain and triumph.

"In conclusion, I would wish to guard all friends of missions against two great errors—the Scylla and Charybdis of evangelical work—(1) expecting too great results; (2) valuing too little the results obtained.

"On the one hand, don't expect a millennium on earth before the coming of our Lord Himself. The conversion of two hundred millions of heathen is not to be done by pulling a bell at your fireside. It is the vast inheritance of the Saviour, and must be gathered in by toil and waste of human life.

"But do not, on the other hand, be discouraged by the testimony of those fainthearted witnesses who return from the promised land with the report that 'the people be strong that dwell in the land, and the cities are walled and very great, and, moreover, we saw the children of Anak there.'

"I, too, have gone up and seen it, and have flung at your feet this day a cluster of the grapes of Eshcol. It is but 'a cluster,' it is true, for time and strength do not serve to gather more; but it testifies that the land 'floweth with milk and honey' of Christian promise; and I would say with Caleb, 'Let us go up and possess it, for we are well able to overcome it.' Put confidence, then, in your missionaries, and sustain their hearts.

"I feel ashamed to offer my poor testimony in behalf of such a band; but the questions that have been put to me in England compel me to say a word. I have been twenty-five years in the Indian service, and have been thrown into contact with many missionaries of many Protestant denominations, and from many countries. I confess freely that I have found no angel among them. They were all men. Some were gifted by God with very high powers indeed, and some with very humble powers. To some were vouchsafed large measures of success, to others little. All had some share of human frailty. But I have never seen one who was not labouring with a single eye for the conversion of the heathen to the utmost of his ability, and setting the example of a holy Christian life. Well would it be for the State if, in any department of its service, civil or military, it had such a body of servants as the missionaries in India.

"Do not discourage them, then; do not distrust them. Send out more help to them. Think how little can be done by five hundred missionaries among two hundred millions of heathen. Remember the first two Protestant missionaries who ever went to India—Zeigenbalg and Plutscho. They were sent by Frederick IV. of Denmark, great-great-great-grandfather of our Princess of Wales, in 1705. They found not one Protestant native Christian in India! Remember Schwarz, and Rhenius, and the long line of evangelists and martyrs down to Ragland, Pfander, Janvier, and Robert Noble. These men ploughed and sowed, but only reaped their tens and hundreds. And where are they now? Absorbed, like the souls of the Brahmins? or annihilated, like the souls of the Buddhists? No! they are a portion of the 'great cloud of witnesses' who encompass you now, as Noah, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob encompassed the Hebrew Church. And they are now thanking God for the two hundred thousand redeemed ones over whose scanty numbers you are murmuring with faithless discontent. Murmur no more, but urge your missionaries to develop and complete the native churches—to bring forward native pastors for ordination; and where these have been secured, with vast congregations of native Christians, as at Tinnevelly, give no rest to the bishops of India till they consecrate a native bishop, and leave the native Christian Church to walk alone. Christianity will then be more indigenous in India than Mohammedanism has become in eleven* centuries; for,

* "The first appearance of the Moslem in India, or rather Sindh, and the Punjab, was in the seventh century (by order of the Caliphs of Bagdad). The twelve iconoclastic and plundering marches of Mahmood of Ghuznee into Hindostan were in the beginning of the eleventh century. But the first establishment of a Mohammedan *dynasty* at Delhi was in A.D. 1206. Some may consider, therefore, that the influence of the Korân on India should be estimated from the latter period, or eight centuries and a half ago. But as all the former irruptions, whether from Bagdad or Afghanistan, were 'heavy blows and great discouragements' to the system of idolatry, I think we may fairly speak of '*eleven centuries*.' The Mohammedans in India now are, perhaps, twenty millions, or *one in ten* of the population."—H. B. E.

instead of being propagated by the sword of the stranger, it will be preached and evangelized by the natives of the soil. God grant that we may all live to see it!"

At a meeting of the Vernacular Education Society in Willis's Rooms, Lord Shaftesbury in the chair, Sir Herbert said (May 7, 1866)—

The sphere which the work occupies.

"My Lord,—The first appreciation of the report which we have just heard, of the society's operations during the past year, depends on a right understanding of the sphere which the society is occupying in India. And having so recently returned from India, I think I cannot do better than give my personal testimony on this point. Many Protestant Christian missionaries had been established in India for many years; some of whom regarded the direct preaching of the gospel to the heathen as their main work, others took the same view of schools, and others employed both agencies as mutual helps.

"And (whatever half-informed persons may think about it) all of these missions have obtained measures of success which, in comparison with the number of men and amount of means employed, are simply wonderful.

"Those gentlemen who come home from India, and tell the people of England that missions have done nothing there, will always be found to have taken no interest whatever in the subject, and to be equally ignorant of all the good that is being done in their own country.

"They may know of the existence of St. George's Hospital; for they see it every day as they lounge in the Park. They may know of the infirmary in their county town; for the decent thing in the county is to subscribe to it. They can hardly help knowing of the great lunatic asylums; for these tell their melancholy tale to every passenger by the railroad.

"But ask them beyond this—ask them, for instance, of

the great Irish missions, and what has been done at Achill, and you might as well ask these gentleman about the islands of the moon. And if they are so ignorant of what is going on among the thirty millions of their own country, who will put them into the witness-box, and ask what five hundred European missionaries are accomplishing among two hundred millions on the continent of India?

"Now, when the great Mutiny of 1857 stirred the conscience of the people of England to its lowest depths, men cast about to consider what more could be done towards discharging our duty to the millions of heathen in our charge. Some advocated (and I am not ashamed to remember that I was one of them) the admission of the Bible into the State schools of India. There was a good stand-up fight about it, and our party were defeated, mainly, I think, on two grounds—a fear of even the appearance of religious pressure, and a fear of drifting into a State church in India. Now we are all good friends here, and must let bygones be bygones; but I still believe that both apprehensions were groundless, and that we might have had the Bible this day in the schools of India, from one end of the empire to the other, without either annoying the people or setting up one Protestant Church over another.

The Mutiny roused the conscience of England.

A battle lost.

"In the midst of the smoke of this pitched battle, the Christian Vernacular Education Society raised its gentle head, and called a truce. It said, 'We will supply as far as in us lies the Christian element which is wanting in the education of the State. We will do it in this way. We will strengthen the hands of every Protestant mission in India—English, Scotch, American, or German—without asking whether it be Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Wesleyan, or Moravian. We will apply ourselves to that department of evangelistic labour which is most irksome to missionaries, and which the subscribers to missions not unfrequently object to—the education department. And not

A need supplied.

only the education department, but the *vernacular* department of education—the profound depth of all. We will be hewers of wood and drawers of water for them. We will train native Christian schoolmasters, whom they all want to teach the vernacular classes in their mission schools. And we will prepare, print, and publish Christian literature in all the languages of India.'

"Now, my Lord, I think it is impossible for any Christian Englishman to hear this bare statement of the society and not perceive at once that this young society has had the genius to discover a genuine and open field of usefulness, and to devise an agency capable of occupying it in the happiest manner.

Common union against a common foe.

"In India, thank God, there has always been the best of feeling between the Protestant missions of all denominations, as must have been observed by you in England by the conferences in which they join from time to time, to buckle on each other's armour for the common warfare against idolatry and Mohammedanism.

"And the catholic spirit of the Vernacular Education Society is well fitted to bind the various Protestant missions in India still closer together; for it is the handmaid of all, and helps all alike. This alone is a feature which would commend this society to every heart that has a capacity for rising above questions of church government, and looking to the day when all the members shall be united in the body of Christ Himself.

"There are one or two other points in the report to which I would beg the attention of this meeting.

Books to supply the place of oral teaching.

"The first is the interesting account there given of the plan that has been adopted in Bengal of subsidising and inspecting circles of the humblest native schools, and thus gradually lifting themselves from the most barbaric and elementary oral teaching to a systematic course of books; from obscene and impure heathen books to a pure, whole-

some and Christianized curriculum; and from the most ignorant hedgerow schoolmasters to the influence of native Christian inspectors.

"Three thousand children, we are told, have thus been brought in Bengal alone under Christian teaching at a trifling cost; and, as the ordained native pastor has pointed out, here is a generation of men and women being raised up by this society, who will be prepared by what they learnt at school to understand the preachings of a missionary when he meets them in after-life. 'At present,' so the report says, 'the preacher's frequent complaint is that his hearers do not take a lively interest in the truths which he delivers, but stand like statues for a while, and then go away.' No wonder at this, because they have not the least idea of what he preaches to them, and they therefore leave him. I believe when the lads of these schools grow up to be men and they happen to meet with a preacher, they will not behave like their fathers, but will listen to him attentively, and talk or discuss with intelligence, because they have been taught from their boyhood the truths of Christianity.

"Another point in the report to which I would draw attention is the immense service which is being rendered by this society in the publication of Christian books.

Demand increases for books and literature of a healthy kind.

"The present era in India is one pre-eminently of thirst for European knowledge. Never was there such a demand for education and for literature. The State is doing great things in meeting the demand. At the anniversary meeting of the Church Missionary Society, on the 1st of this month (quoting from the latest returns that I had seen), I stated the number of pupils in the Government schools to be only 127,513. There is nothing like making a wrong statement to get information, and this had no sooner appeared than I was furnished with the official statistics for 1863-64, which show 209,142 pupils in strictly Government institutions, and 92,838 more in village circles under State inspection.

Can we contemplate secular education *without* the Bible?

"Leaving mission schools, then, out of the account, here is the conscience of Christian Englishmen confronted with 300,000 native scholars of the rising generation to whom English scruples have denied a knowledge of the Bible! And this I say, my Lord, would alone be a sufficient case made out for the Christian Vernacular Education Society of India; for if those scruples were sincere, (as I am quite ready to believe that in the main they were), and not a mere pretence to get rid of Christianity in India, then assuredly the English people are the more bound to exert themselves as private individuals to see that the secular education of the State, which as public men they have riveted on India, be supplemented with the Bible through some unobjectionable agency. And it is precisely such an agency that this society provides.

Then we are bound to use another agency. This provides the want.

"No one can say that it puts pressure on the natives, for it is a private institution; and no one can say that it leads up to a State Church, for it belongs to no denomination in particular, but to every branch of the Protestant Church in general.

"The last mail brought us from India an account of an eloquent address delivered at the Calcutta University by the Honourable Mr. Maine, who is Vice-Chancellor of the university. Mr. Maine, as you are aware, is the legal member of the Viceroy's Council, one of the most enlightened lawyers of our day, and a man of singularly refined and cultivated mind. I should like you to hear three short passages from that address.

Testimony of the Hon. Mr. Maine. 1st. The rage for education.

"The first is as to the rage for education now in India: 'Referring to the crowds of candidates for university honours who flocked to the last examinations, the Vice-Chancellor said, "I do not think anything of the kind has been seen by any European universities since the Middle Ages, and I doubt whether there is anything founded by or connected with the British Government in India which excites so much

practical interest in the native households of the better class, from Calcutta to Lahore, as the examinations of this university." '

"The second is as to the reactionary use made of secular knowledge: 'If I had any complaint to make of the most highly educated class of natives—the class, I mean, which has received the highest European education—a class to which our university has hardly as yet contributed many members (because it is too modern), but to which it will certainly make large additions one day — I should assuredly not complain of their mode of acquiring knowledge or of the quality of that knowledge (except that it is too purely literary and not sufficiently scientific), or of any evil habits it may have on their character, or manners, or habits. I should rather venture to express disappointment at the use to which they sometimes put it. It is not to be concealed, and I see plainly that educated natives do not conceal it from themselves, that they have, by the fact of their education, broken for ever with much in their history, much in their customs, much in their creed. Yet I constantly read, and sometimes hear, elaborate attempts on their part to persuade themselves and others, that there is a sense in which these rejected positions of native history and usage and belief are perfectly in harmony with the modern knowledge which the educated class has acquired, and with the modern civilization to which it aspires.'

2nd. The reactionary use made of secular education.

"The third is a warning against the reaction, and a prophecy of perfect sympathy between India and Europe: 'If ever it occurs to them that there was once an India in which their lot would have been more brilliant or more honourable than is now likely to be, let them depend upon it they are mistaken.

3rd. A warning against that reaction.

"'To be the astrologer, or the poet, or the chronicler of the most heroic or mythical Indian prince (even if we could suppose him existing) would be intolerable even to a

comparatively humble graduate of this university. They may be safely persuaded that, in spite of discouragements which do not all come from themselves or their countrymen, their real affinities are with Europe and the future, not with India and the past.

"'They would do well once for all to acquiesce in it, and accept with all its consequences the marvellous destiny which has brought one of the youngest branches of the greatest family of mankind from the uttermost ends of the earth to renovate and educate the oldest.

A prophecy.

"'There is not yet perfect sympathy between the two; *but intellectual sympathy, in part the fruit of this university, will come first, and moral and social sympathy will surely follow afterwards.*'"

Sir Herbert goes on to say—

The object for which we hold India.

"Now, in this aspiration I heartily coincide. I believe from my heart that India has been placed in our hands to be Christianized, and that we shall not be allowed to leave it till we have done our work. But as thoroughly am I convinced that the State schools and the State universities of India are, by themselves, incapable of the task. There is

What the education *can* do.

a share of the work which they can do, and are doing, and that share is the demolition of idolatry, not with the coarse iconoclastic club of Mahmood of Ghuznee, but with the slow inevitable solvent of Western science.

What it *cannot*.

"But there is another share of the work which they are not doing, and can never do, and that share is the enshrining of the true God on the vacant pedestals of Siva, Juggernath, and Mohammed.

The agencies that can do it.

"This is the far nobler share of India's regeneration, and it falls to the lot of those venerable missionary institutions beside which the Christian Vernacular Education Society has taken its place with the loving tenderness and helpfulness of a younger sister.

An illustration

"In illustration of what I have said, I would adduce the very striking example of Safdar Ali, of Dholpoor. This man was not only a Mohammedan, but a Syud (which means a descendant from the prophet)—'A Hebrew of the Hebrews.'

"He tells us he was educated in the Government college of Agra, in the North-West Provinces; that 'for nearly twenty-one years I did nothing but study the various sciences and the prescriptions of the Mohammedan religion and perfection in the faith of my fathers. I received instruction from my honoured parent, and from other eminent scholars, both of the city and of the great Government school. . . . Although I was aware that many of the stories and statements of the Korân and Hâdis were plainly at variance with the fundamental principles and undoubted facts of true science, especially in the case of physics, astronomy, the healing art and the phenomena of creation; and though I was disturbed in mind on this account; yet I fortified myself with the common saying, "What has reason to do with revelation?" . . . But I was guilty of one great omission, which was injurious to my search after truth.

"'Taking for granted, without inquiry or investigation, that Christianity was false, corrupt, and abrogated, notwithstanding that discussion and preaching were carried on in many places, and I had heard of several thoughtful and intelligent persons having become Christians—indeed, two sahibs had even given me some religious books, which however, I had not examined—I gave no attention to the subject. And when a friend of mine showed a very strong inclination towards Christianity in those days, I was one of those who opposed his becoming a Christian. . . .

"'At this time it came about that I left the Agra College and went to Rawul Pindee in the Punjab, having been appointed deputy-inspector of schools in that circle.

"'I had not been there long when a certain moulvie sent me a pleasant book, called "The Masuavi of Moulvie of

Rûm." And at the same time I had some intercourse with certain Sufis also, who by a happy chance came that way. From these I obtained some other books on *mystical theology*. . . . The conversation of the Sufis and the perusal of their mystical books awakened in me the greatest interest, so that I was employed day and night in this study, and, having brought together a good many works on the subject, made myself acquainted with their contents. . . .

"'Although the peculiar rules and practices of this sect (the Sufis) and some performances proper to the fakeers were more troublesome than the regulations and rites common to all Moslems, yet the spiritual laws and precepts for the inner life which they professed, and which were specified and written for the good of humanity—such as had respect to purity of heart, virtue, goodness, the love of God, kindness to the servants of God; in short, directions for all matters pertaining to a future life, things damning and things saving (the source of all which instruction is the Holy Scriptures)—were so agreeable and delightful, that, although I appeared to be rigidly strict in conforming to the rights of Mohammedanism,—which, indeed, the Sufis insisted upon,—yet my soul revolted against these external ordinances, and I meditated very gravely respecting inward amendment, and purity, and holiness of heart. . . . At length I ascertained clearly from the books of the mystics, and from the fakeers, that without an infallible guide, a sure director, I could not possibly attain either to perfection in my practices or to full assurance in my religious belief. Therefore, in addition to the assiduous performance of the labours already enumerated, I fell to seeking from place to place, from street to street, from house to house, for a guide into the way of truth. In the end, with the advice and approval of my most intimate friends, I concluded that since there was no hope to be looked for from India, it would be proper to go into Arabia, as in the cities of Mecca

and Medina there resided very distinguished Sheikhs and Sufis.

"'I resolved then upon visiting Arabia; and having first ascertained from a moulvie, who lived in Bombay, what the ship charges and other expenses would be, I procured a month's leave of absence, in order to visit my birthplace, that I might find some person there to take charge of my property, and then, either obtaining an extended leave or resigning my situation, set out on my travels to Arabia.

"'Up to this time, although I was fully conscious of being spiritually diseased, and felt a necessity and desire for health and recovery, yet I did not comprehend the nature and quality of the disorder. I did not know what health consisted in. I was ignorant of the mode of cure and of the proper remedy. And withal I was so bigoted and prejudiced that if the merciful and gracious God had not taken me by the hand I should have persevered in a ruinous course, which would have terminated in the loss of spiritual and temporal happiness and imprisonment in eternal torment.

"'But the Lord God did not leave nor forsake me. When I reached my native place, I found that I was liable for certain expenses which had been incurred in repairing a house of mine. Out of this misfortune the Lord brought forth good.

"'My conscience told me that it was my imperative duty to discharge this debt, that I must postpone to this obligation my intended visit to Arabia. But that period of my leave was nearly expired, and I collected some books to read on my way back. In searching for these books I *chanced upon the "Mizân-ul-Hâqq," and upon a portion of the Holy Scriptures.*

"'On looking at these it suddenly came into my mind, that false as Christianity no doubt was, yet, as I could not proceed into Arabia until my debt was discharged, and as it

was only proper that the investigation of opposing creeds should be made candidly, without prejudice or leaning to one side or the other, I might as well make myself absolutely certain that Islam and the sect of the Sunnis were right before I went to Arabia.

"'With this settled purpose I got together from far and near, in addition to the books I already possessed, many other reliable works, controversial and polemical treatises, both of Christians and of Mohammedans.

"'From the month of November, 1861, to the month of December, 1864, I spent all the time that I could spare, both night and day, in the study of the Mohammedan and Christian Scriptures and of the works of controversy on both sides. In the course of the first year I clearly perceived that neither the Korân nor the Hadis were of divine origin, and that Mohammed was not the prophet of God. But still, in some points, doubts and difficulties remained. Especially I still had a high opinion of the value of those austerities and self-inflictions which are practised by the religious orders, and which are stated to be of the class of most meritorious works and tokens of piety and orthodoxy.

"'In the Holy Scriptures I found a detailed statement of the diagnosis of spiritual disease, an account of its cause and origin, particular directions for its true and perfect cure —all so accurate and correct that I was assured of the divine character of its medicinal prescriptions. But with all this many doubts arose respecting its contents. As to other creeds and systems—those of the Hindoos, and the philosophers, and the Atheists—I now perceived them to be nothing more than either the fancies and speculations of the learned or the perplexities of the unlearned—the theories of men who, drowned in meditations respecting the origin and order of Creation, had lost sight of the true Creator and real First Cause.

"'In the second year, too, notwithstanding that the

superiority and triumph of Christianity over other religions was very evident, yet difficulties beset my mind from every quarter. The least difficulty begot great doubt.

"'To be sure I was now convinced of the emptiness of other religious systems, and especially I now saw the real character of the pretensions to spiritual knowledge and the various practices and acts of religious meditation belonging to the fakeer's profession—that they had no real connection with faith or religion, but were referable to causes inherent in temperament.

"'During this year a mountain of anguish oppressed my sad heart such as I had never before experienced. I rejected food and neglected sleep. And especially when I was laid up with a severe bodily ailment, through which my life was despaired of, I felt and uttered keen regret that I was without creed or faith, and still unpossessed of eternal salvation.

> '"Neither Hindoo, nor Moslem, nor Christian, nor Jew am I;
> Sore perplexed is my soul to know what the issue will be."

"'In the end of the second and beginning of the third years, my interest and attention in investigating and studying the sacred Scriptures, the consistency of its teachings, and its future and eternal aims and issues, were as intense as my sickness was violent.

"'Many of my friends and acquaintances, who were aware of my state of mind, remonstrated with me, and represented the impossibility of any religious system being so faultlessly exact as to pass through such a process of minute and hypercritical investigation unblemished. "You are under a mistake," they said; "no religion is without some defects." But the Lord was with me, and at this stage He continually gave me peace and comfort.

"'I could not believe, respecting the Most High, of whose existence there was no doubt, all of whose perfect qualities and attributes were matters of certainty, whose

love also was sufficiently evident in the works of creation, that, our spiritual need being so manifest, He who had made such large provisions for our perishing bodies, which to-day are and to-morrow are dust, could possibly, or consistently with any experience, be supposed to have prepared no means of salvation, or way of supply for the spiritual necessities of man's immortal soul, or to have shown him in this world no way of everlasting felicity. I often sustained my heart with the following stanzas, still, as far as possible, carrying on my investigations—

"'Weep not! the exiled Joseph will yet return to Canaan;
Weep not! thy prickly sorrows shall yet bloom forth like roses;
Grieve not, O sorrowful heart! thy lot shall again be pleasant;
Weep not! the broken-hearted shall come in triumph again;
Be not despondent, although thou knowest not the secret of God."

"'Thousands upon thousands of thanks and praises be to God, the Wise and the Gracious, who of His compassion and goodness, not on account of my pains and toils, but according to His own love and kindness, took pity upon the miserable and forlorn condition of me, a sinner, and gradually, by the leading of His wonderful Word, by means of commentaries and expositions of learned Christians, and by the instrumentality of certain brethren who laid the truth before me, put to flight all my difficulties and doubts, my temptations and fears, and solved for me every question; thus clearing my mind of the darkness of all its doubts, and illuminating it with the light of counsel and understanding. He bestowed upon me full assurance, so that I knew His right way to be the way of salvation, and accepted with confidence, as my Master and Leader, Him who is the infallible Guide, the Help of the erring, the Saviour of sinners, the Redeemer of the world, the most merciful One, the Lord of heaven and earth, the Sun of righteousness, and Prince of Peace, to whom all the prophets and apostles since the world began successively

bore testimony, whose innumerable perfections and illimitable beneficence surpass the limits of understanding—our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, whose grace and mercy are everlasting. Amen.

"'On the day when I obtained the full assurance of salvation, my relieved heart breathed forth these lines—

"'My Friend was very near me, and I roamed far in search of Him;
My well was full of water, while I was parched and thirsty.
Praise upon praise! to-day my journey is ended;
Now the last stage is reached, my pilgrimage is o'er."

"Another curious coincidence now took place. When I was quite ready to receive baptism, I wrote word to that effect to my two dearest friends. One of these, Kasim Khan by name, who for more than two years had been my confidential and sympathizing companion in religious inquiry, as a preliminary step to a visit in person, addressed a letter to me at Jubbulpore, to say that he would now no longer delay to receive baptism, for in heart he was a Christian already, and that, of course, he would not attempt to hinder me.

"'As I was on an official tour at the time, the letter did not reach me until after the arrival of my friend himself. And it actually came to pass that Kasim Khan and I were both baptized on the same day—the feast of Christ's nativity.

"'My other friend, Karim Bakhsh, still entertained doubts; but they were removed, and in a little time after he suddenly arrived at Jubbulpore and was baptized.

"'Such, then, being my case, sir, it is meet and right that I should offer up continual praises and thanksgivings with all the ability of tongue, and mind, and spirit. Such vast goodness transcends the reach of thought and comprehension. And it is a matter for special thankfulness that, during the process of my inquiries, the Lord granted me just such opportunities as I needed of learning that to Christianity

belonged that Church into which I have now been baptized, which is free from improbabilities and exaggerations, and is adorned and beautified with the jewel of truth.

"'Now, if I had procured this unhoped-for, imperishable, and unmixed benefit, which from first to last was of the Divine love and pity, and all this happiness and joy, at the cost of dear life and worldly goods, it would have been well worth the price. But the Lord gave it to me freely. Of what consequence, then, are the few temporal trials which may be mingled in my lot?

"'And though in India the becoming a Christian is a cause of much suffering—friends and strangers alike seeking one's ruin, humiliation, and annoyance in every way—still, by the grace of God, our Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria the Great, reigns here, and there is abundance of protection and security. None can inflict illegal injury with impunity. And there is here but little of the affliction which brethren elsewhere have been called to bear. And they have endured all, and glorified God. And let our trials be ever so great, the comfort, and peace, and grace which the Lord gives us are infinitely greater.'

"Now, here is a Mohammedan," Sir Herbert proceeds, "who was not merely a pupil of a Government school, but rose by his abilities to be an inspector of Government schools.

"The curriculum of the Government schools led him to fear that his religion was false, but it could not give him any information as to what religion was true; so that, in despair, he meditates a pilgrimage to Mecca, in search of some spiritual guide.

"By God's providence he finds among his books a copy of the 'Balance of Truth,' written by that father of the mission field, the late Dr. Pfander, who, perhaps, was one of those very sahibs who gave it to him at Agra. This invaluable treatise exactly meets his case, and Syud Safdar

Ali, the proud inspector of Government schools, bows his head and becomes as a little child, a convinced and thankful Christian.

"Now, Dr. Pfander was not an agent of the Vernacular Education Society; he was a missionary of the Church Missionary Society. But the moral of the story is, that a really able Christian book (say, a work on the Christian evidences) is itself a missionary—nay, it is equal to many missionaries; it goes farther than missionaries can go; it finds an entrance where missionaries cannot cross the threshold; and in the stillness of a starlit Eastern night, the trembling inquirer after the true God can open its pages without fear of persecution, and can, without any missionary to expound its doctrines, be led into the way of everlasting peace by Him who said, 'Seek, and ye shall find. Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'

"To print, to publish, and to scatter such Christian works broadcast over India is the task which the Christian Vernacular Education Society has undertaken; all who long for its regeneration will do well to help it. A mighty nation is being born again for evil or for good. Let it not, I beseech you, be deformed or crippled in its birth for want of a tithe, or a twentieth, nay a fiftieth, of those sixty or eighty millions sterling, which the unexampled prosperity of England is annually adding to the capital of our country."

This society has got a long name, and, as a friend* remarked who followed Sir Herbert, it might be improved. He said, "I have looked it out in the dictionary this morning; and what did I find? 'Native; of one's own country.' It was, then, the 'Christian of One's Own Country Society.' I should very much prefer it to be called a 'Society for the

* Mr. Charles Raikes, of the Civil Service. While these pages are being penned, this dear friend has passed away—he has come to his "last day" here—"and his works do follow him"—works of mercy and goodness, known and read of all men..

Christian Education of the Natives of India in their own Language.' Colonel Edwardes has told you that you are all responsible for what is going on in India, namely, the education of thousands of children in the Government schools, without their being taught the truths of the Bible. What makes us to differ from the poor ignorant natives of India but the knowledge of the Gospel. It was true they were all responsible, but those present were rather to be encouraged than blamed, for they had resisted the ten thousand distractions outside to come there to see what could be done for the poor Indians. For himself, as an old Indian, a class generally considered to be worn out and useless, he was willing to do his best. Time was short; let them all help as much as they could, and when they came to their last day, they would not repent it."

One more record of an address given at Southgate, on June 25, 1866.

"It always seems to me that the question of missions lies in a very small compass, and comes practically to this,—Do we believe the Bible, or do we not?

"If we do *not*, then don't let us trouble ourselves about missions to the heathen, for we have got no good tidings to tell them, and this work is not for *us*. Stand off, and touch not the ark of God!

"But if we *do* believe the Bible and the account it gives of the human race; if we believe that man has fallen from some high estate, and that Christ has died to raise and reconcile him; then we come face to face with two tremendous responsibilities—our duty to God, and our duty to our neighbour. We cannot get it out of our tingling ears that our blessed Lord's last command to His disciples was this—'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.' And as little can we forget that He added, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.' So, then, we have God to obey, and the human race to help.

"Dead, indeed, must be the heart that leaps not at two such calls! Dull, indeed, must be the Christian who, thus appealed to, feels no missionary spirit!

"There is no argument that comes home to us so much, or perhaps comes home so much to others whom we wish to influence, as that which is drawn from our own experience. Because it is no product of theory, or reading, but a hard matter-of-fact. So I make no excuse for telling you some of my own experience of the world as bearing upon these matters.

"In the course of nearly half a century, spent half in Europe and half in Asia, it has happened to me to see a good deal of the different races, black, white, and brown, of the human family. And the conclusion has forced itself upon my mind, quite irresistibly, that the Bible account of man is literally true, that God 'hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth' (Acts xvii. 26).

"Whatever difference there may be in the colour of their skins, their hearts are all naturally alike, 'as face answereth to face in water.' The only real difference that I have found between race and race, man and man, is the extent to which they *are* or are *not* under the influence of that wonderful transmuter and assimilator, the principle of Christianity.

"The foreign races with which I am best acquainted are, of course, those of India; and certainly nothing can be more sad than their moral condition. The general character of all nations is stamped upon them by their religion, and you can easily imagine what must be the character of two hundred millions of men, nine-tenths of whom are worshipping grotesque and hideous idols of wood and stone, representing deities of vice and demons of cruelty, and the other one-tenth are taught by the Korân to look forward to a paradise of eternal sensuality. The result is that *private* life is full of polygamy, unhappy married homes, infanticide, and

immorality of all kinds; *commercial* life is full of dishonesty and cheating; and *public* life of corruption, tyranny, intrigue, and falsehood.

"We know how much of crime, immorality, and false dealing there is even in England; but then it is called by its right name, and it goes against the moral sense of the community; whereas in India, the moral sense of the mass of the community is dead, and shame consists only in being found out.

"Let me mention a few traits of different classes of the people, by way of illustration.

"Out of a population of two hundred millions, one hundred millions are females (the proportion which is found to obtain all over the world, and which is a standing declaration of the purpose of God, that a man should have one wife). All the *respectable* women are closely shut up. Why? Because they are not trusted. Padlocks are relied on more than principles and love. Child marriage prevents heart union, and has much to do with it. Polygamy has much to do with it also, as whenever it is in a house there is favouritism, jealousy, and infidelity. How would the women of England like to be shut up? And why are they not? Because Christianity has introduced among us a moral law stronger than bolts and bars, and our wives, and daughters, and sisters go in and out freely, in the liberty with which Christ has made them free.

"In one part of the Bengal Presidency there is a class of Brahmins called Koolins, who are regarded by the Hindoos as the *crême de la crême* of the religious aristocracy of the human race. To be allied with them is the highest earthly honour, and no Koolin daughter may degrade herself by marrying any one of inferior blood. The result is that large sums of money are given for a Koolin husband, and, to meet the excess of demand on supply, every Koolin Brahmin is married over and over again to wives all about the country.

I think I have heard of some having sixty or seventy wives. But this is not the worst of it. They are married, not only to several sisters, but to whole families at a time—cousins, nieces, and aunts. And to complete the picture, perhaps they never see any of these poor women again.

"In one part of the Punjab where I had a district there was another holy class, among the Sikhs, called Bedees, who considered it a similar degradation to marry their daughters to any but a Bedee. The consequence was female infanticide to such an extent that if you went into a Bedee village you saw hardly any but male children.

"The enormous expense attending marriages led to similar results among other classes. It was easier to put the little girls out of the way at their birth than to pay for a fashionable wedding. I remember asking a native how the parents could bear to see their new-born babes murdered in this way. He said the mothers turn their faces to the wall, and the fathers gave a sign to the nurse; and, 'you see, sir, they are but very little things, like a candle—a very little puff blows them out.'

"My time in India has been mostly spent among the frontier tribes along the Indus, who are chiefly Mohammedans, and of Afghan races. They are very martial and wild, and have a large share of barbarous virtues. But with all their faults, I confess I have the most friendly recollections of them. But certainly their faults are great. They hold human life very, very cheap, and blood-feuds rage among them. Once General Chamberlain and I were climbing the side of a hill in the Kohât district, when we came upon a small hut, from whence issued one of the largest men I think I ever saw. He was very polite and hospitable, and brought out his bed at once, according to the custom of the country, for us to sit upon. The bed was so ridiculously small that we burst out laughing, and asked him if that was the bed he slept on. He laughed too, and said 'Yes. I

always sleep with my knees up, for the sake of sleeping light. When a man once stretches himself out full length to sleep, I look upon him as done for.' We asked what he meant? He pointed to a curl of blue smoke that was rising from another mountain, but in the distance, and said, 'Do you see that smoke? Well, at present I am *two ahead* of that family. But if I didn't make a habit of sleeping half awake, with my knees up, they would very soon be even with me!' His dreadful meaning was that a blood-feud raged between the two houses, and at present his house had killed two more than they had lost.

"All Afghans are covered with weapons of all kinds, and their full-dress is a long jezail, or rifle, a pistol or two, a sword, a long knife and a short one.

"The peculiar merit of the short knife or dagger was explained to me by a man of Bunnoo, who said, 'Swords were very good in the open air, where you had room to wield them; but in *society*, indoors, or under a low tent, if a difference occurred, there was nothing like a dagger, which was into your neighbour in a minute, with a mere turn of your wrist.'

"Another Afghan told the late General Nicholson, who taunted him with the cowardly character of the long knife as a national weapon, that 'a sword was very good for a charge, but, for cutting up the wounded, give me a knife!'

"It is a wonderful thing in Mohammedanism how the greatest superstition and attention to external ceremonies can exist with the most revolting practices. In the Khyber Pass there is a tribe of Afreedees who had no shrine in their country, and whenever they had a religious fit upon them, or a bad deed to expiate, they had to go a long pilgrimage into the territory of their neighbours to reach the tomb of a saint. This became rather tedious to them, so one day they laid hold on a Syud (or descendant of their prophet, and consequently a most holy character) who happened to

be passing by, murdered him, and then built a shrine over him—perhaps the strongest instance you ever heard of making a *convenience* of religion. The Afghans have a great deal of humour, and this has been a standing joke against the tribe ever since.

"Another tribe in the Khyber baptize their children to crime from the cradle. On the third day after their birth, the *mothers* pass them through a hole in the wall of the house, crying, 'Be a thief! Be a thief!' And certainly the process is infallible in its results.

"The native *sovereigns* of India are not better than their people. I should say generally much worse.

"Take one of the best of them. The late King of Puttiala, who was so faithful to us in 1857 that Lord Canning gave him a seat in the Council. So little enlightened was this powerful prince, that on his deathbed, in 1862, he released all the murderers, highwaymen, and other desperate criminals who were undergoing sentences in his jails and forts, in hopes of propitiating his gods to spare his life. Hundreds of fresh crimes were, in consequence, committed by these suddenly released ruffians on the peaceful inhabitants of the country.

"A prince of the noblest lineage in Rajpootana (I think in 1863) had some one who had offended him, dragged alive through the city at the heels of an elephant till he was dead; and buried another up to the neck in the earth, leaving his head bare to the burning sun, and then caused his teeth to be extracted one by one. On these atrocities being reported to Lord Elgin, he took the administration of the country out of this prince's hand.

"To these instances might be added cases in which Golâb Singh, the King of Cashmere, had men scalped in his own presence; stuffed his enemies with straw, and sent their carcases on poles round the hills of Hazâra; and cut off the arms of men suspected only of killing a cow by accident.

"I do not name these things for the sake of being hard on either the chiefs or the races of India. I have lived too many years among them not to know their virtues as well as their faults; and as long as I live I shall number among my friends as many natives of India as of my own country. But I name them to show you what is the pitiable state of human nature when left to itself, and uncorrected by a knowledge of the true God and the motives and hopes of Christianity.

"This great country India, with its two hundred millions, has been put into our hands, as I believe, that we may give it light, and the responsibility we are under overwhelms us if we only try to realize it.

"Other dependent races in other parts of the world are equally in heathen darkness.

"If therefore we are looking for the coming of our Lord again upon the earth, and would pray from our hearts, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!' we surely should bestir ourselves to gather in as much of His inheritance as we can while time is left."

There is no need of comment; these addresses tell their own tale, and speak plainly of what Sir Herbert's thoughts and sympathies were engaged in during this year. He could not give himself much rest; and, delicate though he was, he spoke with an energy and fire of eloquence that charmed his hearers, while the deep feeling that called it forth was wearing away his life. It was as if he knew the time was short—as if he heard the Master's call, and caught a sight of the golden light of sunset upon the mountain-tops.

"In secret love, the Master
To each one whispers low,
'I am at hand, work faster;
Behold the sunset glow!'
And each one smileth sweet
Who hears the Master's feet."

CHAPTER X.

1867—1868.

"Have we not caught that smiling
On some beloved face,
As if a heavenly sound were wiling
The soul from our earthly place?
The distant sound, and sweet,
Of the Master's coming feet.

We may clasp the loved one faster,
And plead for a little while;
But who can resist the Master?
And we read by that brightening smile
That the tread we may not hear
Is drawing surely near."

B. M.

CHAPTER X.

In the *Gazette*, dated May 24, 1866, appears her Majesty's command appointing Sir Herbert Edwardes "to be Knight Commander of the most exalted Order of the Star of India." And with many others associated in the same honour were his friends Mr. McLeod and General Neville Chamberlain, whose names have occurred frequently in these pages, in the story of the life that is drawing near to its close. Appointed K.C.S.I. 1867.

To one so true in friendship as Sir Herbert, it greatly enhanced his enjoyment of it that the honour was shared by his friends.

The charge of Sir John Lawrence's family was a very heavy one, but nothing would have induced Sir Herbert to give it up until the Viceroyalty was over, or Lady Lawrence could return, had it been possible for him to continue it. But this was made impossible by medical advice urging him not to risk another winter at Southgate, but to seek the drier and sunnier climate of Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight. Move to Bonchurch.

The move was made before Christmas in this year, and the holidays provided for there. And after that the charge was taken up by other friends, Mr. and Mrs. Kensington, until Lady Lawrence could return.

The winter passed in peaceful retirement, precious and sweet to look back upon, though there is not much that comes within the limits of these pages. In July, the Isle of Wight was left for London, where a house was taken and the home once more established.

Sir Herbert writes to a friend—

. . . "After trying various places outside London we came Removes to London.

to this house last July, for one year as an experiment, and we find it suits us better than any other place.

"After a long career of public life it is difficult to vegetate among the turnips, and we shall probably settle in London."

Of course, Sir Herbert's interest in London was, as the heart-centre of England and of all that is going on for good, and he could not be there without entering into questions of importance in which he was deeply interested, and in enjoying the society of congenial minds.

He was too good a Churchman to stand by and see the very vitals of our Protestant Church of England assailed or secretly undermined by enemies who had crept in to betray her, reviving practices that had not been heard of for three hundred years, which stood for, and were intended to teach, doctrines which did not belong to her.

And we find Sir Herbert taking his part in a noble demonstration of true Protestant feeling, from representatives from all parts of England and political men, an "Anti-Ritualistic" meeting in Willis's Rooms, June 27, 1867, a gathering which indicated the sympathy of the country in the legislative course of action commenced with Lord Shaftesbury's "Clerical Vestments Bill." This was a unanimous and determined expression of public feeling, and among the able men who spoke out Sir Herbert was not silent.

In seconding the resolution, Sir Herbert said, after briefly alluding to his experience in India—

"In my wanderings in that country I have looked with pity, perhaps I may say with something akin to contempt, on the superstition of the poor Hindoos; and now, on my return to my own native land, I regret to see in Christian England similar rank superstition arising among us.

Brahmins of a sacerdotal order.

"I feel that it may befit, perhaps, a benighted idolator to hang the tatters of human raiment upon a bush to pacify a jungle demon; but I say it ill becomes a Christian shepherd to approach the God of the burning bush of Horeb with this

bravery of stole and chasuble, with those hues of crimson, violet, and purple.

"I say that he should remember that this is holy ground, and that he should put his very shoes from off his feet as he treads upon it. Oh, my friends, a Ritualist Church can never war effectually with idolatry—never!

"It has been well tried. The Portuguese have tried it, and we all know the result. They have made many proselytes, but few Christians. They only substituted one set of idols for another. They did not get rid of caste; they riveted its chains; they sanctified it. But how can we hope to preserve the missionary usefulness of our Church in the world if we once admit this leaven into her worship?

"If, then, you are earnest in loving your Church, not because it is an ecclesiastical system, but because it contains a faith; if you love it because you feel there is a spirit in it, and a mission in it; if, in short, you feel that you belong to a missionary Church, *get rid* of these Ritualistic tendencies. That is one alarm that I feel. The other is an alarm for the existence of our National Church. Is it a system or a faith?

"It has always been said to be one of the very glories of our English Church, that it had such latitude, such comprehensiveness, and I am sure that I heartily agree with the sentiment; but the very word 'latitude' or 'comprehensiveness' involves the idea of limited. It does not involve the idea of infinite space.

"And what are the limits of the Church of England? I take it that they are confined within the four corners of her Thirty-nine Articles. Once let those limits be overstepped, once let a man overleap these bounds, and I leave it to any honest man to say whether he can truthfully call himself a member of the Church. I say that he has departed from the Church. What are the limits?

"These doctrines of the Ritualists—it is unnecessary for me to run them over, for they are all known to you—are Not latitude, but a diver-

gence of doctrine.

not latitude of opinions. They are a divergence of doctrine, not latitude of opinion.

"How, then, do these men who practise it remain within our Church?

"I hear it said that one of our bishops has declared, that unless these men remain in the ship we cannot be saved. I presume he meant it in the limited sense—that there will be a disruption of the Church if they are expelled.

Unity.

"But I would ask you, what is the unity which you desire? I remember when I was a boy seeing in the streets of London a cage which was called the 'happy family.' Within it were dogs and cats, rats and mice, and birds, all lying down in apparent peace together. None but children, however, took pleasure in the sight. A thoughtful man felt that it was simply disgusting. The result was unnatural.

"You doubted the means by which it had been obtained; and if you inquired what these means were, you were told that these poor animals were kept so gorged with food that they no longer cared to prey upon each other.

"Now, do we desire to see the Church of England reduced to a happy family like that? Do we desire to see the ambassadors of Christ lying down along with the worshippers of images, the invokers of saints, the prayers for the dead, and the absolvers of human sinners, and not to be offended with each other? I am sure that that is not the unity which we desire. I say, God defend us from a unity like that!

Who is to go out?

"The question, then, is, if we are not to be as one, who are to go out?

"Should they go out who hold the Thirty-nine Articles? or should they go out who do *not* hold them, but deny them, and call them 'the forty stripes save one?' One would suppose that it is *they* who should go out—they who spend

their time in running down and controverting and disgracing the Articles which they had solemnly sworn to uphold and observe.

"But my surprise as a soldier is very great when I find that no such result has followed; when I find that there is no such thing as discipline in this Church of ours. In my profession we have our articles, and they are very stringently enforced. If we hold converse with the enemy, or if we go over to him, if we mutiny, if we parley with the enemies of our Queen, death is the punishment.

"But in this Church of ours there are Articles, and they are never enforced. We have mutiny, but we have no punishment. And, what is still worse, it is not the rank and file who mutiny. You are the rank and file. It is the officers who mutiny. It is our ensigns, our lieutenants, our captains, our majors, ay, our brigadiers. These are the men who mutiny and parley with the foe.

"And when I, as a soldier, naturally turn and ask what the generals will do, what the commanders-in-chief will do, I find such charity, I find such gentleness, that one hardly knows whether these are men or women.

"One says it is a pity to drive these worthy men out of the service. Another says, it is very difficult to bring them to a court-martial.

"Very well, then; it stands confessed that this our Church of England, pure as she may be in doctrine, fast and sincere as she may be in creed, and scriptural as she may be in all other respects, is nevertheless a Church without discipline and without authority. Want of discipline.

"These, my friends, are sifting days. One after another we hear it said of the old institutions of our country that they are upon their trial, and at last the turn of the Church has come, and the Church of England, this episcopalian Church of England, now stands upon her trial.

"For what is episcopacy? What is its essence, if it be What is episcopacy?

not an ecclesiastical machinery to carry on the oversight of the ministry and the flock? And in these days can an honest man name the word '*oversight*' and not feel a sense of satire in naming it? Oversight, forsooth! yes, it is all oversight. It is an oversight of broken Articles and Popish error.

Mutiny, and no power to put it down.

"Now I wish to speak, as I have always felt, with respect of the institution of Bishops, but I declare that there is no such thing in heaven or in earth as a system without a head, or as order without real power. What I see, however, in this our Church is a section, a mere section of our clergy, or, as the leading journal tells us, two thousand out of twenty thousand of our clergy, mutinying against the very Articles to which they have solemnly consented; and I see, also, that within our Church there is no sufficient power, no really binding power at all events, to say them nay.

What is wanted?

"Then it comes to this, that the ecclesiastical law must be amended, strengthened, and made available, or this Church of England of ours must be rent asunder and fall to pieces.

What will it come to?

"Nor is this a small matter for us. I take it that it is not a matter of indifference. I have thought over it very much, and I take it to be a matter of revolution or no revolution—a matter of Church of England or no Church of England.

"And I think that any one who holds a contrary opinion must be both blind to the past history of our country, and blind to the signs of the present times. For if there is one thing more clearly written down in the history of England than another, it is that our people abominate the principles, the creed, and the practices of Popery, in whatever form it may happen to be introduced, whether it be Popery in its pronounced form, or whether it be Popery under a veil.

"I believe that if things continue to go on as they are doing, this people of England may be very easily driven to Puritanism; but I do not expect that they will ever be driven

to Popery. And I think that it behoves the leaders of our Church to weigh the matter well, and consider whether they will not take their choice between simple Protestantism as we have had it for three hundred years, or whether they will have Puritanism in all the sincerity and much of the hideousness of its forms. Yes, I say, in all the hideousness of its forms. I say it soberly, because I think it is at all times a painful sight when human opinion runs men into extremes—when it hurries them on beyond what they would do in quiet, thoughtful, sober times, and in the search for religious truth impels them to the commission of acts that might not be approved by their Christian Master.

"That is the sense in which I use the word, and in none other. I say, too, that those men must be blind to the signs of the times when they introduce these Ritualistic doctrines. For are these days in which we can play tricks with the Church of England? Now look at our country, and what do we see here? We see persons who have left us upon minor points, as we may think, but in reality because those minor points were held by them with great tenacity and sincerity. We see them, some of them, friends towards us, whilst others are looking coldly on, and we are in trouble and distress. We see much latitudinarianism of opinion introduced into public life. We see men endeavouring to separate the Church from the State, and seeking to eliminate the very idea of religion from politics. These are the sights that meet the eye in our own country.

"Then cast your eyes across the border to Scotland. Look there. Do they think they will find supporters for Ritualism there? They may find that they are fraternized with by a half-dozen exotic bishops; but what of the Scottish people? What of the people who for three hundred years have been describing the Church of England as a compromise? Will they think it less a compromise when that compromise is compromised again by an Ecclesiastical Com-

mission — when more water has been poured into the wine?

"Turn your eyes next to Ireland—Ireland, the market in which the united Church of England and Ireland is being cheapened this session, and it may be sold in the next.

"But the appeal against all these evils rests not with the clergy, but with the laity of our Church. Put not your trust in the Ritualistic Commission. Put not your trust in Convocation. You have heard how the Commission has been composed, and I say that Convocation does not represent the people of England. Why, it does not even represent the clergy of England. It is a mere clerical meeting, and that clerical meeting a sectional clerical meeting in which the laymen of the Church of England are by no means represented. Put not your trust, then, in those things, but look to yourselves.

Convocation.

"Bishops there are in our Church who are faithful to their trust. They are bringing these subjects to the tests of the courts of law. Help them with your purses, as you are bound to do. Strengthen their hands.

"This question is a question for the whole country. It is a question for every county town. It is a question for every parish vestry. And, my friends, it is a question for every hustings at the next election.

"Remember these things, then, and do your duty, laymen and laywomen, daughters of our mother Church. Let Englishmen and Englishwomen, let England as a country only be faithful to her God, and you will see that her God will be faithful to her. Her empire will then stand the shock of time and of revolution, and hers shall be the glory of evangelizing the heathen world.

How may we be secure?

"But if *England departs from that purity of faith;* if you once put your trust, not in God, but in priests and sacrifices; then, I say, we may have to write on the last pages of our history, 'Ichabod'—'thy glory is departed.'"

The times are not changed, and these words might well be spoken now! The 'mutiny' has been going on so long that the danger to the Church of England is in her *centre;* and if she cannot stand the shock, but is rent asunder and falls to pieces, it will be because we have allowed it to become rotten at the core, and such warnings as these have been neglected.

In harmony with such thoughts is the warning given by Canon Melville.

"Make peace, if you will, with Popery; receive it into your senate; shrine it in your churches; plant it in your hearts; but be certain, as certain as that there is a heaven above you and a God over you, that the Popery thus honoured and embraced is the very Popery that was degraded and loathed by the holiest of your fathers; the very Popery, the same in haughtiness, the same in intolerance, which lorded it over kings, assumed the prerogatives of Deity, crushed human liberty, and slew the saints of God."

Conference of the Church Association.

There was a numerous and influential gathering of the members and supporters of the Church Association held on the 26th and 27th of November, 1867, for the purpose of conferring together and eliciting the common sentiments of earnest and faithful members of our Protestant Church "at this crisis of her history," and so to arrive at a clear decision as to the policy now to be pursued.

Sir Herbert had been asked to take a prominent part in the conference, and to bring forward one of the resolutions. But he did not feel himself strong enough for the exertion, and declined, saying at the same time he should be glad to attend the conference as a listener. But on the afternoon of the second day he was induced to take a part in the speeches on the subject of "Unity of action and organization." This was the great subject of the closing sitting of the conference, introduced by Sir Herbert, who moved—

"That unity of action among Protestant evangelical members of the Church of England is most essential at the present time, and that such action should flow through the Church Association, in order to give it concentration and effect."

He said—

"It was not my intention or desire to have addressed this meeting to-day, for I am not very well, but I did attend this morning, and it seemed to me that there were things lying at the hearts of laymen like myself, which were not expressed, and therefore I returned this afternoon ready, if called upon, to contribute my word to this conference, and I gladly do so.

"I think, judging from what I feel myself, and from what I hear out of doors, that we are not facing the gravity of this matter. We are all of us very earnest, but I doubt if we fathom the gravity of the occasion. I doubt it much.

"I think that this question is a question, if I may dare to say so, of the Church of England or no Church of England. I hear this question talked about in all circles in the society wherein I move, and I find the same thoughts pervading the breasts of other laymen that I feel stirring in my own. The question comes up, What is attachment to a Church? That is the question.

A fabric or a faith?

"Is it attachment to an ecclesiastical fabric, or is it attachment to a faith?

"Now, I think, please God, we shall find that these English people—we will set aside the sentimental sections and the æsthetic section, and we will come to the mass of the English people, the core of the English people—I don't care what rank they move in—I don't care whether they sit in the House of Lords or Commons, or whether they work at the blacksmith's forge. But I will take the mass of my countrymen, and I say, that *the mass of the English people* are not attached to an ecclesiastical fabric.

"I say they are attached to a faith. They are attached to that faith which has been handed down from the time of the Reformation. There may be men amongst them, and I know there are, who are bigoted to reading their Bible in

that 'dim religious light' which falls through painted windows; but that is not the mass of the English people. They do not want to 'see through a glass darkly.' They ask to read their Bible in the full light of day. They don't care for your painted windows or your spires, but what they care for is, *the faith of Christ*; and if you ever come to find that the *faith of Christ and the Protestant religion* depart from out the fabric of the Church of England, you will find the question coming up whether the congregation shall not follow.

"You will find that men are not vegetables; they are not ivy, that they should cling to ruins. No; they are human, they are flesh and blood, they will tear themselves away from these empty, uninhabited walls without a faith, and they will go out, as our 19th Article justly says, 'where the pure Word of God is preached, and the sacraments be duly ministered, according to Christ's ordinance in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same.'

"But now, having expressed it to be my own feeling and my own belief that you will find this preference of faith to fabric deep down in the hearts of the English laymen, I come next to ask, Is it necessary that we should go out? To whom does this fabric belong? Sir, this is a soldier's question. We are in a fortress, and I ask what flag floats above that fortress? Shall I leave these walls, shall I desert these guns, because some mutineers have got within? No, sir; I will do my soldier's duty to my God and the Crown, and as long as life remains I will endeavour to turn these mutineers without the fortress.

"As I go about in society, I find on all sides unsettled Christian men of pure hearts and minds. I do not wish to speak uncharitably of them, but still I say that in these days of ours the phases of Christianity are innumerable.

"I was reading a book of travels the other day, and to my great surprise I found that Arabia was not the Arabia

I had pictured to myself, that the core and kernel of it was a highly civilized country with populous towns and villages, and that the Bedouins were not the Arabs—that they lived in an outer circle, and had no settled towns and habitations, but dwelt in tents. These were the Bedouins of the desert.

"I find the same thing in our religious life and in our Christian Church. I find excellent men trying to throw off all worldly incumbrances, who say, 'We will have no order, no ministers, no fabric, but we will live a pure spiritual life.' But I say that these are the Bedouins of our Christianity. I am one of those who live in the civilized and settled parts, and I want to see society held together. This is my plan at present. To tell you the truth, I have lived a very rough life, and I have come to look at all these questions in a very practical way, and I confess that I do not see the necessity of our going out.

The Bedouins of Christianity.

"I see that we have got a Church which has Articles, pure and sound, and all that is required is that these our Articles should be enforced. That is all that is wanted. I am content with these Articles. I don't want to go out and seek for a free Church myself. Let those seek that like it, but I do not hope in this our world to see a free and perfect Church. I expect to see no Church better than our own. I am sure we cannot hope on this our earth, in its present state, to see that Paradisiacal state of things which some people yearn for when they talk of going out into a free Church. I should like to see our own Church hold together, and to see it loyally purged from the *mutineers within it.*

Why should we wish to leave it?

Why not hold together and purge it?

"And what is it we require to carry this out? It is no longer a question of doctrine, but it is a question purely of administrators. Our Articles contain our doctrine. We want to enforce those Articles, and we find most unexpectedly that we have not the means. We have lived very strangely in the belief that we had a double machinery capable of enforcing these Articles. We believed we had Bishops and

Ecclesiastical Courts. We find that, practically, we have got neither.

"Don't misunderstand me. I don't want to say one disrespectful word of our bench of Bishops. I say that on that bench of Bishops there are men who are faithful and true servants of their God—men whom we must all admire and reverence; but I say they stand in a most pitiable position. They stand mere images which have no power to carry out their will. They are a mockery, and must feel themselves, poor men, to be a mockery. That is a sad and pitiable position, and I feel for them from my heart.

"Turning to the Ecclesiastical Courts, it was mentioned this morning that £2000 had been spent in trying to reach the merits of the case, and they had not been reached yet. Ecclesiastical Courts.

"I have lived in all parts of the world where there are native princes. I have seen a great native king ruling over a large empire. I have seen that country without courts of law, and the king's poor subjects trying how they could approach their sovereign. I have seen them bribing the courtiers here and there without avail. I have seen them trying to get an intimation where the sovereign would take his next excursion, and I have seen these poor people lying in wait in hedges and ditches, in order that when the king's elephant and *cortège* arrived they might suddenly spring up and say, 'For God's sake, hear my petition.'

"A country in that state, and without access to courts of justice, is in a pitiable condition. Yet that is precisely the state our Church is in now. £2000 have already been spent, and we cannot get near our sovereign—Law.

"We ask which way he goes, and we cannot be told; no man can tell us. Our lawyers lie in wait in ditches to try and surprise the guards. This is intolerable to Englishmen. We are a people who from our beginning have made laws for our guidance and government. We stand by our laws, and enforce them even unto the death.

We want to reform the law courts.

"These laws are the vitality of our Anglo-Saxon community. We cannot, in civil, military, or ecclesiastical affairs, exist or hold together without law; and I say that we are deprived of our resources and have got no justice.

"Then, what we want is, a reform of our Ecclesiastical Courts; and I was sorry to see this morning that that point was not stuck to in speaking to the resolution, and therefore I was encouraged to come back and trouble you with these remarks.

To enforce the law.

"I beg you to dismiss from your minds the fear that this our Church of England has lost its Articles and its vitality. It has not. It has got its God and its faith also. We cling to these Articles, and all we ask is that our arms be unbound, in order that we may be free to strike out right and left at our enemies and have free recourse to the courts.

"The motion before you says, 'Let us unite together.' It is most essential at the present time that there should be unity of action. It is most essential, indeed! I pray you, therefore, fellow-countrymen, to unite in action, unite in subscription, unite in heart, unite in prayer; and I say that if you look about for a machinery through which you can act, you can find none more trustworthy, more capable, or more able than the Church Association.

Let us *unite* to do it.

"I beg now to move that 'We are agreed that unity of action amongst the Protestant evangelical members of the Church of England is most essential at the present time, and that such action should flow through the Church Association, in order to give it concentration and effect.'"

In October, 1866, Sir Herbert received a letter from Colonel Becher, with a book of photographs.

"My dear Edwardes,

"Sir Donald McLeod some time ago sent from India a series of photographs of frontier places, taken when

he made his tour along the frontier two years ago. He asked me to get them bound, and then to forward them to you with his love, knowing that you would like to have such a remembrance of the old pleasant places; and he felt inspired by affectionate association to dedicate to you, at the expiration of his journey, a votive offering which seemed to be so appropriate. All the pleasant way he found you regarded as the tutelar Genius of the Border. . . .

"Yours affectionately,

(Signed) "JOHN BECHER."

Sir Herbert acknowledges the gift in the following letter to Sir Donald:—

To Sir Donald McLeod, Lieut.-Governor of the Punjab.

"14, Leinster Terrace, Hyde Park, London,
"January 17, 1868.

"MY DEAR MCLEOD,

"I ought sooner to have written to thank you for the very welcome and beautiful present you have sent me in that grand volume of photographic views of the frontier. It was most thoughtful and kind of you, for nothing could have pleased me more. There are few of the scenes with which I am not familiar, and many of them are associated with the most earnest labours of my life. And now that I shall never see them again, the shadows of them are doubly pleasant to behold.

"Becher and Charles Rivaz seem to have acted as a committee of taste in getting the views bound up together, and I assure you they have produced as magnificent a volume as your heart could desire. It has a table all to itself in our drawing-room. . . .

"I do not think that I have once written a regular letter to you since we left the Punjab in so much distress and anxiety in January, 1865.

"These three years have, of course, done much for us; but though we have to thank God for this, we have neither of us recovered anything like *strength*. So long as we go on very quietly and regularly, we seem pretty well; but a very little extra exertion of mind or body throws us back, and I am quite satisfied that neither of us is fit to return to India. To Emma, I believe the mere climate would be dangerous; and to myself the work of any post such as I should care to hold would be impossible for any moderate length of time. The fact is, that the continued strain that has been upon me ever since I joined Sir Henry Lawrence, in 1846, and took to work in earnest, has so exhausted my capital of nervous power that I am now only fit for *playing* at work, or an occasional spasmodic effort at usefulness. The doctors even forbid me to work more than two hours a day, and *that* taken *one hour at a time*, which is a good joke, to be sure!

"They say I should get quite well *if I would do nothing*, as I am only suffering from exhaustion; but practically this remedy is not possible, for one cannot live in the world and not belong to it, or stand aloof from its terrible needs.

"Looking back to when I left India, I can, however, thankfully say that I am better than I was then, and Emma too. . . . If I never go back again to India, I shall, please God, give what strength I have to the abundance of God's work which is lying about in this land of ours, which seems fast rotting under civilization and luxury.

The state of England.

"It is quite remarkable what surging and heaving of revolutionary elements in all departments, State and religion, is going on now in England and throughout Europe. Old institutions seem too confined for an increased popu-

Religiously.

lation. Education in secular things has outstripped religious teaching; the people are too many for the churches, and the ministers of religion too few for the people. The poor are therefore shut out.

"Enormous commercial wealth has raised prices and ideas and habits of life. Every one is struggling to 'get money.' Commercially.

"Immorality and selfishness have seized upon trade and brought it into ruin and disgrace. Remedies are sought by the masses in political combinations and trade unions, which add to the general stagnation and poverty; and at this moment the distress and suffering, even to utter starvation, in this wealthy city of London, defies the poor law, and can only be kept in bounds by the private charity of the country. Socially.

"Side by side with all this, the Church of England is being led back into Popery by clergy and bishops, and undermined altogether by infidels. Infidelity, indeed, in religious matters, and democracy and socialism in politics, are the broad features of our day, and I should hardly expect things to go on much longer without great convulsions. Popery and infidelity at the root.

"The small body of philanthropic Christians in the upper classes, of whom Lord Shaftesbury is the type and head, just suffice to keep things quiet, and maintain a link between rich and poor; but the unequal distribution of wealth in this old country is appalling. . . .

"It would have been a great pleasure to me if I could have revisited the Derajât before leaving India, and have seen the changes which have been effected there since 1857. Perhaps one of the things which chafed me so of late years, and made the last three years that I was at Umballa the most burdensome and unhappy of my public life, was the state of *machinery* to which we had all been reduced, and the daily sense that I had less power than I had eighteen years before, when dear Sir Henry Lawrence sent us forth to do our best for chiefs and people, and supported us in doing it.

"Well, it is a happy lot to look back upon altogether — the hearty toil of the old Punjab, and I thank God A glance back at the old Punjab.

humbly and gratefully for all the mercies that were crowded into it.

"Not the least of those mercies was the friends we once had there—you among them, my dear McLeod. We often hear of you from chance comers, and always that you are well, happy, and doing good to all around. . . .

"Good-bye, my dear friend,

"Ever yours affectionately,

(Signed) "HERBERT B. EDWARDES."

In February, 1868, there was a correspondence in the *Times* on our Afghan policy, which was sent to Sir Herbert by one of our public men to read and comment on, and it necessarily called forth a correspondence which will be interesting to notice, as it touches again upon a subject that we have been dwelling upon in the earlier pages.

"February 21, 1868.

"MY DEAR SIR HERBERT,

"I am much obliged to you for your letter, which contains a great deal of which I had only a dim recollection, if I ever fully knew it. It has left me with the feeling that you have not had justice done you, and with a desire to help to see right done. . . .

"A better mode would be that you should yourself take the subject in hand, and tell the whole truth about it, which nobody is so well qualified to do as you are. . . .

"Unless I hear from you to the contrary, I shall show it to Kaye, our *Indian historiographer. From its bearing on the truth of History*, it is valuable. . . .

"Yours, etc.

"_____"

This letter elicited the following reply :—

"London, February 25, 1868.

"My dear ——,

"You can show my letter to Kaye at any time. Indeed, the first and only public justice that has been done me in the matter of our reconciliation with Afghanistan has been by Kaye, in the first volume of his 'Sepoy War,' p. 428–446, he having come to the knowledge of it in Lord Canning's Papers, from which he quotes at p. 445. When he comes to the next stage of his history, I doubt not that he will recognize the vital consequence of the Treaties to British power in its hour of agony. Even Kaye, however, is not fully aware how entirely the new policy was personal to myself.

"Its first conception was my own in February, 1854. The diplomatic labour of bringing it about, and making it *come from the Afghans,* which was the cream of the whole thing, occupied me, and me only, all the rest of 1854. Kaye, at p. 432, says, 'Of direct diplomatic action there had been little or none." This comes of demi-official correspondence. I have a heavy folio of my demi-official reports of the coaxing and nursing that it cost me before the Ameer came forward, during all which time and labour I stood alone, or almost alone. Lord Dalhousie heartily *consented.* So did the Council. But they never thought that I should succeed. John Lawrence *never liked it,* and only gave way to the desire of Government. And the tone of the officers generally on the frontier was still so tinctured with the angry feelings left by the Cabul War, that many remonstrated with me, thought I was wanting in the true *border-spirit* to carry on a feud, and predicted I should regret making friends with the Afghans. What I mean is, that I was, personally, the turning-point of *our change of policy* towards Afghanistan, which, up to Mackeson's death, was still Suddozye and hostile, and from my time was reversed and made Barukzye and friendly; that I did it as it were *on*

sufferance, with great trouble, and in the face of public opinion; that the result has been of inestimable public importance; that Lord Dalhousie *took* great credit for it in his 'Review of his own Administration;' and that great credit has been in England *thrust* upon John Lawrence for controlling the Afghans in 1857, while Kaye is the only man who has publicly said who did it!

"I have not the least wish to make any stir about it. These sparks were simply struck out of me by our discussion, and Sir John's reputation is as dear to me as my own, though I certainly lament that *he has never felt the impulse to give the credit where it was due.*

"I feel it the more that on the occasion of each treaty (in 1855 and in 1857) I successively forewent the legitimate opportunity that was offered to me of being the representative of the British Government in the formal act of signing the treaties, and urged Government to honour the Ameer (and so promote the policy) by deputing John Lawrence *alone* to make the first treaty, and associated with me to make the second. Very much ashamed of myself should I now be if I had acted otherwise; but it grieves poor human nature not to be treated in the same spirit.

"To you, who are an older friend of John Lawrence's than of mine, I have no hesitation in speaking; and some future day when he, please God, returns home, you may find an opportunity of asking him about it, and I am quite sure that he will corroborate my account."

"Yours, etc.,

(Signed) "HERBERT B. EDWARDES."

In March came a terrible attack of pleurisy, that brought Sir Herbert's life into great danger. For three weeks the issue was uncertain. At the end of that time he rallied, and as soon as May came the doctors urged that he should go to Scotland. By the kindness and loving interest of these dear friends, the house belonging to the Honourable Arthur

Kinnaird,* 'Kinloch,' near Dunkeld, was placed at his disposal, and there Sir Herbert and his wife removed for the summer.

In that lovely air, and the comfort and peace of that sweet place, he revived so wonderfully that soon he was walking about over the hills with great enjoyment and delight, and looked so well, that hope revived that he was to be given back again.

Whilst lying so very ill in London, a telegram had come, asking him if he could go out to India and take up the appointment of Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, should the vacancy occur, as was expected from the serious illness of Sir Donald McLeod. He was too ill at the moment for it to be thought of, and an uncertain answer was returned. But in the mean time Sir Donald McLeod recovered, and the vacancy did not occur.

The time in Scotland was one of very great blessing—a refuge and a hiding-place—given, doubtless, in great mercy as a resting-place, in preparation for the great parting. It was not known to be that at the time, but was thoroughly enjoyed as a time of healing given by a Father's love. He used to call it "a honeymoon," and was very reluctant to leave it.

The wildness and loveliness of the neighbourhood was perfect enjoyment to the two that were all the world to each other.

At times there would come a flash of terror—that he seemed to look delicate; but then, he was so bright that it gave back hope again; and he was certainly stronger. But when the summer was passed and the keen autumn clearness was found too cold, the journey southwards was undertaken. Visits to all his dear ones in Shropshire were paid—he would not leave one out. Not in leave-takings, but thinking perhaps the doctor's advice in London would be to winter abroad.

So London was reached on November 5. It *must* be told, or the veil would gladly be drawn over all the rest!

But after such a life—so full of energy and nobleness; the power of goodness and of doing good; the struggle against

* Now Lord Kinnaird.

evil, in himself or anywhere else; the beautiful unselfishness of his whole life, preferring always the good of others to his own advantage; his unfailing charity in its fullest sense; the brilliancy of his genius and eloquence, combined with the simplicity and humility of a little child—it needs to be told, to God's glory, who made him so lovely,—the way He led His servant to the last, and opened the gates of heaven to let him in. It is not praising man, but God, whose marvellous work he was.

The doctors gave no cause for apprehension. Only Sir William Gull "wished to see him in London for a little while" before deciding on his winter climate.

So no better arrangement could be made than a hotel, thinking the decision would come every day. Then it was advised, to keep very quiet. But no hint of danger was given. Sir Herbert had no pain nor definite illness, and always called himself "quite well."

But he needed very careful watching day and night, and this he had from two dear faithful servants, and his wife, who *never* left him, whoever watched besides. It was only too great a privilege and joy to minister comfort to such a man as this! At last the doctors said, *no move* was to be made, but perfect quiet secured.

Still no talk of danger, and he was bright and happy always. Interested in all great measures of public good as ever, and to minister in his sick room was like watching at the gate of Heaven with him.

1868. The day of December 23 was an anxious day to the wife, but still the doctors said there was "no cause;" only, she "had got nervous from fatigue and sleeplessness," and was "over-anxious."

At ten o'clock at night Sir William Gull and two other doctors were at the bedside, when severe hemorrhage came on. *Then* it seemed the doctors knew that they could do no more; human aid was unavailing.

But Jesus had laid him on His bosom to rest. There was no surprise, and no terror; but calm and quiet peace *there*. "Jesus only;" "Jesus enough for times like these." "*Triumphant Jesus!*" was the song upon the dear lips, the

opening song of Heaven. "I see Jesus. Jesus is here. Don't *you* see Him, darling wife?" and more—of solemn sacred love—that cannot be revealed to any eye, followed.

But his testimony to Jesus and the power of His love belongs to the world; and those who read this story of his life must know also the sustaining power of the grace of God—the love of the Saviour who died for him, and who was waiting by his side now, to "present him faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy."

He had no fears for himself. If his wife could have gone with him, it would have been perfect happiness for both.

To her inquiry, did he feel that he was leaving her? he replied—

"I'm not *sure*. I don't feel anything but weak from loss of blood. God knows what is best, and He'll do right. But I *do* ask Jesus to raise me up again, if it is His will, for *your* sake, darling—sweet wife—tender, loving wife," repeatedly, with gentle earnestness.

Then he added—

"I am quite happy. I love God. I trust *entirely* to Jesus. I put full confidence in Jesus, and I couldn't do more if I lived a *thousand* years!"

Then messages of love to everybody and "thanks" to everybody followed. Much more *could* be told. More *need not* be told to show the Rock he was upon.

It was evident that he had been living so near the heaven of Christ's presence that it seemed no *strange* sound when he heard His voice calling him away to enter into the *nearer* presence. It seemed no *surprise*, nor any *fear;* only a Voice and a Presence saying to him, "This day thou shalt be with Me *in Paradise*."

It was said that Dr. —— remarked, "I never saw a more *wonderful* sight than this! To see a *young* man in the prime of life and the full vigour of intellect called away

suddenly, and he does not seem surprised or afraid! That man's a conqueror."

Yes, he was indeed "more than conqueror in Christ Jesus," his Lord, as he said himself, "*Triumphant Jesus!*"

The testimony of a life-long friend who has been often alluded to in these pages may be added here to close this narration. Colonel John Becher wrote to Sir Donald Macleod to convey the sad tidings to India:—

"I have a sad, very sad event to communicate this day before Christmas, when I could desire only to be wishing you many more years of life and usefulness. I know how I shall grieve your heart, for you truly loved the noble, affectionate, complete man who has been taken from amongst us.

"Herbert Edwardes is dead!

"He has gone;—at rest, but never more to be with—to love—to hold sweet converse in this world.

"What a noble character, great equally on all occasions; the true Christian warrior, like his master, Sir Henry Lawrence, following in the steps of his Great Master, fearless, a conqueror even of Death. Too early taken from us we murmur—when ripe in experience, in chastened character, in judgment, in love; but he did his work early, and he has gone home to rest.

"For him truly it is great gain. I thought so to-day as I saw his calm quiet face; no pain written there—no sorrow—only faith triumphant, accomplished, crowned; so sweet, so quiet, he seemed to sleep still.

"His wife bent over him. She called him by all the endearments of their long, unbroken love; but he might not answer.

"His last words to her were of abounding affection. He looked lovingly at her, even when too feeble to move. 'Dearest,' said he, 'we have always loved each other. Do not grieve too much for me.' And then he murmured, 'Triumphant Jesus!' spoke of the great love of God, of his own abiding trust—'I could not *love* Him more if I lived a thousand years;' and so, faithfully and lovingly, he passed away, closed his dear eyes in the weakness of his human nature, and fell asleep.

"God grant us such peace in death! God grant that we may again see and be with him, in a Life, not fitful and fading like this. God give to the widow the support she needs! . . ."

. . . . . .

"How I should have liked to see Herbert Edwardes succeed you in the Punjab!

"I had hoped it, but it is vain now! It was otherwise and wisely ruled; but how many hearts will be saddened by this sad bell at Christmas time!

"How many of the native chiefs and people will join in our mourning!

"You will tell Syud Ayoodeen of Peshâwur, Gholam Ahmeed the Sheristadar, and they will join in sorrow with others who loved him.

"It seemed so good to have him here, to hear his wise counsels on Central Asia—but it is over. . . .

(Signed) "JOHN R. BECHER."

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION.

"Oh, soothe us, haunt us, night and day,
Ye dearly-loved one far away,
With whom we shared the cup of grace,
Then parted; ye to Christ's embrace,
We to the lonesome world again.
Yet mindful of the unearthly strain
Practised with you at Eden's door
To be sung on, where Angels soar,
With blended voices evermore."

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION.

The life being ended, it only remains to gather together the various testimonies to Sir Herbert's value and influence. From one of the leading journals of the day the following extract is made:—

"On Wednesday last the remains of Sir Herbert Edwardes were interred in the Highgate Cemetery.

"The funeral was a private one; but among the friends of the deceased soldier-statesman who gathered round his open grave were men known to fame, who had been his associates in war and in peace, in the camp and in the council-chamber, who had watched his career from the beginning, and were best able to appreciate his worth. Some had served with him at the dawn, some at the close of his public life, and all felt in their inmost hearts that a good and faithful servant had entered into his rest.

"Judged merely by his years, his life had been a short one; but it was crowded with events. He was ever in the thick of action, and he died at the age of forty-nine, worn out and broken down, having done more work than many distinguished men who have lived a quarter of a century longer.

"Herbert Edwardes was one of a class of officers, examples of which were never wanting under the rule of the old East India Company. Partly soldiers, partly statesmen, they fought and conquered, and then governed what they had conquered; shrinking from no amount of work, alarmed by no responsibility, full of noble enthusiasm and warm humanity, they won alike the admiration and the love of the subject races, and made the yoke easy to be borne.

"Men like Malcolm and Munro, James Outram and Henry Lawrence, differing as they might in personal character, were all types of this class—all moved and sustained equally by a great love of their work.

"The last named was Herbert Edwardes's great exemplar. He was wont to say that Henry Lawrence was 'the father of his public life,' and that if there were anything great or good in the work which he had done, he owed it all to the pattern and precepts of his master.

"There is a published letter, written by him to General John Nicholson, shortly after Sir Henry's death, in which these strong feelings of filial gratitude and devotion are expressed with an earnestness and an eloquence which go straight to the heart. Of the 'school of Henry Lawrence,' Edwardes was the most distinguished disciple, and was so acknowledged by all his associates and fellow-labourers. It seems but a little while since all England was ringing with the name of a young subaltern, who, somewhere on the outskirts of civilization, had improvised, out of the rudest materials, a good fighting army, which held the enemy in check, whilst the 'departments' were thinking what should be done. People then said that another 'heaven-born general' had come out of Shropshire to emulate the great deeds of Clive.

"One who greatly shared in these efforts of juvenile audacity, and who among his warmest friends was an admirer to the last (Colonel Edward Lake, of the Engineers), stood the other day by his grave.

"India, since that time, has been the scene of such great events—the glare of the Mutiny has so thrown antecedent history into the shade—that these early exploits have been well-nigh forgotten. But ten years afterwards, when that great danger had passed away, Herbert Edwardes had more than fulfilled the promise of his youth.

"There had been another 'Year on the Punjab Frontier' laden with great perils and with greater triumphs than the first.

"The Mutiny of 1857 found him at the head of the civil government of the frontier district of Peshâwur, with our old enemies the Afghans for our neighbours.

"It would not be easy to exaggerate the difficulties of the

position. Native chiefs asked significantly, 'What news from Peshâwur?' It was said that if Peshâwur were to go, the whole country down to Calcutta would be rolled up like a carpet.

"But Colonel Edwardes met the crisis, not only with a calm confidence, but with a cheerfulness that caused surprise to mingle with the admiration of the onlooker. His animal spirits seemed to rise with the occasion. The buoyancy of disposition, which eight or nine years before had sparkled out in those early Mooltân despatches, making a Blue Book as amusing and exciting as a novel, was now again signally evinced in the face of danger. Whosoever his associates might be, he was the life and soul of the party; and it has been said of him, that such were his readiness and fertility of resource, that in any great plans or projects for the public safety—in any devices for the maintenance of British authority and the punishment of the enemy—he was 'a week ahead of every one else.' These words may be thought exaggeration; but they indicate a truth which is the very keystone of the structure of Sir Herbert Edwardes's renown.

"The quickness with which he took in a situation, however novel, and prepared to face it with the measures best suited to the emergency, had all the force of inspiration.

"It will be for the historian to relate in detail all that he did and all that he counselled at this time. We can only speak of general results.

"One characteristic fact, however, may be stated. When it was resolved, upon his suggestion, and on that of his friend John Nicholson, that a movable column should be formed, to traverse the country and to encounter danger wheresoever it might be met, his old soldierly instincts prompted him to offer to take the command of it. He was too much needed in council to be suffered to pass into the camp; but the story shows his undying eagerness for action. He had passed, by force of circumstance, into a civilian, but he had never ceased to be a soldier.

"When the rebellion had been trampled out, and Colonel Edwardes had won his spurs of knighthood, he was still only thirty-nine years of age, and it was thought that there was a career before him which, before its close, might land him in some of the highest offices in the State; but he was not

naturally of a powerful constitution, and though his service had been brief (for he had entered the army late), it was of a kind which keeps men in a continual state of tension, and his physical endurance had been severely tried by it. When, therefore, after some further administrative work on the frontier, he returned to England, some six years ago, it was doubtful whether he would ever again be able to resume his labours under an Eastern sky. But when, after he had rested for a little space, it was thought that the government of the Punjab would soon become vacant, Sir John Lawrence telegraphed to the Home Government to request that it might be offered to Sir Herbert Edwardes.

"The offer was made, and declined; for Edwardes felt that he could not, with advantage to the State, assume an office which he might soon be called upon to abandon. But it is not to be doubted that the appointment would have been an excellent one. He had rare powers of attraction and conciliation, united with great firmness and resolution. He had managed in a masterly way the semi-barbarous tribes on and beyond the Punjab frontier, and had induced men who might have attacked us to enlist and fight on our side. These qualities would have been eminently serviceable in a larger sphere. And there was really nothing to be apprehended from other special tendencies, of which some men spoke with alarm. The profound religious convictions which caused him so earnestly to desire the evangelization of the people of the country did not tinge his character as a ruler. He never suffered his personal yearnings to interfere with his public duties; he has never been charged with indiscretions of religious zeal injurious to the interests of the State. No man knew better how to 'render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's;' and with his dominant sense of what was due to the Government he served, he ever held in restraint the missionary spirit which was never extinguished within him.

"But any notice of the character of Herbert Edwardes would be incomplete if prominent mention were not made of its many-sidedness. If it had not been ordained that he was to be a soldier and a statesman, he might have taken a prominent place among the public writers of this generation.

"He never did full justice to his powers as an author; for, except in the last few years of his life, when his health was failing, he had no opportunities of sustained literary labour. His 'Year on the Punjab Frontier,' published nearly twenty years ago, hastily written, amidst the distractions of a brief furlough and the excitements of the novel hero-worship to which he had been subjected, was, notwithstanding the frequent recurrence of charming passages, in no degree a just measure of his literary capacity.

"But he had been engaged for some time past upon a life of Sir Henry Lawrence, of which great expectations were formed—expectations not likely to be disappointed. He had a marvellous command of language, and was equally fluent in speaking and writing. Many of his addresses delivered at public meetings and banquets were distinguished by a high order of eloquence, the eloquence of a cultivated mind and an enthusiastic temperament. And there were many who, assured of his success, hoped that he would some day take a seat in Parliament.*

"India has produced many great men, some of whom, in the course of a long career, may have done more for their country, but there were few upon whom the stamp of genius was more visibly impressed than upon Sir Herbert Edwardes."

A monument was placed in Westminster Abbey to his memory by the Indian Secretary of State and Council, as a testimony of the Government appreciation of the value of his services to his country. The place allotted to it in the abbey is side by side with that of Warren Hastings.

The inscription is as follows:—

"To the Memory
of
Major-General Sir Herbert B. Edwardes,
K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.C.L., LL.D.,
Who in early life, as a Subaltern
of the East India Company's Army,

* Twice this was offered to him—once for Glasgow, and once for Perth. Declined the first time because he thought duty called him to India, the second from delicate health.

By his fertility of resource
And his promptitude in action,
Struck the first victorious blow
at the Insurrection in the Punjab
in 1848;
Who in later years, by his courage,
Sagacity, and mastery over men,
Ever animated by Christian principle,
won an enduring place
in the affections of the people,
To whose welfare he long devoted himself;
And in 1857,
At a time of unexampled danger,
Greatly contributed to the security
of the Frontier
And the salvation of the British Empire
in India.
Born Nov. 12th, 1819.—Died Dec. 23rd, 1868.
This Monument is erected by the Secretary of State for India in Council."

His friends and fellow-students at King's College placed a beautiful painted window in the chapel to his memory, as a token of their loving remembrance of him, with the following inscription:—

"To the Memory of
Herbert Benjamin Edwardes,
Major-General in H.M. Indian Army,
K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.C.L., LL.D.,
this Tablet
is erected by some of his contemporaries,
to record in this place for future Students
The Name of a Christian Soldier and Statesman.
In 1840 he entered the service
of the Honourable East India Company.
In 1847 he reduced to order
the turbulent people of Bannū
without the sacrifice of a single life.
In 1848 he gained, while still a subaltern,

the victories of Kinyræ and Sudusām,
and checked a formidable insurrection.
In 1855 and 1857, as Commissioner of Peshāwur,
He received the thanks
of the Government of India
for his valuable assistance
in the negotiations with the Amīr of Kabūl,
Under which the North-West Frontier
remained secure during the Indian Mutiny.
Buoyant in danger, Fertile in resources,
Humane in victory, Wise in administration,
By the personal influence of a character
in which qualities rarely found together
were happily united,
He gained in private life
the love of his Friends,
and in his Public Career
commanded the obedience and won the hearts
of the Races he was called to Govern.
Born November 12, 1819.
Died December 23, 1868."

At Peshâwur there has been a handsome gateway built at one of the principal entrances to the city of Peshâwur. This was provided for by public subscription. It is called the "Edwardes Gateway," and stands on the high-road to Cabul. The school at Peshâwur is called "The Edwardes Memorial School," and "contains at this time 571 scholars—many of them young men of good family, as well as considerable talent and attainments." *

Another memorial of Sir Herbert Edwardes in India is at Bunnoo, now called by Government order "Edwardesabad;" and the very change of the name is a memorial to his memory.

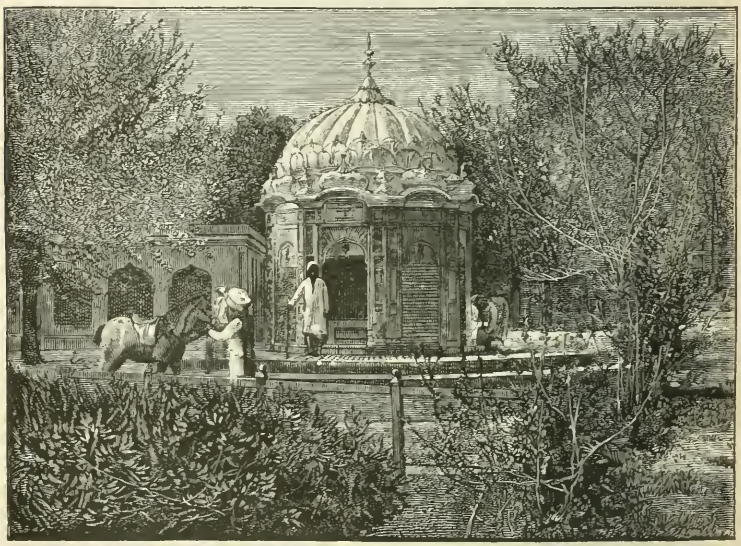
At Edwardesabad there is a beautiful "well-fountain" and "travellers' resting-place," of which there is an accompanying picture. This beautiful memorial of rest and refreshment to the weary traveller is a most appropriate

* Report by Rev. Robert Clark, 1885.

emblem of one whose labours among the people were always spent in blessing. It was erected in 1870.

Besides all these substantial "memorials," the *Church Association Monthly Intelligence* contains the following "tribute to the memory of this distinguished officer, Sir Herbert Edwardes"—

"The Council of the Church Association can hardly express their regret that it has pleased Almighty God to



MEMORIAL WELL AND TRAVELLERS' RESTING-PLACE, AT BUNNOO, NOW CALLED "EDWARDESABAD."

Erected in 1870, in memory of Sir Herbert Edwardes.

From a photograph taken by Mr. R. T. Farley.

remove from His Church, Major-General Sir Herbert Edwardes, in the prime of life and energy.

"In the work of the Church Association, Sir Herbert Edwardes had taken for some time a lively interest, and to his stirring speech, delivered at the conference of November, 1867, may be attributed some of that fervour which originated and carried out the munificent project of a guarantee fund of £50,000.

"His deep piety was shown in various philanthropic efforts, and in cordial sympathy with earnest men of every

persuasion. But when he was urged to restrict his labours in these subjects, and not to take part in efforts to maintain a National Church, his answer will not soon be forgotten. 'What would you say if to-morrow morning you rose and found that every parish church in England was swept away, and that henceforth we had to supply as we could the ministrations of religion from voluntary effort? Would that be no blow to the morality and Christianity of England? If it would be the heaviest blow, let us avert it by standing firmly on our national defence.'

"But Sir Herbert Edwardes desired that the Church of England should be pure as well as safe, and therefore, in the work of the Church Association to maintain the Protestant truth of our Reformed Church, he took from the first an intelligent interest.

"The loss of such a noble heart is a loss long to be felt, and we shall not easily replace his chivalrous courage and disinterested zeal."

Sir Herbert's death made a great impression upon natives in India. When the news of it reached India, many of the men on the frontier, who knew him well, and who had looked forward hopefully to seeing him return some day as Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, were dismayed, and could hardly believe it possible.

One of them was known to have exclaimed, "God cannot intend good for India if He has taken away from us such a man as Sir Herbert Edwardes!"

At Peshâwur there was a man who had lived in Sir Herbert's service all the years that he had been in India —having been his bhestie, or water-carrier, in the early years, when he was a subaltern with his regiment at Subâthoo. Khummah was with Sir Herbert in the same capacity at Mooltân. He was a most faithful servant—a Mohammedan.

This man followed Sir Herbert everywhere, and once, in the heat of action and exposure in the field, at Mooltân, Sir Herbert called for water, and to his surprise this faithful Khummah appeared and gave him water.

When Sir Herbert returned again to India after his marriage, this man and several other old servants re-entered

his service. And he never left it. Sir Herbert promoted him in course of time to be one of his chuprassies, and he rose in that grade to be at last the head man of the chuprassies. His duty in this office was to be constantly in attendance at his master's door.

When Sir Herbert left Peshâwur in 1859, he gave him the office of darogah, or door-keeper, at one of the gates of the city of Peshâwur, which made a provision for him for the rest of his days.

The news of Sir Herbert's death, when it reached Peshâwur, greatly affected him. He came to the missionaries and asked if it were true, and said, "I have heard that there is *another* Sir Herbert Edwardes in England. Is it not possible that it may *not* be *my* sahib who is dead?"

The missionaries told him it was indeed too true.

Khummah then said, "I have lived with Sir Herbert all the years he has been in India, and I have followed him everywhere. My master was *such* a good man! I have seen him in all scenes and under all circumstances, and I have never seen him make a mistake. He can't have made a mistake in his religion. Will you teach me his religion? for I should like to believe what he believed."

The missionaries took him as an inquirer, and taught him, and they were very satisfied with him and of his sincerity.

He wished to be baptized, and to be allowed to make an open confession; and they were waiting only with the intention of baptising him, when the cholera broke out in the city.

One day in going through the gate they missed him from his usual place, and on inquiring for him were told that he was in his house, ill with cholera. They went to see him, and found him *very* ill—his wife tearing her hair, and seven or eight Mussulman friends rushing about frantically, in the fear that he was dying.

The missionary got medicines for him, and thought it well to baptize him on the spot before them all, as he had so often wished before, to make his confession of faith in baptism.

He was baptized by the name of Stephanus. The missionary stayed with him, and saw he was dying. He whis-

pered words of comfort into his ear and left him. He died five hours afterwards.

This man's conversion is an unfailing testimony to the effect of Sir Herbert's consistent and beautiful life, and the impression that it had left upon his servant's mind from constantly observing him.

What a crown of rejoicing this man would be to his dear master when he entered heaven!

Extract from the "Bombay Gazette," January 9, 1869.

"The Indian public will have learned with regret of the death of Major-General Sir Herbert Edwardes, K.C.B., K.C.S.I. Though old in glory, he was comparatively young in years—only just entering his fiftieth year.

"Herbert Edwardes was one of the soldier-politicals who have added so much to the renown of the empire. . . . He has left behind a bright example to all who serve the Queen in our mighty Indian dominions."

Extract from an article in "Blackwood," for May, 1869.

. . . "Of all the divisions of the Punjab, the most important was that of Peshâwur. The charge of this division had been assigned, therefore, to Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert Edwardes, C.B.

"Long previous to 1857 this officer had gained a reputation which had made his name a household word in India and in England. Rising originally by the exercise of literary abilities, he had shown, when the opportunity came, that those abilities were accompanied by great practical power. His marvellous achievements in 1848, when at the head of a rabble whom he had disciplined, and whom he had so attached to his person that they were ready to follow him to the world's end, even to fight against their own countrymen, excited in the highest places in India an admiration which found an echo all over Europe, and especially in France. It is not too much to say that the daring of 'Lieutenant' Edwardes helped to save the empire in 1848.

"By shutting up Moolraj in his fort, he delayed the outbreak of the Sikh nation till the cold weather, when we were better prepared to meet it. But for that action on his part,

the leaders of the Sikh revolters would have repossessed themselves of a great part of the country, and would have enjoyed the opportunity of cutting up our troops in detail, before an army could have been assembled to oppose them. It is hard to imagine where, under such circumstances, the battle for empire would have been fought; but most certainly it would not have taken place in the Punjab." . . .

Only one more testimony we will add, and that was published in India at the time, and is from the pen of a friend who knew him intimately.

June, 1869.—"To Sir Herbert in an especial way belongs the promise, 'Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of Man also confess before the angels of God.' One who knew him well in other days lately said to me, 'I never knew any one so bold in confessing Christ as Edwardes was. Many of us felt as he did, but we had not the courage to avow it.'

"General R. T. wrote, 'His strong faith is the most striking feature of our dear friend's character, no matter what the world might say or think.'

"He endured as seeing Him who is 'invisible,' wishing to sacrifice every earthly honour or reward rather than be faithless to his God.

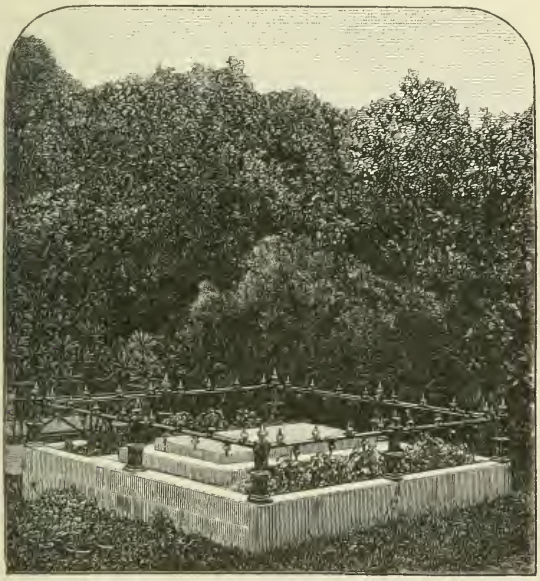
"I have said nothing here of his public life; of his intense love of justice and hatred of oppression; of the fervent zeal with which he served the State—*far beyond his strength;* of the loving watchful interest he showed for those who worked under him, inspiring them not only with the like ardour, but with such perfect love and trust and veneration as is too rarely possible in official relations.

"Nor have I more than hinted at the peaceful blessedness of his married life. United as he was to one not only dear to his boyish days, but perfectly suited to be the joy and comfort of his riper age, there was a charm about that Peshâwur home—an atmosphere of love, and life, and refinement—which was quite enchanting.

"His conversation was delightful, so full of sympathy as well as wit; he could make you laugh and weep by turn, though the pensive mood came oftenest, as any one could guess who knew that thoughtful face.

"There was a grace and chivalry about his manner which I believe captivated natives no less than Europeans.

"He had a rare power over Orientals. They, too, have wept as they spoke of his lovely and noble character. Over and over again last autumn on the frontier they asked when he would return, saying, 'Edwardes Sahib is a magician; he is the man to deal with Central Asian politics.' But not so. In the last letter he seemed to be longing for repose, saying how thankful he should be if he could feel it right to give up public life. He knew not that his working days on earth were well-nigh ended—the rest of Paradise almost begun! 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: they rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.' 'His servants shall serve Him. And they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads.'"



THE GRAVE OF SIR HERBERT B. EDWARDES IN THE CEMETERY AT HIGHGATE.

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